THE

LIFE

OF

Mr. RICHARD SAVAGE,

SON of the EARL RIVERS.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE LIVES OF

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

AND

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

All written by the Author of the RAMBLER.

LONDON:

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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE following Lives were written by the ingenious Author of the *Rambler*. The firſt only has been publiſhed ſeparately, the others were many Years ago printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The Life of Mr. SAVAGE has already paſſed through three Editions, and a fourth being now neceſſary, the Editor thought the Addition of the Lives of our two celebrated Admirals DRAKE and BLAKE would make the Volume yet more acceptable to the Publick.

It

It is univerſally allowed, that no Species of Writing is more pleaſing than Biography, and nobody ever read the Lives that have been written by this Author without regretting that he did not write more; all Recommendation therefore of thoſe now offered to the Publick is precluded; and with Reſpect to their Reception, the Editor has ſo little to fear, that inſtead of one Volume, he wiſhes it had been in his Power to publiſh two.

St. John's Gate, July 1, 1767.

THE

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF Mr. RICHARD SAVAGE.

IT has been obſerved in all Ages, that the Advantages of Nature or of Fortune have contributed very little to the Promotion of Happineſs; and that thoſe whom the Splendor of their Rank, or the Extent of their Capacity, have placed upon the Summits of Human Life, have not often given any juſt Occaſion to Envy in thoſe who look up to them from a lower Station. Whether it be that apparent Superiority incites great Deſigns, and great Deſigns are naturally liable to fatal Miſcarriages, or that the general Lot of Mankind is Miſery, and the Misfortunes of thoſe whoſe Eminence draw upon them an univerſal Attention, have been more carefully recorded, becauſe they were more generally obſerved, and

have, in reality, been only more conſpicuous than thoſe of others, not more frequent, or more ſevere.

That Affluence and Power, Advantages intrinſic and adventitious, and therefore eaſily ſeparable from thoſe by whom they are poſſeſſed, ſhould very often flatter the mind with Expectation of Felicity which they cannot give, raiſes no Aſtoniſhment; but it ſeems rational to hope that intellectual Greatneſs ſhould produce better Effects; that Minds qualified for great Attainments ſhould firſt endeavour their own Benefit; and that they who are moſt able to teach others the Way to Happineſs, ſhould with moſt certainty follow it themſelves.

But this Expectation, however plauſible, has been very frequently diſappointed. The Heroes of literary as well as civil Hiſtory have been very often no leſs remarkable for what they have ſuffered than for what they have atchieved; and Volumes have been written only to enumerate the Miſeries of the Learned, and relate their unhappy Lives and untimely Deaths.

To theſe mournful Narratives I am about to add the Life of *Richard Savage*, a Man whoſe Writings entitle him to an eminent Rank in the Claſſes of Learning, and whoſe Misfortunes claim a Degree of Compaſſion not always due to the Unhappy, as they were often the Conſequence of the Crimes of others rather than his own.

In

In the Year 1697, *Ann* Counteſs of *Macclesfield*, having lived for ſome Time upon very uneaſy Terms with her Huſband, thought a public Confeſſion of Adultery the moſt obvious and expeditious Method of obtaining her Liberty, and therefore declared, that the Child, with which ſhe was then great, was begotten by the Earl *Rivers*. Her Huſband, as may be eaſily imagined, being thus made no leſs deſirous of a Separation than herſelf, proſecuted his Deſign in the moſt effectual Manner; for he applied not to the Eccleſiaſtical Courts for a Divorce, but to the Parliament for an Act, by which his Marriage might be diſſolved, the Nuptial Contract totally annulled, and the Child of his Wife illegitimated. This Act, after the uſual Deliberation, he obtained, though without the Approbation of ſome, who conſidered Marriage as an Affair only cognizable by Eccleſiaſtical Judges*; and on *March* the 3d was ſeparated from his Wife, whoſe For-

* This Year was made remarkable by the Diſſolution of a Marriage ſolemniſed in the Face of the Church.

Salmon's Review.

The following Proteſt is regiſtered in the Books of the Houſe of Lords:

'*Diſſentient*,

'Becauſe we conceive that this is the firſt Bill of that 'Nature that hath paſſed, where there was not a Divorce 'firſt obtained in the Spiritual Court; which we look upon 'as an ill Precedent, and may be of dangerous Conſequence 'in the future.

'*Halliſax*. *Rocheſter*.'

tune, which was very great, was repaid her; and who having, as well as her Huſband, the Liberty of making another Choice, was in a ſhort Time married to Colonel *Brett*.

While the Earl of *Macclesfield* was proſecuting this Affair, his Wife was, on the 10th of *January*, 1697-8, delivered of a Son; and the Earl *Rivers*, by appearing to conſider him as his own, left none any Reaſon to doubt of the Sincerity of her Declaration; for he was his Godfather, and gave him his own Name, which was by his Direction inſerted in the Regiſter of St. *Andrew*' sPariſh in *Holbourn*, but unfortunately left him to the Care of his Mother, whom, as ſhe was now ſet free from her Huſband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great Tenderneſs the Child that had contributed to ſo pleaſing an Event. It is not indeed eaſy to diſcover what Motives could be found to over-balance that natural Affection of a Parent, or what Intereſt could be promoted by Neglect or Cruelty. The Dread of Shame or of Poverty, by which ſome Wretches have been inclined to abandon or to murder their Children, cannot be ſuppoſed to have affected a Woman who had proclaimed her Crimes, and ſolicited Reproach, and on whom the Clemency of the Legiſlature had undeſervedly beſtowed a Fortune that would have been very little diminiſhed by the Expences which the Care of her Child could have brought upon her. It was therefore not likely

likely that ſhe would be wicked without Temptation, that ſhe would look upon her Son from his Birth with a kind of Reſentment and Abhorrence; and inſtead of ſupporting, aſſiſting, and defending him, delight to ſee him ſtruggling with Miſery; that ſhe would take every Opportunity of aggravating his Misfortunes, and obſtructing his Reſources, and with an implacable and reſtleſs Cruelty continue her Perſecution from the firſt Hour of his Life to the laſt.

But, whatever were her Motives, no ſooner was her Son born, than ſhe diſcovered a Reſolution of diſowning him; and in a very ſhort Time removed him from her Sight, by committing him to the Care of a poor Woman, whom ſhe directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true Parents.

Such was the Beginning of the Life of *Richard Savage*: Born with a legal Claim to Honour and to Riches, he was in two Months illegitimated by the Parliament, and diſowned by his Mother: doomed to Poverty and Obſcurity, and launched upon the Ocean of Life only that he might be ſwallowed by its Quickſands, or daſhed upon its Rocks.

His Mother could not indeed infect others with the ſame Cruelty. As it was impoſſible to avoid the Enquiries which the Curioſity or Tenderneſs of her Relations made after her Child, ſhe was obliged to give ſome Account of the Meaſures

that ſhe had taken; and her Mother, the Lady *Maſon*, whether in Approbation of her Deſign, or to prevent more criminal Contrivances, engaged to tranſact with his Nurſe, pay her for her Care, and ſuperintend his Education.

In this charitable Office ſhe was aſſiſted by his Godmother, Mrs. *Lloyd*, who while ſhe lived, always looked upon him with that Tenderneſs which the Barbarity of his Mother made peculiarly neceſſary; but her Death, which happened in his tenth Year, was another of the Misfortunes of his Childhood; for though ſhe kindly endeavoured to alleviate his Loſs by a Legacy of three hundred Pounds, yet as he had none to proſecute his Claim, to ſhelter him from Oppreſſion, or call in Law to the Aſſiſtance of Juſtice, her Will was eluded by the Executors, and no Part of the Money was ever paid.

He was, however, not yet wholly abandoned. The Lady *Maſon* ſtill continued her Care, and directed him to be placed at a ſmall Grammar School near St. *Alban's*, where he was called by the Name of his Nurſe, without the leaſt Intimation that he had a Claim to any other.

Here he was initiated in Literature, and paſſed through ſeveral of the Claſſes, with what Rapidity or what Applauſe cannot now be known. As he always ſpoke with Reſpect of his Maſter, it is probable that the mean Rank in which he then appeared, did not hinder his Genius from being diſ-

diſtinguiſhed, or his Induſtry from being rewarded; and if in ſo low a State he obtained Diſtinction and Rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by Genius and Induſtry.

It is very reaſonable to conjecture, that his Application was equal to his Abilities, becauſe his Improvement was more than proportioned to the Opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted that if his earlieſt Productions had been preſerved, like thoſe of happier Students, we might in ſome have found vigorous Sallies of that ſprightly Humour which diſtinguiſhes *The Author to be lett*; and, in others, ſtrong Touches of that ardent Imagination which painted the ſolemn Scenes of *The Wanderer*.

While he was thus cultivating his Genius, his Father, the Earl *Rivers*, was ſeized with a Diſtemper which in a ſhort Time put an End to his Life. He had frequently enquired after his Son, and had always been amuſed with fallacious and evaſive Anſwers; but being now, in his own Opinion, on his Death-bed, he thought it his Duty to provide for him among his other natural Children, and therefore demanded a poſitive Account of him, with an Importunity not to be diverted or denied. His Mother, who could no longer refuſe an Anſwer, determined at leaſt to give ſuch as ſhould cut him off for ever from that Happineſs which Competence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is,

perhaps, the firſt Inſtance of a Lye invented by a Mother to deprive her Son of a Proviſion which was deſigned him by another, and which ſhe could not expect herſelf, though he ſhould loſe it.

This was therefore an Act of Wickedneſs which could not be defeated, becauſe it could not be ſuſpected; the Earl did not immagine that there could exiſt in human Form a Mother that would ruin her Son without enriching herſelf, and therefore beſtowed upon ſome other Perſon ſix thouſand Pounds which he had in his Will bequeathed to *Savage*.

The ſame Cruelty which incited his Mother to intercept this Proviſion which had been intended him, prompted her in a ſhort Time to another Project, a Project worthy of ſuch a Diſpoſition. She endeavoured to rid herſelf from the Danger of being at any Time made known to him, by ſending him ſecretly to the *American* Plantations.*

By whoſe Kindneſs this Scheme was counteracted, or by what Interpoſition ſhe was induced to lay aſide her Deſign, I know not; it is not improbable that the Lady *Maſon* might perſuade or compel her to deſiſt, or perhaps ſhe could not eaſily find Accomplices wicked enough to concur in ſo cruel an Action; for it may be conceived, that even thoſe who had by a long Gradation of Guilt hardened their Hearts againſt the Senſe of

* *Savage*'s Preface to his Miſcellany.

com-

common Wickedneſs, would yet be ſhocked at the Deſign of a Mother to expoſe her Son to Slavery and Want, to expoſe him without Intereſt and without Provocation; and *Savage* might on this Occaſion find Protectors and Advocates among thoſe who had long traded in Crimes, and whom Compaſſion had never touched before.

Being hindered, by whatever Means, from baniſhing him into another Country, ſhe formed ſoon after, a Scheme for burying him in Poverty and Obſcurity in his own; and that his Station of Life, if not the Place of his Reſidence, might keep him for ever at a Diſtance from her, ſhe ordered him to be placed with a Shoemaker in *Holbourn*, that after the uſual Time of Trial, he might become his Apprentice.

It is generally reported, that this Project was for ſome Time ſucceſsful, and that *Savage* was employed at the Awl longer than he was willing to confeſs; nor was it, perhaps, any great Advantage to him, that an unexpected Diſcovery determined him to quit his Occupation.

About this Time his Nurſe, who had always treated him as her own Son, died; and it was natural for him to take care of thoſe Effects which, by her Death, were, as he imagined, become his own; he therefore went to her Houſe, opened her Boxes, and examined her Papers, among which he found ſome Letters written to her by the Lady *Maſon*, which informed him

of his Birth, and the Reaſons for which it was concealed.

He was now no longer ſatisfied with the Employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a Right to ſhare the Affluence of his Mother; and therefore, without Scruple, applied to her as her Son, and made Uſe of every Art to awaken her Tenderneſs, and attract her Regard. But neither his Letters, nor the Interpoſition of thoſe Friends which his Merit or his Diſtreſs procured him, made any Impreſſion upon her: She ſtill reſolved to neglect, though ſhe could no longer diſown him.

It was to no Purpoſe that he frequently ſolicited her to admit him to ſee her; ſhe avoided him with the moſt vigilant Precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her Houſe, by whomſoever he might be introduced, and what Reaſon ſoever he might give for entering it.

Savage was at the ſame time ſo touched with the Diſcovery of his real Mother, that it was his frequent Practice to walk in the dark Evenings ‡ for ſeveral Hours before her Door, in hopes of ſeeing her as ſhe might come by Accident to the Window, or croſs her Apartment with a Candle in her Hand.

But all his Aſſiduity and Tenderneſs were without Effect, for he could neither ſoften her Heart, nor open her Hand, and was reduced to the ut-

‡ *Plain Dealer.*

moſt

moſt Miſeries of Want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the Affection of a Mother: He was therefore obliged to ſeek ſome other Means for Support, and having no Profeſſion, became, by Neceſſity, an Author.

At this Time the Attention of all the literary World was engroſſed by the *Bangorian* Controverſy, which filled the Preſs with Pamphlets, and the Coffee-houſes with Diſputants. Of this Subject, as moſt popular, he made Choice for his firſt Attempt, and without any other Knowledge of the Queſtion than he had caſually collected from Converſation, publiſhed a Poem againſt the Biſhop.

What was the Succeſs or Merit of this Performance I know not; it was probably loſt among the innumerable Pamphlets to which that Diſpute gave Occaſion. Mr. *Savage* was himſelf in a little Time aſhamed of it, and endeavoured to ſuppreſs it, by deſtroying all the Copies that he could Collect.

He then attempted a more gainful Kind of Writing †, and, in his eighteenth Year, offered to the Stage a Comedy borrowed from a *Spaniſh* Plot, which was refuſed by the Players, and was therefore given by him to Mr. *Bullock*, who having more Intereſt, made ſome ſlight Alterations, and brought it upon the Stage under the Title

† *Jacob*'s Lives of Dramatic Poets.

of

of * *Woman's a Riddle*, but allowed the unhappy Author no Part of the Profit.

Not diſcouraged however at this Repulſe, he wrote two Years afterwards *Love in a Veil*, another Comedy, borrowed likewiſe from the *Spaniſh*, but with little better Succeſs than before; for though it was received and acted, yet it appeared ſo late in the Year, that the Author obtained no other Advantage from it than the Acquaintance of Sir *Richard Steele*, and Mr. *Wilkes*, by whom he was pitied, careſſed and relieved.

Sir *Richard Steele* having declared in his Favour with all the Ardour of Benevolence which conſtituted his Character, promoted his Intereſt with the utmoſt Zeal, related his Misfortunes, applauded his Merit, took all Opportunities of recommending him, and aſſerted † that *the Inhumanity of his Mother had given him a Right to find every good Man his Father*.

Nor was Mr. *Savage* admitted to his Acquaintance only, but to his Confidence, of which he ſometimes related an Inſtance too extraordinary to be omitted, as it affords a very juſt Idea of his Patron's Character.

He was once deſired by Sir *Richard*, with an Air of the utmoſt Importance, to come very early to his Houſe the next Morning. *Mr. Savage*

* This Play was printed firſt in 8vo, and afterwards in 12mo, the fifth Edition.

† *Plain Dealer*.

came

came as he had promiſed, found the Chariot at the Door, and Sir *Richard* waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, *Savage* could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire, but immediately ſeated himſelf with his Friend; the Coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmoſt Expedition to *Hyde-Park-Corner*, where they ſtopped at a petty Tavern, and retired to a private Room. Sir *Richard* then informed him, that he intended to publiſh a Pamphlet, and that he deſired him to come thither that he might write for him. They ſoon ſat down to the Work, Sir *Richard* dictated, and *Savage* wrote, till the Dinner that had been ordered was put upon the Table. *Savage* was ſurpriſed at the Meanneſs of the Entertainment, and, after ſome Heſitation, ventured to aſk for Wine, which Sir *Richard*, not without Reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finiſhed their Dinner, and proceeded in their Pamphlet, which they concluded in the Afternoon.

Mr. *Savage* then imagined his Taſk over, and expected that Sir *Richard* would call for the Reckoning, and return home; but his Expectations deceived him, for Sir *Richard* told him that he was without Money, and that the Pamphlet muſt be ſold before the Dinner could be paid for; and *Savage* was therefore obliged to go and offer their new Production to Sale for two Guineas, which

which, with ſome Difficulty, he obtained. Sir *Richard* then returned home, having retired that Day only to avoid his Creditors, and compoſed the Pamphlet only to diſcharge his Reckoning.

Mr. *Savage* related another Fact equally uncommon, which, though it has no Relation to his Life, ought to be preſerved. Sir *Richard Steele* having one Day invited to his Houſe a great Number of Perſons, of the firſt Quality, they were ſurpriſed at the Number of Liveries which ſurrounded the Table; and after Dinner, when Wine and Mirth had ſet them free from the Obſervation of rigid Ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir *Richard*, how ſuch an expenſive Train of Domeſtics could be conſiſtent with his Fortune. He with great Frankneſs confeſſed, that they were Fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. And being then aſked why he did not diſcharge them, declared they were Bailiffs who had introduced themſelves with an Execution, and whom, ſince he could not ſend them away, he had thought it convenient to embelliſh with Liveries, that they might do him Credit while they ſtaid.

His Friends were diverted with the Expedient, and by paying the Debt diſcharged their Attendance, having obliged Sir *Richard* to promiſe, that they ſhould never again find him graced with ſuch a Retinue of the ſame Kind.

Under

Under ſuch a Tutor, Mr. *Savage* was not likely to learn Prudence, or Frugality; and perhaps many of the Misfortunes which the Want of thoſe Virtues brought upon him in the following Parts of his Life, might be juſtly imputed to ſo unimproving an Example.

Nor did the Kindneſs of Sir *Richard* end in common Favours. He propoſed to have eſtabliſhed him in ſome ſettled Scheme of Life, and to have contracted a Kind of Alliance with him, by marrying him to a natural Daughter, on whom he intended to beſtow a thouſand Pounds. But though he was always laviſh of future Bounties, he conducted his Affairs in ſuch a Manner that he was very ſeldom able to keep his Promiſes, or execute his own Intentions; and as he was never able to raiſe the Sum which he had offered, the Marriage was delayed. In the mean time he was officiouſly informed, that Mr. *Savage* had ridiculed him; by which he was ſo much exaſperated, that he withdrew the Allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his Houſe.

It is not indeed unlikely that *Savage* might, by his Imprudence, expoſe himſelf to the Malice of a Tale-bearer; for his Patron had many Follies, which, as his Diſcernment eaſily diſcovered, his Imagination might ſometimes incite him to mention too ludicrouſly. A little Knowledge of the World is ſufficient to diſcover that ſuch Weakneſs

neſs is very common, and that there are few who do not ſometimes in the Wantonneſs of thoughtleſs Mirth, or the Heat of tranſient Reſentment, ſpeak of their Friends and Benefactors with Levity and Contempt, though in their cooler Moments they want neither Senſe of their Kindneſs, nor Reverence for their Virtue. The Fault therefore of Mr. *Savage* was rather Negligence than Ingratitude; but Sir *Richard* muſt likewiſe be acquitted of Severity, for who is there that can patiently bear Contempt from one whom he has relieved and ſupported, whoſe Eſtabliſhment he has laboured, and whoſe Intereſt he has promoted?

He was now again abandoned to Fortune, without any other Friend than Mr. *Wilks*; a Man, who whatever were his Abilities or Skill as an Actor, deſerves at leaſt to be remembered for his Virtues *, which are not often to be found in

* As it is a Loſs to Mankind when any good Action is forgotten, I ſhall inſert another Inſtance of Mr. *Wilks*'s Generoſity, very little known. Mr. *Smith*, a Gentleman educated at *Dublin*, being hindered by an Impediment in his Pronunciation from engaging in Orders, for which his Friends deſigned him, left his own Country, and came to *London* in queſt of Employment, but found his Solicitations fruitleſs, and his Neceſſities every Day more preſſing. In this Diſtreſs he wrote a Tragedy, and offered it to the Players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his laſt Hopes defeated, and he had no other Proſpect than of the moſt deplorable Poverty. But Mr. *Wilks* thought his Performance, though not perfect, at leaſt worthy of ſome Reward, and therefore offered him a Benefit. This Favour he improved with ſo much Dili-

in the World, and perhaps leſs often in his Profeſſion than in others. To be humane, generous, and candid, is a very high Degree of Merit in any State; but thoſe Qualities deſerve ſtill greater Praiſe, when they are found in that Condition which makes almoſt every other Man, for whatever Reaſon, contemptuous, inſolent, petulant, ſelfiſh, and brutal.

As Mr. *Wilks* was one of thoſe to whom Calamity ſeldom complained without Relief, he naturally took an unfortunate Wit into his Protection, and not only aſſiſted him in any caſual Diſtreſſes, but continued an equal and ſteady Kindneſs to the Time of his Death.

By his Interpoſition, Mr. *Savage* once obtained from his Mother † fifty Pounds, and a Promiſe of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the Fate of this unhappy Man that few Promiſes of any Advantage to him were performed. His Mother was infected, among others, with the general Madneſs of the *South Sea* Traffick, and having

Diligence, that the Houſe afforded him a conſiderable Sum, with which he went to *Leyden*, applied himſelf to the Study of Phyſic, and proſecuted his Deſign with ſo much Diligence and Succeſs, that when Dr. *Boerhaave* was deſired by the Czarina to recommend proper Perſons to introduce into *Ruſſia* the Practice and Study of Phyſic, Dr. *Smith* was one of thoſe whom he ſelected. He had a conſiderable Penſion ſettled on him at his Arrival, and is now one of the chief Phyſicians at the *Ruſſian* Court.

† This I write upon the Credit of the Author of his Life, which was publiſhed in 1727.

having been diſappointed in her Expectations, refuſed to pay what perhaps nothing but the Proſpect of ſudden Affluence prompted her to promiſe.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the Friendſhip of Mr. *Wilks*, he was conſequently an aſſiduous Frequenter of the Theatres, and in a ſhort Time the Amuſements of the Stage took ſuch Poſſeſſion of his Mind, that he never was abſent from a Play in ſeveral Years.

This conſtant Attendance naturally procured him the Acquaintance of the Players, and among others of Mrs. *Oldfield*, who was ſo much pleaſed with his Converſation, and touched with his Misfortunes, that ſhe allowed him a ſettled Penſion of fifty Pounds a Year, which was, during her Life, regularly paid.

That this Act of Generoſity may receive its due Praiſe, and that the good Actions of Mrs. *Oldfield* may not be ſullied by her general Character, it is proper to mention what Mr. *Savage* often declared in the ſtrongeſt Terms, that he never ſaw her alone, or in any other Place than behind the Scenes.

At her Death he endeavoured to ſhew his Gratitude in the moſt decent Manner, by wearing Mourning as for a Mother, but did not celebrate her in Elegies, becauſe he knew that too great Profuſion of Praiſe would only have revived thoſe Faults which his natural Equity did not allow

him.

him to think leſs, becauſe they were committed by one who favoured him; but of which, though his Virtue would not endeavour to palliate them, his Gratitude would not ſuffer him to prolong the Memory, or diffuſe the Cenſure.

In his *Wanderer* he has, indeed, taken an Opportunity of mentioning her, but celebrates her not for her Virtue, but her Beauty, an Excellence which none ever denied her: This is the only Encomium with which he has rewarded her Liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too laviſh of his Praiſe. He ſeems to have thought, that never to mention his Benefactreſs would have an Appearance of Ingratitude, though to have dedicated any particular Performance to her Memory would have only betrayed an officious Partiality, that, without exalting her Character, would have depreſſed his own.

He had ſometimes, by the Kindneſs of Mr. *Wilks*, the Advantage of a Benefit, on which Occaſions he often received uncommon Marks of Regard and Compaſſion; and was once told by the Duke of *Dorſet*, that it was juſt to conſider him as an injured Nobleman, and that in his Opinion the Nobility ought to think themſelves obliged, without Solicitation, to take every Opportunity of ſupporting him by their Countenance and Patronage. But he had generally the Mortification to hear, that the whole Intereſt of his Mother was employed to fruſtrate his Applications,

cations, and that ſhe never left any Expedient untried, by which he might be cut off from the Poſſibility of ſupporting Life. The ſame Diſpoſition ſhe endeavoured to diffuſe among all thoſe over whom Nature or Fortune gave her any Influence, and indeed ſucceeded too well in her Deſign, but could not always propagate her Effrontery with her Cruelty; for ſome of thoſe whom ſhe incited againſt him were aſhamed of their own Conduct, and boaſted of that Relief which they never gave him.

In this Cenſure I do not indiſcriminately involve all his Relations; for he has mentioned with Gratitude the Humanity of one Lady, whoſe Name I am now unable to recollect, and to whom, therefore, I cannot pay the Praiſes which ſhe deſerves, for having acted well, in Oppoſition to Influence, Precept, and Example.

The Puniſhment which our Laws inflict upon thoſe Parents who murder their Infants, is well known, nor has its Juſtice ever been conteſted; But if they deſerve Death who deſtroy a Child in its Birth, what Pains can be ſevere enough for her who forbears to deſtroy him only to inflict ſharper Miſeries upon him; who prolongs his Life only to make it miſerable; and who expoſes him, without Care and without Pity, to the Malice of Oppreſſion, the Caprices of Chance, and the Temptations of Poverty; who rejoices to ſee him overwhelmed with Calamities; and when his

his own Induſtry, or the Charity of others, has enabled him to riſe for a ſhort Time above his Miſeries, plunges him again into his former Diſtreſs?

The Kindneſs of his Friends not affording him any conſtant Supply, and the Proſpect of improving his Fortune, by enlarging his Acquaintance, neceſſarily leading him to Places of Expence, he found it neceſſary * to endeavour once more at Dramatic Poetry, for which he was now better qualified, by a more extenſive Knowledge, and longer Obſervation. But having been unſucceſsful in Comedy, though rather for want of Opportunities than Genius, he reſolved now to try whether he ſhould not be more fortunate in exhibiting a Tragedy.

The Story which he choſe for the Subject was that of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, a Story well adapted to the Stage, though perhaps not far enough removed from the preſent Age, to admit properly the Fictions neceſſary to complete the Plan; for the Mind which naturally loves Truth is always moſt offended with the Violation of thoſe Truths of which we are moſt certain; and we of courſe conceive thoſe Facts moſt certain which approach neareſt to our own Time.

Out of this Story he formed a Tragedy, which, if the Circumſtances in which he wrote it be conſidered, will afford at once an uncommon Proof

* In 1724.

Proof of Strength of Genius, and Evenneſs of Mind, of a Serenity not to be ruffled, and an Imagination not to be ſuppreſſed.

During a conſiderable Part of the Time, in which he was employed upon this Performance, he was without Lodging, and often without Meat; nor had he any other Conveniences for Study than the Fields and the Streets allowed him; there he uſed to walk and form his Speeches, and afterwards ſtep into a Shop, beg for a few Moments the Uſe of the Pen and Ink, and write down what he had compoſed upon Paper which he had picked up by Accident.

If the Performance of a Writer thus diſtreſſed is not perfect, its Faults ought ſurely to be imputed to a Cauſe very different from Want of Genius, and muſt rather excite Pity than provoke Cenſure.

But when, under theſe Diſcouragements, the Tragedy was finiſhed, there yet remained the Labour of introducing it on the Stage; an Undertaking which, to an ingenuous Mind, was in a very high Degree vexatious aud diſguſting; for having little Intereſt or Reputation, he was obliged to ſubmit himſelf wholly to the Players, and admit, with whatever Reluctance, the Emendations of Mr. *Cibber*, which he always conſidered as the Diſgrace of his Performance.

He had indeed in Mr. *Hill* another Critic of a very different Claſs, from whoſe Friendſhip he received

received great Aſſiſtance on many Occaſions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Regard †. He had been for ſome Time diſtinguiſhed by him with very particular Kindneſs, and on this Occaſion it was natural to apply to him as an Author of an eſtabliſhed Character. He therefore ſent this Tragedy to him with a ſhort Copy of Verſes, § in which he deſired

† He inſcribed to him a ſhort Poem, called *The Friend*, printed in his Miſcellanies, in which he addreſſes him with the utmoſt Ardour of Affection.

O lov'd *Hillarius!* thou by Heav'n deſign'd
To charm, to mend, and to inſtruct Mankind:
To whom my Hopes, Fears, Joys, and Sorrows tend,
Thou Brother, Father, nearer yet—thou Friend!——
—Kind are my Wrongs, I thence thy Friendſhip own,
What State could bleſs, were I to thee unknown?
—While ſhun'd, obſcur'd or thwarted and expos'd,
By Friends abandon'd and by Foes enclos'd,
Thy Guardian Counſel ſoftens every Care,
To Eaſe ſooths Anguiſh, and to Hope, Deſpair:

§ *To* A. HILL, *Eſq; with the Tragedy of Sir* THOMAS OVERBURY.

As the Soul ſtript of mortal Clay
Shews all divinely fair,
And boundleſs roves the Milky Way,
And views ſweet Proſpects there:
This Hero, clog'd with droſſy Lines,
By thee new Vigour tries;
As thy correcting Hand refines,
Bright Scenes around him riſe.
Thy Touch brings the wiſh'd Stone to paſs,
So ſought, ſo long foretold;
It turns polluted Lead and Braſs
At once to pureſt Gold.

ſired his Correction. Mr. *Hill*, whoſe Humanity and Politeneſs are generally known, readily complied with his Requeſt; but as he is remarkable for Singularity of Sentiment, and bold Experiments in Language, Mr. *Savage* did not think his Play much improved by his Innovation, and had even at that Time the Courage to reject ſeveral Paſſages which he could not approve; and what is ſtill more laudable, Mr. *Hill* had the Generoſity not to reſent the Neglect of his Alterations, but wrote the Prologue and Epilogue, in which he touches on the Circumſtances of the Author with great Tenderneſs. *

After all theſe Obſtructions and Compliances, he was only able to bring his Play upon the Stage in the Summer, when the chief Actors had retired, and the reſt were in Poſſeſſion of the Houſe for their own Advantage. Among theſe Mr. *Savage* was admitted to play the Part of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, by which he gained no great Reputation, the Theatre being a Province for which Nature ſeemed not to have deſigned him; for neither his Voice, Look, nor Geſture, were ſuch as are expected on the Stage; and he was himſelf ſo much aſhamed of having been reduced to appear

* In a full World our Author lives alone,
Unhappy, and by Conſequence unknown;
Yet amidſt Sorrow he diſdains Complaint,
Nor languid in the Race of Life grows faint:
He ſwims, unyielding, againſt Fortune's Stream,
Nor to his private Sufferings ſtoops his Theme.

appear as a Player, that he always blotted out his Name from the Liſt, when a Copy of his Tragedy was to be ſhown to his Friends.

In the Publication of his Performance he was more ſucceſsful, for the Rays of Genius that glimmered in it, that glimmered through all the Miſts which Poverty had been able to ſpread over it, procured him the Notice and Eſteem of many Perſons eminent for their Rank, their Virtue, and their Wit.

Of this Play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated Profits aroſe to an hundred Pounds, which he thought at that Time a very large Sum, having been never Maſter of ſo much before.

In the Dedication*, for which he received ten Guineas, there is nothing remarkable. The Preface contains a very liberal Encomium on the blooming Excellencies of Mr. *Theophilus Cibber*, which Mr. *Savage* could not in the latter Part of his Life ſee his Friends about to read, without ſnatching the Play out of their Hands.

The Generoſity of Mr. *Hill* did not end on this Occaſion; for afterwards, when Mr. *Savage*'s Neceſſities returned, he encouraged a Subſcription to a Miſcellany of Poems in a very extraordinary Manner, by publiſhing his Story in

* To —— *Tryſte*, Eſq. of *Hereſordſhire*

the *Plain Dealer**, with ſome affecting Lines†, which he aſſerts to have been written by Mr. *Sa-*

* The *Plain Dealer* was a periodical Paper, written by Mr. *Hill* and Mr. *Bond*, whom Mr. *Savage* called the two contending Powers of Light and Darkneſs. They wrote by Turns, each ſix Eſſays, and the Character of the Work was obſerved regularly to riſe in Mr. *Hill's* Weeks, and fall in Mr. *Bond's*.

† Hopeleſs, abandon'd, aimleſs, and oppreſs'd,
Loſt to Delight, and, ev'ry Way, diſtreſs'd;
Croſs his cold Bed, in wild Diſorder, thrown,
Thus ſigh'd *Ale is*, friendleſs, and alone———
Why do I breathe?—What joy can Being give,
When ſhe who gave me Life, forgets I live!
Feels not theſe wintry Blaſts;—nor heeds my Smart;
But ſhuts me from the Shelter of her Heart!
Saw me expos'd to Want! to Shame! to Scorn!
To Ills! which make it *Miſery* to be *born!*
Caſt me, regardleſs, on the World's bleak Wild;
And bade me be a Wretch, whilſt yet a Child!
Where can he hope for Pity, Peace, or Reſt,
Who moves no Softneſs in a Mother's Breaſt?
Cuſtom, Law, Reaſon, *all!* my Cauſe forſake,
And *Nature ſleeps*, to keep my Woes *awake!*
Crimes, which the *Cruel* ſcarce believe can be,
The *Kind* are guilty of, to ruin me.
Ev'n ſhe, who bore me, blaſts me with her Hate,
And, meant my Fortune, makes herſelf my Fate.
Yet has this ſweet Neglecter of my Woes,
The ſofteſt, tend'reſt Breaſt that Pity knows!
Her Eyes ſhed Mercy, whereſoe'er they ſhine;
And her Soul melts at ev'ry Woe—but mine.
Sure then! ſome ſecret Fate, for Guilt unwill'd,
Some Sentence pre-ordain'd to be fulfill'd!
Plung'd me, thus deep, in Sorrow's ſearching Flood,
And waſh'd me from the Mem'ry of her Blood.
But, Oh! whatever Cauſe has mov'd her Hate,
Let me but ſigh, in Silence, at my Fate!
The God within, perhaps may touch her Breaſt;
And when, ſhe pities, who can be diſtreſs'd?

vage,

vage, upon the Treatment received by him from his Mother, but of which he was himſelf the Author, as Mr. *Savage* afterwards declared. Theſe Lines, and the Paper in which they were inſerted, had a very powerful Effect upon all but his Mother, whom, by making her Cruelty more publick, they only hardened in her Averſion.

Mr. *Hill* not only promoted the Subſcription to the Miſcellany, but furniſhed likewiſe the greateſt Part of the Poems of which it is compoſed, and particularly *The Happy Man*, which he publiſhed as a Specimen.

The Subſcriptions of thoſe whom theſe Papers ſhould influence to patroniſe Merit in Diſtreſs, without any other Solicitation, were directed to be left at *Button*'s Coffee-Houſe; and Mr. *Savage* going thither a few Days afterwards, without Expectation of any Effect from his Propoſal, found to his Surpriſe ſeventy Guineas †, which had been ſent him in conſequence of the Compaſſion excited by Mr. *Hill*'s pathetic Repreſentation.

† The Names of thoſe who ſo generouſly contributed to his Relief, having been mentioned in a former Account, ought not to be omitted here. They were the Ducheſs of Cleveland, Lady Cheyney, Lady Caſtlemain, Lady Gower, Lady Lechmere, the Dutcheſs Dowager, and Ducheſs of Rutland, Lady Strafford, the Counteſs Dowager of Warwick, Mrs. Mary Floyer, Mrs. Sofuel Noel, Duke of Rutland, Lord Gainſborough, Lord Milſington, Mr. John Savage.

To this Miſcellany he publiſhed a Preface †, in which he gives an Account of his Mother's Cruelty

† This Preface is as follows:

Crudelis Mater magis, an Puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille Puer, crudelis tu quoque Mater. VIRG.

My Readers, I am afraid, when they obſerve *Richard Savage* join'd ſo cloſe and ſo conſtantly *to ſon of the late Earl* Rivers, will impute to a ridiculous Vanity, what is the Effect of an unhappy Neceſſity, which my hard Fortune has thrown me under.——I am to be pardoned for adhering a little tenaciouſly to my Father, becauſe my Mother will allow me to be No body; and has almoſt reduced me, among heavier Afflictions, to that uncommon Kind of Want which the *Indians* of *America* complained of at our firſt ſettling among them; when they came to beg *Names* of the *Engliſh*, becauſe (ſaid they) we are poor Men of ourſelves, and have none we can lay Claim to.

The good Nature of thoſe, to whom I have not the Honour to be known, would forgive me the ludicrous Turn of this Beginning, if they knew but how little Reaſon I have to be merry.—It was my Misfortune to be Son of the above mentioned Earl, by the late Counteſs of *Macclesfield*, (now Widow of Colonel *Henry Bret*) whoſe Divorce, on Occaſion of the Amour which I was a Conſequence of, has left ſomething on Record, which I take to be very remarkable; and it is this: Certain of our great Judges, in their *temporal* Deciſions, act with a *ſpiritual* Regard to *Levitical Divinity*; and in particular, to the Ten Commandments; Two of which ſeem, in my Caſe, to have viſibly influenced their Opinions——*Thou ſhalt not commit Adultery*, pointed fulleſt on my Mother. But as to *The Lord's viſiting the Sins of the Fathers upon the Children*, it was conſidered as what could regard me only. And for that Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, it had been inconſiſtent with the Rules of Sanctity, to aſſign Proviſion out of my Mother's return'd Eſtate, for Support of an Infant Sinner.

Thus, while *legally* the Son of one Earl, and *naturally* of another, I am, *nominally*, No-body's Son at all. For, the Lady having given me "too much Father," thought it but an equivalent Deduction to leave me "no Mother," by Way of Balance—So I am ſported into the World, a Kind of

elty in a very uncommon Strain of Humour, and with a Gaiety of Imagination, which the Succeſs of his Subſcription probably produced.

The

of Shuttlecock, between Law and Nature——If Law had not beaten me back, by the Stroke of an Act on purpoſe, I had not been *above Wit*, by the Privilege of a Man of Quality: Nay, I might have preſerved into the Bargain the Lives of Duke Hamilton and Lord Mohun, whoſe Diſpute aroſe from the Eſtate of that Earl of Macclesfield, whom, (but for the mentioned Act) I muſt have called Father—And, if Nature had not ſtruck me off, with a ſtronger Blow than Law did, the other Earl, who was moſt EMPHATICALLY my Father, could never have been told I was dead, when he was about to enable me, by his Will, to have lived to ſome Purpoſe. An unaccountable Severity of a Mother! whom I was then not old enough to have deſerved it from: And by which I am a ſingle unhappy Inſtance, among that Nobleman's natural Children, and thrown, friendleſs on the World, without Means of ſupporting myſelf; and without Authority to apply to thoſe whoſe Duty I know it is to ſupport me.

Thus however ill qualified I am to live by my Wits, I have the beſt Plea in the World for attempting it; ſince it is too apparent that I was born to it—Having wearied my Judgment with fruitleſs Endeavours to be happy, I gave the Reins to my Fancy, that I might learn, at leaſt, to be eaſy.

But I ceaſe a while to ſpeak of myſelf, that I may ſay ſomething of my Miſcellany.——I was furniſhed, by the Verſes of my Friends, with Wit enough to deſerve a Subſcription; but I wanted another much more profitable Quality, which ſhould have emboldened me to ſollicit it, (another of my Wants, that I hope, may be imputed to my Mother!) I had met with little Encouragement but for the Endeavours of ſome few Gentlemen, in my Behalf, who were generous enough to conſider my ill Fortune, as a Merit that entitled me to their Notice.

Among theſe I am particularly indebted to the Author of the Plain Dealers, who was pleaſed in two of his Papers (which I entreat his Pardon for re-printing before my Miſcellany) to point out my unhappy Story to the

The Dedication is addreſſed to the Lady *Mary Wortley Montague*, whom he flatters without Reſerve,

World, with ſo touching a Humanity, and ſo good an Effect, that many Perſons of Quality, of all Ranks, and of both Sexes, diſtinguiſhed themſelves with the Promptneſs he had hinted to the noble minded; and not ſtaying till they were applied to, ſent me the Honour of their Subſcriptions, in the moſt liberal and handſome Manner, for Encouragement of my Undertaking.

I ought here to acknowledge ſeveral Favours from Mr. *Hill*, whoſe Writings are a ſhining Ornament of this Miſcellany; but I wave detaining my Readers, and beg Leave to refer them to a Copy of Verſes called *The Friend*, which I have taken the Liberty to addreſs to that Gentleman.

To return to the Lady, my Mother—Had the celebrated Mr. *Locke* been acquainted with her Example, it had certainly appeared in his *Chapter* againſt innate practical Principles; becauſe it would have compleated his Inſtances of Enormities: Some of which, though not exactly in the Order that he mentions them, are as follow—"Have there not been (ſays he) whole Nations, and thoſe of the moſt civilized People, amongſt whom the expoſing their Children, to periſh by Want or wild Beaſts, has been a Practice as little condemned or ſcrupled as the begetting them?" Were I inclinable to be ſerious, I could eaſily prove that I have not been more gently dealt with by Mrs. *Bret*; but if this is any way foreign to my Caſe, I ſhall find a nearer Example in the whimſical one that enſues.

It is familiar (ſays the afore cited Author) *among the* Mengrelians, *a People profeſſing Chriſtianity, to bury their Children alive without Scruple*——There are indeed ſundry Sects of Chriſtians, and I have often wondered which could be my *Mamma*'s, but now I find ſhe piouſly profeſſes and practiſes Chriſtianity after the Manner of the *Mengrelians*; ſhe induſtriouſly obſcured me when my Fortune depended on my being known, and, in that Senſe, ſhe may be ſaid to have buried me alive; and ſure, like a *Mengrelian*, ſhe muſt have committed the Action without Scruple; for ſhe is a Woman of Spirit, and can ſee the Conſequence without Remorſe.——*The* Caribbees (con-

ſerve, and, to confeſs the Truth with very little * Art. The ſame Obſervation may be extended to

(continues my Author) were wont to caſtrate their Children in order to fat and eat them—Here indeed I can draw no Parallel; for to ſpeak Juſtice of the Lady, ſhe never contributed ought to have me pampered, but always promoted my being ſtarved: Nor did ſhe, even in my Infancy, betray Fondneſs enough to be ſuſpected of a Deſign to devour me; but, on the contrary, not enduring me ever to approach her, offered a Bribe to have me ſhipp'd off in an odd Manner, to one of the Plantations—When I was about fifteen, her Affection began to awake, and had I but known my Intereſt, I had been handſomely provided for. In ſhort, I was ſolicited to be bound Apprentice to a very honeſt and reputable Occupation—a Shoemaker; an Offer which I undutifully rejected. I was, in fine, unwilling to underſtand her in a literal Senſe, and hoped, that, like the Prophets of old, ſhe might have hinted her Mind in a Kind of Parable, or proverbial Way of ſpeaking; as thus—That one Time or other I might, on due Application, have the Honour of taking the Length of her Foot.

Mr. Locke mentions another Set of People that diſpatch their Children, if a pretended Aſtrologer declares them to have unhappy Stars. Perhaps my Mamma has procured ſome cunning Man to calculate my Nativity; or having had ſome ominous Dream, which preceded my Birth, the dire Event may have appeared to her in the dark and dreary Bottom of a China Cup, where Coffee-Stains are often conſulted for Prophecies, and held as infallible as were the Leaves of the ancient *Sybils*—To be partly ſerious; I am rather willing to wrong her Judgment, by ſuſpecting it to be tainted a little with the Tenets of Superſtition, than ſuppoſe ſhe can be Miſtreſs of a ſeared Conſcience, and act on no Principle at all.

* This the following Extract from it will prove.

—"Since our Country has been honoured with the Glory of your Wit, as elevated and immortal as your Soul, it no longer remains a Doubt whether your Sex have Strength of Mind in Proportion to their Sweetneſs. There is ſomething in your Verſes as diſtinguiſhed as your Air—They are as ſtrong as Truth, as deep as

to all his Dedications: His Compliments are conſtrained and violent, heaped together without the Grace of Order, or the Decency of Introduction: He ſeems to have written his Panegyrics for the Peruſal only of his Patrons, and to have imagined that he had no other Taſk than to pamper them with Praiſes however groſs, and that Flattery would make its Way to the Heart, without the Aſſiſtance of Elegance or Invention.

Soon afterwards, the Death of the King furniſhed a general Subject for a poetical Conteſt, in which Mr. *Savage* engaged, and is allowed to have carried the Prize of Honour from his Competitors; but I know not whether he gained by his Performance any other Advantage than the Increaſe of his Reputation; though it muſt certainly have been with farther Views that he prevailed upon himſelf to attempt a Species of Writing, of which all the Topics had been long before exhauſted, and which was made at once difficult by the Multitudes that had failed in it, and thoſe that had ſucceeded.

Reaſon, as clear as Innocence, and as ſmooth as Beauty. —They contain a nameleſs and peculiar Mixture of Force and Grace, which is at once ſo movingly ſerene, and ſo majeſtically lovely, that it is too amiable to appear any where but in your Eyes and in your Writings.

"As Fortune is not more my Enemy than I am the Enemy of Flattery, I know not how I can forbear this Application to your Ladyſhip, becauſe there is ſcarce a Poſſibility that I ſhould ſay more than I believe, when I am ſpeaking of your Excellence."

He

He was now advancing in Reputation, and though frequently involved in very diſtreſsful Perplexities, appeared however to be gaining upon Mankind, when both his Fame and his Life were endangered by an Event, of which it is not yet determined, whether it ought to be mentioned as a Crime or a Calamity.

On the 20th of *November*, 1727, Mr. *Savage* came from *Richmond*, where he then lodged, that he might purſue his Studies with leſs Interruption, with an Intent to diſcharge another Lodging which he had in *Weſtminſter*; and accidentally meeting two Gentlemen, his Acquaintances, whoſe Names were *Merchant* and *Gregory*, he went in with them to a neighbouring Coffee-houſe, and ſat drinking till it was late, it being in no Time of Mr. *Savage*'s Life any Part of his Character to be the firſt of the Company that deſired to ſeparate. He would willingly have gone to Bed in the ſame Houſe, but there was not Room for the whole Company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the Streets, and divert themſelves with ſuch Amuſements as ſhould offer themſelves till Morning.

In their Walk, they happened unluckily to diſcover Light in *Robinſon*'s Coffee-houſe, near *Charing-Croſs*, and therefore went in. *Merchant*, with ſome Rudeneſs, demanded a Room, and was told that there was a good Fire in the next Par-

hour, which the Company were about to leave, being then paying their Reckoning. *Merchant*, not ſatisfied with this Anſwer, ruſhed into the Room, and was followed by his Companions. He then petulantly placed himſelf between the Company and the Fire, and ſoon after kicked down the Table. This produced a Quarrel; Swords were drawn on both Sides, and one Mr. *James Sinclair* was killed. *Savage* having wounded likewiſe a Maid that held him, forced his Way with *Merchant* out of the Houſe; but being intimidated and confuſed, without Reſolution either to fly or ſtay, they were taken in a back Court by one of the Company and ſome Soldiers, whom he had called to his Aſſiſtance.

Being ſecured and guarded that Night, they were in the Morning carried before three Juſtices, who committed them to the *Gatehouſe*, from whence, upon the Death of Mr. *Sinclair*, which happened the ſame Day, they were removed in the Night to *Newgate*, where they were however treated with ſome Diſtinction, exempted from the Ignominy of Chains, and confined, not among the common Criminals, but in the *Preſs-Yard*.

When the Day of Trial came, the Court was crouded in a very unuſual Manner, and the Publick appeared to intereſt itſelf as in a Cauſe of general Concern. The Witneſſes againſt Mr. *Savage* and his Friends were, the Woman who kept the Houſe, which was a Houſe of ill Fame, and

and her Maid, the Men who were in the Room with Mr. *Sinclair*, and a Woman of the Town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been ſeen in Bed. They ſwore, in general, that *Merchant* gave the Provocation, which *Savage* and *Gregory* drew their Swords to juſtify; that *Savage* drew firſt, and that he ſtabbed *Sinclair* when he was not in a Poſture of Defence, or while *Gregory* commanded his Sword; that after he had given the Thruſt he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the Maid clung round him, and one of the Company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the Maid on the Head, but was afterwards taken in a Court.

There was ſome Difference in their Depoſitions; one did not ſee *Savage* give the Wound, another ſaw it given when *Sinclair* held his Point towards the Ground; and the Woman of the Town aſſerted, that ſhe did not ſee *Sinclair*'s Sword at all: This Difference however, was very far from amounting to Inconſiſtency, but it was ſufficient to ſhew, that the Hurry of the Quarrel was ſuch, that it was not eaſy to diſcover the Truth with relation to particular Circumſtances, and that therefore ſome Deductions were to be made from the Credibility of the Teſtimonies.

Sinclair had declared ſeveral times before his Death, that he received his Wound from *Savage*; nor did *Savage* at his Trial deny the Fact, but endea-

endeavoured partly to extenuate it, by urging the Suddenneſs of the whole Action, and the Impoſſibility of any ill Deſign, or premeditated Malice, and partly to juſtify it by the Neceſſity of Self-Defence, and the Hazard of his own Life, if he had loſt that Opportunity of giving the Thruſt: He obſerved, that neither Reaſon nor Law obliged a Man to wait for the Blow which was threatened, and which, if he ſhould ſuffer it, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an Aſſault, and to preſerve Life by taking away that of the Adverſary, by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the Violence with which he endeavoured his Eſcape, he declared, that it was not his Deſign to fly from Juſtice, or decline a Trial, but to avoid the Expences and Severities of a Priſon, and that he intended to have appeared at the Bar without Compulſion.

This Defence, which took up more than an Hour, was heard by the Multitude that thronged the Court with the moſt attentive and reſpectful Silence: Thoſe who thought he ought not to be acquitted, owned that Applauſe could not be refuſed him; and thoſe who before pitied his Misfortunes, now reverenced his Abilities.

The Witneſſes which appeared againſt him were proved to be Perſons of Characters which did not entitle them to much Credit; a common Strumpet, a Woman by whom Strumpets were enter-

entertained, and a Man by whom they were ſupported; and the Character of *Savage* was, by ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction, aſſerted to be that of a modeſt inoffenſive Man, not inclined to Broils, or to Inſolence, and who had, to that Time, been only known for his Misfortunes and his Wit.

Had his Audience been his Judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. *Page*, who was then upon the Bench, treated him with his uſual Inſolence and Severity; and when he ſummed up the Evidence, endeavoured to exaſperate the Jury, as Mr. *Savage* uſed to relate it, with this eloquent Harangue.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, you are to conſider, "that Mr. *Savage* is a very great Man, a much "greater Man than you or I, Gentlemen of the "Jury; that he wears very fine Clothes, much "finer Clothes than you or I, Gentlemen of the "Jury; that he has Abundance of Money in his "Pocket, much more Money than you or I, "Gentlemen of the Jury; but, Gentlemen of "the Jury, is it not a very hard Caſe, Gentle-"men of the Jury, that Mr. *Savage* ſhould "therefore kill you or me, Gentlemen of the Ju-"ry?"

Mr. *Savage* hearing his Defence thus miſrepreſented, and the Men who were to decide his Fate incited againſt him by invidious Compariſons, reſolutely

ſolutely aſſerted, that his Cauſe was not candidly explained, and began to recapitulate what he had before ſaid with regard to his Condition, and the Neceſſity of endeavouring to eſcape the Expences of Impriſonment; but the Judge having ordered him to be ſilent, and repeated his Orders without Effect, commanded that he ſhould be taken from the Bar by Force.

The Jury then heard the Opinion of the Judge, that good Characters were of no Weight againſt poſitive Evidence, though they might turn the Scale, where it was doubtful; and that though when two Men attack each other, the Death of either is only Man-ſlaughter; but where one is the Aggreſſor, as in the Caſe before them, and in Purſuance of his firſt Attack, kills the other, the Law ſuppoſes the Action, however ſudden, to be malicious. They then deliberated upon their Verdict, and determined that Mr. *Savage* and Mr. *Gregory* were guilty of Murder; and Mr. *Merchant*, who had no Sword, only of Man-ſlaughter.

Thus ended this memorable Trial, which laſted eight Hours. Mr. *Savage* and Mr. *Gregory* were conducted back to Priſon, where they were more cloſely confined, and loaded with Irons of fifty Pounds Weight: Four Days afterwards they were ſent back to the Court to receive Sentence; on which Occaſion Mr. *Savage* made, as far as

it

it could be retained in Memory, the following Speech:

"It is now, my Lord, too late to offer any thing "by Way of Defence, or Vindication; nor can "we expect ought from your Lordſhips, in this "Court, but the Sentence which the Law requires "you, as Judges, to pronounce againſt Men of "our calamitous Condition.—But we are alſo per-"ſuaded, that as mere Men, and out of this Seat "of rigorous Juſtice, you are ſuſceptive of the "tender Paſſions, and too humane, not to com-"miſerate the unhappy Situation of thoſe whom "the Law ſometimes perhaps —— exacts —— "from you to pronounce upon. No Doubt you "diſtinguiſh between Offences, which ariſe out "of Premeditation, and a Diſpoſition habituated "to Vice or Immorality, and Tranſgreſſions, "which are the unhappy and unforeſeen Effects of "a caſual Abſence of Reaſon, and ſudden Im-"pulſe of Paſſion: We therefore hope you will "contribute all you can to an Extenſion of that "Mercy, which the Gentlemen of the Jury have "been pleaſed to ſhew Mr. *Merchant*, who (al-"lowing Facts as ſworn againſt us by the Evi-"dence) has led us into this our Calamity. I "hope this will not be conſtrued as if we meant "to reflect upon that Gentleman, or remove any "Thing from us upon him, or that we repine the

"more

"more at our Fate, becauſe he has no Participa-
"tion of it: No, my Lord! for my Part, I de-
"clare nothing could more ſoften my Grief, than
"to be without any Companion in ſo great a Mis-
"fortune*."

Mr. *Savage* had now no Hopes of Life but from the Mercy of the Crown, which was very earneſtly ſolicited by his Friends, and which, with whatever Difficulty the Story may obtain Belief, was obſtructed only by his Mother.

To prejudice the Queen againſt him, ſhe made Uſe of an Incident, which was omitted in the Order of Time, that it might be mentioned together with the Purpoſe which it was made to ſerve. Mr. *Savage*, when he had diſcovered his Birth, had an inceſſant Deſire to ſpeak to his Mother, who always avoided him in publick, and refuſed him Admiſſion into her Houſe. One Evening walking, as it was his Cuſtom, in the Street that ſhe inhabited, he ſaw the Door of her Houſe by Accident open; he entered it, and finding nobody in the Paſſage to hinder him, went up Stairs to ſalute her. She diſcovered him before he could enter her Chamber, alarmed the Family with the moſt diſtreſsful Outcries; and when ſhe had by her Screams gathered them about her, ordered them to drive out of the Houſe that Villain, who had forced himſelf in upon

* Mr. *Savage*'s Life.

her,

her, and endeavoured to murder her. *Savage*, who had attempted with the moſt ſubmiſſive Tenderneſs to ſoften her Rage, hearing her utter ſo deteſtable an Accuſation, thought it prudent to retire; and I believe, never attempted afterwards to ſpeak to her.

But, ſhocked as he was with her Falſhood and her Cruelty, he imagined that ſhe intended no other Uſe of her Lye, than to ſet herſelf free from his Embraces and Solicitations, and was very far from ſuſpecting that ſhe would treaſure it in her Memory, as an Inſtrument of future Wickedneſs, or that ſhe would endeavour, for this fictitious Aſſault, to deprive him of his Life.

But when the Queen was ſolicited for his Pardon, and informed of the ſevere Treatments which he had ſuffered from his Judge, ſhe anſwered, that however unjuſtifiable might be the Manner of his Trial, or whatever Extenuation the Action for which he was condemned might admit, ſhe could not think that Man a proper Object of the King's Mercy, who had been capable of entering his Mother's Houſe in the Night, with an Intent to murder her.

By whom this atrocious Calumny had been tranſmitted to the Queen, whether ſhe that invented, had the Front to relate it; whether ſhe found any one weak enough to credit it, or corrupt enough to concur with her in her hateful Deſign, I know not; but Methods had been taken to perſuade the Queen

Queen ſo ſtrongly of the Truth of it, that ſhe for a long Time refuſed to hear any of thoſe who petitioned for his Life.

Thus had *Savage* periſhed by the Evidence of a Bawd, a Strumpet, and his Mother, had not Juſtice and Compaſſion procured him an Advocate of Rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of Virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His Merit and his Calamities happened to reach the Ear of the Counteſs of *Hertford*, who engaged in his Support with all the Tenderneſs that is excited by Pity, and all the Zeal which is kindled by Generoſity; and demanding an Audience of the Queen, laid before her the whole Series of his Mother's Cruelty, expoſed the Improbability of an Accuſation by which he was charged, with an Intent to commit a Murder, that could produce no Advantage, and ſoon convinced her how little his former Conduct could deſerve to be mentioned as a Reaſon for extraordinary Severity.

The Interpoſition of this Lady was ſo ſucceſsful, that he was ſoon after admitted to Bail, and on the 9th of *March*, 1728, pleaded the King's Pardon.

It is natural to enquire upon what Motives his Mother could proſecute him in a Manner ſo outrageous and implacable; for what Reaſon ſhe could employ all the Acts of Malice, and all the Snares of Calumny, to take away the Life of her own Son,

of

of a Son who never injured her, who was never ſupported by her Expence, nor obſtructed any Proſpect of Pleaſure or Advantage; why ſhe ſhould endeavour to deſtroy him by a Lye; a Lye which could not gain Credit, but muſt vaniſh of itſelf at the firſt Moment of Examination, and of which only this can be ſaid to make it probable, that it may be obſerved from her Conduct, that the moſt execrable Crimes are ſometimes committed without apparent Temptation.

This Mother is ſtill alive*, and may, perhaps, even yet, though her Malice was ſo often defeated, enjoy the Pleaſure of reflecting, that the Life which ſhe often endeavoured to deſtroy, was at leaſt ſhortened by her maternal Offices; that though ſhe could not tranſport her Son to the Plantations, bury him in the Shop of a Mechanick, or haſten the Hand of the public Executioner, ſhe has yet had the Satisfaction of imbittering all his Hours, and forcing him into Exigences that hurried on his Death.

It is by no Means neceſſary to aggravate the Enormity of this Woman's Conduct, by placing it in Oppoſition to that of the Counteſs of *Hertford*; no one can fail to obſerve how much more amiable it is to relieve, than to oppreſs, and to reſcue Innocence from Deſtruction, than to deſtroy without Injury.

* *Anno*, 1743.

Mr.

Mr. *Savage*, during his Impriſonment, his Trial, and the Time in which he lay under Sentence of Death, behaved with great Firmneſs and Equality of Mind, and confirmed by his Fortitude the Eſteem of thoſe, who before admired him for his Abilities. The peculiar Circumſtances of his Life were made more generally known by a ſhort Account*, which was then publiſhed, and of which, ſeveral Thouſands were in a few Weeks diſperſed over the Nation; and the Compaſſion of Mankind operated ſo powerfully in his Favour, that he was enabled, by frequent Preſents, not only to ſupport himſelf, but to aſſiſt Mr. *Gregory* in Priſon; and when he was pardoned and releaſed, he found the Number of his Friends not leſſened.

The Nature of the Act for which he had been tried, was in itſelf doubtful; of the Evidences which appeared againſt him, the Character of the Man was not unexceptionable, that of the Women notoriouſly infamous; ſhe whoſe Teſtimony chiefly influenced the Jury to condemn him, afterwards retracted her Aſſertions. He always himſelf denied that he was drunk, as he had been generally reported. Mr. *Gregory*, who is now Collector of *Antigua*, is ſaid to declare him far leſs criminal than he was imagined, even by ſome who favoured him: And *Page* himſelf afterwards confeſſed, that he had

* Written by Mr. *Beckingham* and another Gentleman.

treated

treated him with uncommon Rigour. When all theſe Particulars are rated together, perhaps the Memory of *Savage* may not be much ſullied by his Trial.

Some Time after he had obtained his Liberty, he met in the Street the Woman that had ſworn with ſo much Malignity againſt him. She informed him that ſhe was in Diſtreſs, and with a Degree of Confidence not eaſily attainable, deſired him to relieve her. He, inſtead of inſulting her Miſery, and taking Pleaſure in the Calamities of one who had brought his Life into Danger, reproved her gently for her Perjury, and changing the only Guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himſelf.

This is an Action which, in ſome Ages, would have made a Saint, and perhaps in others, a Hero; and which, without any hyperbolical Encomiums, muſt be allowed to be an Inſtance of uncommon Generoſity, an Act of complicated Virtue; by which he at once relieved the Poor, corrected the Vicious, and forgave an Enemy; by which he at once remitted the ſtrongeſt Provocations, and exerciſed the moſt ardent Charity.

Compaſſion was indeed the diſtinguiſhing Quality of *Savage*; he never appeared inclined to take Advantage of Weakneſs, to attack the Defenceleſs, or to preſs upon the Falling; whoever was diſtreſſed, was certain at leaſt of his good Wiſhes; and when he could give no Aſſiſtance, to extricate them

them from Misfortunes, he endeavoured to ſooth them by Sympathy and Tenderneſs.

But when his Heart was not ſoftened by the Sight of Miſery, he was ſometimes obſtinate in his Reſentment, and did not quickly loſe the Remembrance of an Injury. He always continued to ſpeak with Anger of the Inſolence and Partiality of *Page*, and a ſhort Time before his Death revenged it by a Satire*.

It

* This Satire, from which the following Lines are extracted, was called by Mr. *Savage*, AN EPISTLE ON AUTHORS. It was never printed intire, but ſeveral Fragments were inſerted by him in the *Magazine*, after his Retirement into the Country.

Were all like YORKE of delicate Addreſs,
Strength to diſcern, and Sweetneſs to expreſs;
Learn'd, juſt, polite, born ev'ry Heart to gain;
Like *Cummins* mild, like *(a) Forteſcue* humane;
All eloquent of Truth, divinely known;
So deep, ſo clear, all Science is his own.
How far unlike ſuch Worthies, once a Drudge,
From ſtound'ring in low Cauſes, roſe a JUDGE.
Form'd to make Pleaders laugh, his *Nonſenſe* thunders,
And, on low Juries, breathes contagious Blunders.
His Brothers bluſh, becauſe no Bluſh he knows,
Nor e'er *(b) one uncorrupted Finger ſhows.*
See, drunk with Power, the *Circuit Lord* expreſt!
Full in his Eye, his Betters ſtand confeſt;
Whoſe Wealth, Birth, Virtue, from a Tongue ſo looſe,
'Scape not provincial, vile, Buffoon Abuſe.
Still to what Circuit is aſſign'd his Name,
There, ſwift before him, flies the Warner *Fame*.
Conteſt ſtops ſhort, Conſent yields every Cauſe
To Coſt, Delay, endures them and withdraws.

But

(a) The Hon. *William Forteſcue*, Eſq; now Maſter of the Rolls.
(b) 'When *Page* one uncorrupted Finger ſhows'
D. of *Wharton*.

It is natural to enquire in what Terms Mr. *Savage* ſpoke of this fatal Action, when the Danger was over; and he was under no Neceſſity of uſing any Art to ſet his Conduct in the faireſt Light. He was not willing to dwell upon it; and if he tranſiently mentioned it, appeared neither to conſider himſelf as a Murderer, nor as a Man wholly free from the Guilt of Blood†. How much and how long he regretted it, appeared in a § Poem which he publiſhed many Years afterwards. On the

But how 'ſcape *Priſ'ners?* To their Trial chain'd,
All, all ſhall ſtand condemn'd, who ſtand arraign'd.
Dire *Guilt*, which elſe would Deteſtation cauſe,
Pre-judg'd with Inſult, wond'rous Pity draws.
But 'ſcapes ev'n *Innocence* his harſh harangue?
Alas—ev'n Innocence i ſelf muſt hang;
Muſt hang to pleaſe him, when of Spleen poſſeſt;
Muſt hang to bring forth an abortive Jeſt.
Why liv'd he not ere *Star-Chamber* had fail'd,
When Fine, Tax, Cenſure, all, but Law, prevail'd;
Or Law, ſubſervient to ſome murd'rous Will,
Became a Precedent to Murder ſtill?
Yet ev'n when Patriots did for Traitors bleed,
Was e'er the Jobb to ſuch a Slave decreed;
Whoſe Savage Mind wants ſophiſt Art to draw,
O'er murder'd Virtue, ſpecious Veils of Law?

Gentleman's Magazine, Sept. 1741.

† In one of his Letters he ſtiles it, *a fatal Quarrel, but too well known.*

§ Is Chance a Guilt, that my diſaſt'rous Heart,
For Miſchief never meant, muſt ever ſmart?
Can Self-Defence be Sin?—Ah! plead no more;
What though no purpos'd Malice ſtain'd thee o'er;
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy Side,
Thou hadſt not been provok'd, or then hadſt dy'd.
Far be the Guilt of Home-ſhed Blood from all
On whom, unſought, embroiling Dangers fall.

Still

the Occaſion of a Copy of Verſes, in which the Failings of good Men were recounted, and in which the Author had endeavoured to illuſtrate his Poſition, that *the beſt may ſometimes deviate from Virtue*, by an Inſtance of Murder committed by *Savage* in the Heat of Wine, *Savage* remarked, that it was no very juſt Repreſentation of a good Man, to ſuppoſe him liable to Drunkenneſs, and diſpoſed in his Riots to cut Throats.

He was now indeed at Liberty, but was, as before, without any other Support than accidental Favours, and uncertain Patronage afforded him; Sources by which he was ſometimes very liberally ſupplied, and which at other Times were ſuddenly ſtopped; ſo that he ſpent his life between Want and Plenty; or, what was yet worſe, between Beggary and Extravagance; for as whatever he received was the Gift of Chance, which might as well favour him at one Time as another, he was tempted to ſquander what he had, becauſe he always hoped to be immediately ſupplied.

Still the pale *Dead* revives and lives to me,
To me, through Pity's Eye, condemn'd to ſee.
Remembrance veils his Rage, but ſwells his Fate,
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then, who knows one Day,
What rip'ning Virtues might have made their Way?
He might one Day his Country's Friend have prov'd,
Been gen'rous, happy, candid and belov'd;
He might have ſav'd ſome Worth now doom'd to fall,
And I perchance in him have *murder'd* all.

The BASTARD.

Another Cauſe of his Profuſion was the abſurd Kindneſs of his Friends, who at once rewarded and enjoyed his Abilities, by treating him at Taverns, and habituated him to Pleaſures which he could not afford to enjoy, and which he was not able to deny himſelf, though he purchaſed the Luxury of a ſingle Night by the Anguiſh of Cold and Hunger for a Week.

The Experience of theſe Inconveniences determined him to endeavour after ſome ſettled Income, which, having long found Submiſſion and Intreaties fruitleſs, he attempted to extort from his Mother by rougher Methods. He had now, as he acknowledged, loſt that Tenderneſs for her, which the whole Series of her Cruelty had not been able wholly to repreſs, till he found, by the Efforts which ſhe made for his Deſtruction, that ſhe was not content with refuſing to aſſiſt him, and being neutral in his Struggles with Poverty, but always ready to ſnatch every Opportunity of adding to his Misfortunes, and that ſhe was to be conſidered as an Enemy implacably malicious, whom nothing but his Blood could ſatisfy: He therefore threatened to harraſs her with Lampoons, and to publiſh a copious Narrative of her Conduct, unleſs ſhe conſented to purchaſe an Exemption from Infamy, by allowing him a Penſion.

This Expedient proved ſucceſsful. Whether Shame ſtill ſurvived, though Virtue was extinct,

or whether her Relations had more Delicacy than herſelf, and imagined that ſome of the Darts which Satire might point at her would glance upon them: Lord *Tyrconnel*, whatever were his Motives, upon his Promiſe to lay aſide his Deſign of expoſing the Cruelty of his Mother, received him into his Family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a Penſion of two hundred Pounds a Year.

This was the Golden Part of Mr. *Savage*'s Life; and for ſome Time he had no Reaſon to complain of Fortune; his Appearance was ſplendid, his Expences large, and his Acquaintance extenſive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought Men of Genius, and careſſed by all who valued themſelves upon a refined Taſte. To admire Mr. *Savage* was a Proof of Diſcernment, and to be acquainted with him was a Title to poetical Reputation. His Preſence was ſufficient to make any Place of publick Entertainment popular; and his Approbation and Example conſtituted the Faſhion. So powerful is Genius, when it is inveſted with the Glitter of Affluence; Men willingly pay to Fortune that Regard which they owe to Merit, and are pleaſed when they have an Opportunity at once of gratifying their Vanity, and practiſing their Duty.

This Interval of Proſperity furniſhed him with Opportunities of enlarging his Knowledge of human

human Nature, by contemplating Life from its higheſt Gradations to its loweſt; and had he afterwards applied to Dramatic Poetry, he would perhaps not have had many Superiors; for as he never ſuffered any Scene to paſs before his Eyes without Notice, he had treaſured in his Mind all the different Combinations of Paſſions, and the innumerable Mixtures of Vice and Virtue, which diſtinguiſh one Character from another; and as his Conception was ſtrong, his Expreſſions were clear, he eaſily received Impreſſions from Objects, and very forcibly tranſmitted them to others.

Of his exact Obſervations on human Life he has left a Proof, which would do Honour to the greateſt Names, in a ſmall Pamphlet, called, *The Author to be let*, where he introduces *Iſcariot Hackney*, a proſtitute Scribbler, giving an Account of his Birth, his Education, his Diſpoſition and Morals, Habits of Life, and Maxims of Conduct. In the Introduction are related many ſecret Hiſtories of the petty Writers of that Time, but ſometimes mixed with ungenerous Reflections on their Birth, their Circumſtances, or thoſe of their Relations; nor can it be denied, that ſome Paſſages are ſuch as *Iſcariot Hackney* might himſelf have produced.

He was accuſed likewiſe of living in an Appearance of Friendſhip with ſome whom he ſatiriſed, and of making uſe of the Confidence which he gained, by a ſeeming Kindneſs, to diſcover

Failings and expoſe them: It muſt be confeſſed, that Mr. *Savage*'s Eſteem was no very certain Poſſeſſion, and that he would lampoon at one Time thoſe whom he had praiſed at another.

It may be alledged, that the ſame Man may change his Principles, and that he who was once deſervedly commended, may be afterwards ſatiriſed with equal Juſtice; or that the Poet was dazzled with the Appearance of Virtue, and found the Man whom he had celebrated, when he had an Opportunity of examining him more nearly, unworthy of the Panegyric which he had too haſtily beſtowed; and that as a falſe Satire ought to be recanted, for the ſake of him whoſe Reputation may be injured, falſe Praiſe ought likewiſe to be obviated, leſt the Diſtinction between Vice and Virtue ſhould be loſt, leſt a bad Man ſhould be truſted upon the Credit of his Encomiaſt, or leſt others ſhould endeavour to obtain the like Praiſes by the ſame Means.

But though theſe Excuſes may be often plauſible, and ſometimes juſt, they are very ſeldom ſatisfactory to Mankind; and the Writer, who is not conſtant to his Subject, quickly ſinks into Contempt, his Satire loſes its Force, and his Panegyric its Value, and he is only conſidered at one Time as a Flatterer, and as a Calumniator at another.

To avoid theſe Imputations, it is only neceſſary to follow the Rules of Virtue, and to preſerve

ſerve an unvaried Regard to Truth. For though it is undoubtedly poſſible, that a Man, however cautious, may be ſometimes deceived by an artful Appearance of Virtue, or by falſe Evidences of Guilt, ſuch Errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the Name of an Author would never have been made contemptible, had no Man ever ſaid what he did not think, or miſled others, but when he was himſelf deceived.

The *Author to be let* was firſt publiſhed in a ſingle Pamphlet, and afterwards inſerted in a Collection of Pieces relating to the *Dunciad*, which were addreſſed by Mr. *Savage* to the Earl of *Middleſex*, in a * Dedication, which he was prevailed upon

* *To the Right Hon. the Earl of* MIDDLESEX.

MY LORD,

That elegant Taſte in Poetry, which is hereditary to your Lordſhip, together with that particular Regard, with which you honour the Author to whom theſe Papers relate, make me imagine this Collection will not be unpleaſing to you. And I may preſume to ſay, the Pieces themſelves are ſuch as are not unworthy your Lordſhip's Patronage, my own Part in it excepted. I ſpeak only of the "Author to be let," having no Title to any other, not even the ſmall ones out of the Journals. May I be permitted to declare (to the End I may ſeem not quite ſo unworthy of your Lordſhip's Favour, as ſome Writers of my Age and Circumſtances) that I never was concerned in any Journals. I ever thought the exorbitant Liberty, which moſt of thoſe Papers take with their Superiors, unjuſtifiable in any Rank of Men; but deteſtable in ſuch who do it merely for Hire, and without even the bad Excuſe of Paſſion and Reſentment. On the contrary, being once inclined, upon ſome ad-

upon to ſign, though he did not write it, and in which there are ſome Poſitions, that the true Author

vantageous Propoſals, to enter into a † Paper of another Kind, I immediately deſiſted, on finding admitted into it (though as the Publiſher told me merely by Accident) two or three Lines reflecting on a great Miniſter. Were my Life ever ſo unhappy, it ſhall not be ſtained with a Conduct, which my Birth at leaſt (though neither my Education nor good Fortune) ſhould ſet me above, much leſs with any Ingratitude to that noble Perſon, to whoſe Interceſſion (next to his Majeſty's Goodneſs) I owe in a great Meaſure that Life itſelf.

——*Nec ſi miſerum Fortuna Sinonem*
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacem que improba finget.

I believe your Lordſhip will pardon this Digreſſion, or any other which keeps me from the Stile, you ſo much hate, of Dedication.

I will not pretend to diſplay thoſe riſing Virtues in your Lordſhip, which the next Age will certainly know without my Help, but rather relate (what elſe it will as certainly be ignorant of) the Hiſtory of theſe Papers, and the Occaſion which produced the "War of the Dunces" (for ſo it has been commonly called) which begun in the Year 1727, and ended in 1730.

When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for Reaſons ſpecified in the Preface to their Miſcellanies, to publiſh ſuch little Pieces of theirs as had caſually got abroad, there was added to them the Treatiſe of the Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry. It happened that in one Chapter of this Piece, the ſeveral Species of bad Poets were ranged in Claſſes, to which were prefixed almoſt all the Letters of the Alphabet (the greateſt Part of them at Random) but ſuch was the Number of Poets eminent in that Art, that ſome one or other took every Letter to himſelf: All fell into ſo violent a Fury, that for half a Year, or more, the common News Papers (in moſt of which they had ſome Property, as being hired Writers) were filled with the moſt abuſive Falſhoods and Scurrilities

† The Paper here meant, was probably the *Grubſtreet Journal*, which Mr. *Savage* was once invited to undertake, but which he declined, whether for the Reaſon here mentioned is not certain.

thor would perhaps not have publiſhed under his own Name; and on which Mr. *Savage* afterwards reflected with no great Satisfaction.

The

lities they could poſſibly deviſe. A Liberty no way to be wondered at in thoſe People, and in thoſe Papers, that, for many Years during the uncontrolled Liberty of the Preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great *Characters* of the Age; and with this Impunity, their own *Perſons* and *Names* being utterly ſecret and obſcure.

This gave Mr. *Pope* the Thought, that he had now ſome Opportunity of doing Good, by detecting and dragging into Light theſe common Enemies of Mankind; ſince to *invalidate* this univerſal Slander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible Men were the Authors of it. He was not without Hopes, that by manifeſting the Dulneſs of thoſe who had only Malice to recommend them, either the Booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the Men themſelves, when diſcovered, want Courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an Occupation. This it was that gave Birth to the *Dunciad*, and he thought it an Happineſs, that by the late Flood of Slander on himſelf, he ad acquired ſuch a peculiar Right over their Names as was neceſſary to this Deſign.

On the 12th of *March* 1729, at St *James*'s, that Poem was preſented to the KING and QUEEN (who had before been pleaſed to read it) by the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole*: And ſome Days after the whole Impreſſion was taken and diſperſed by ſeveral Noblemen and Perſons of the firſt Diſtinction.

It is certainly a true Obſervation, that no People are ſo impatient of Cenſure as thoſe who are the greateſt Slanderers; which was wonderfully exemplified on this Occaſion. On the Day the Book was firſt vended, a Crowd of Authors beſieged the Shop; Entreaties, Advice, Threats of Law, and Battery, nay Cries of Treaſon, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the *Dunciad*. On the other Side, the Booksellers and Hawkers made as great Efforts to procure it: What could a few poor Authors do againſt ſo great a Majority as the Public? There was no ſtopping a Torrent with a Finger, ſo out it came.

The Enumeration of the bad Effects of the *uncontrolled Freedom of the Preſs*, and the Aſſertion

Many ludicrous Circumſtances attended it: The Dunces (for by this Name they were called) held weekly Clubs, to conſult of Hoſtilities againſt the Author; one wrote a Letter to a great Miniſter, aſſuring him Mr. *Pope* was the greateſt Enemy the Government had; another bought his Image in Clay, to execute him in Effigy; with which ſad Sort of Satisfactions the Gentlemen were a little comforted.

Some falſe Editions of the Book having an Owl in their Frontiſpiece, the true one to diſtinguiſh it, fixed in its ſtead an Aſs laden with Authors. Then another ſurreptitious one being printed with the ſame Aſs, the new Edition in Octavo returned for Diſtinction to the Owl again. Hence aroſe a great Conteſt of Bookſellers againſt Bookſellers, and Advertiſements againſt Advertiſements; ſome recommending the Edition of the Owl, and others the Edition of the Aſs; by which Names they came to be diſtinguiſhed, to the great Honour of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad.

Your Lordſhip will not think theſe Particulars altogether unentertaining; nor are they impertinent, ſince they clear ſome Paſſages in the following Collection. The whole cannot but be of ſome Uſe, to ſhew the different Spirit with which good and bad Authors have ever acted, as well as written; and to evince a Truth, a greater than which was never advanced, that——

"Each bad Author is as bad a Friend."

However, the Imperfection of this Collection cannot but be owned, as long as it wants that Poem with which you, my Lord, have honoured the Author of the Dunciad, but which I durſt not preſume to add in your Abſence. As it is, may it pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept of it, as a diſtant Teſtimony, with what Reſpect and Zeal I am,

My Lord,

your moſt obedient

and devoted Servant,

R. SAVAGE.

tion that the *Liberties taken by the Writers of Journals with their Superiors were exorbitant and unjuſtifiable*, very ill became Men, who have themſelves not always ſhewn the exacteſt Regard to the Laws of Subordination in their Writings, and who have often ſatiriſed thoſe that at leaſt thought themſelves their Superiors, as they were eminent for their hereditary Rank, and employed in the higheſt Offices of the Kingdom. But this is only an Inſtance of that Partiality which almoſt every Man indulges with regard to himſelf; the Liberty of the Preſs is a Bleſſing when we are inclined to write againſt others, and a Calamity when we find ourſelves overborn by the Multitude of our Aſſailants; as the Power of the Crown is always thought too great by thoſe who ſuffer by its Influence, and too little by thoſe in whoſe Favour it is exerted; and a Standing Army is generally accounted neceſſary by thoſe who command, and dangerous and oppreſſive by thoſe who ſupport it.

Mr. *Savage* was likewiſe very far from believing, that the Letters annexed to each Species of bad Poets in the *Bathos*, were, as he was directed to aſſert, *ſet down at Random*; for when he was charged by one of his Friends with putting his Name to ſuch an Improbability, he had no other Anſwer to make than that *he did not think of it*, and his Friend had too much Tenderneſs to reply, that next to the Crime of writing contrary to what

he thought, was that of writing without thinking.

After having remarked what is falſe in this Dedication, it is proper that I obſerve the Impartiality which I recommended, by declaring, what *Savage* aſſerted, that the Account of the Circumſtances which attended the Publication of the *Dunciad*, however ſtrange and impropbable, was exactly true.

The Publication of this Piece at this Time raiſed Mr. *Savage* a great Number of Enemies among thoſe that were attacked by Mr. *Pope*, with whom he was conſidered as a Kind of Confederate, and whom he was ſuſpected of ſupplying with private Intelligence and ſecret Incidents: ſo that the Ignominy of an Informer was added to the Terror of a Satiriſt.

That he was not altogether free from literary Hyprocriſy, and that he ſometimes ſpoke one thing, and wrote another, cannot be denied, becauſe he himſelf confeſſed, that when he lived in great Familiarity with *Dennis*, he wrote an Epigram* againſt him.

* This Epigram was, I believe, never publiſhed.

Should *Dennis* publiſh you had ſtab'd your Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;
Say what Revenge on *Dennis* can be had,
Too dull for Laughter, for Reply too mad?
On one ſo poor you cannot take the Law,
On one ſo old your Sword you ſcorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmleſs Monſter rage,
Secure in Dulneſs, Madneſs, Want, and Age.

Mr.

Mr. *Savage* however ſet all the Malice of all the pigmy Writers at Defiance, and thought the Friendſhip of Mr. *Pope* cheaply purchaſed by being expoſed to their Cenſure and their Hatred; nor had he any reaſon to repent of the Preference, for he found Mr. *Pope* a ſteady and unalienable Friend almoſt to the End of his Life.

About this Time, notwithſtanding his avowed Neutrality with regard to Party, he publiſhed a Panegyric on Sir *Robert Walpole*, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty Guineas! a Sum not very large, if either the Excellence of the Performance, or the Wealth of the Patron be conſidered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a Perſon of yet higher Rank, and more deſirous in Appearance of being diſtinguiſhed as a Patron of Literature.

As he was very far from approving the Conduct of Sir *Robert Walpole*, and in Converſation mentioned him ſometimes with Acrimony, and generally with Contempt, as he was one of thoſe who were always zealous in their Aſſertions of the Juſtice of the late Oppoſition, jealous of the Rights of the People, and alarmed by the long continued Triumph of the Court; it was natural to aſk him what could induce him to employ his Poetry in Praiſe of that Man, who was, in his Opinion, an Enemy to Liberty, and an Oppreſſor of his Country? He alledged, that he was then dependent upon Lord *Tyrconnel*, who

who was an implicit Follower of the Miniſtry, and that being enjoined by him, not without Menace, to write in Praiſe of his Leader, he had not Reſolution ſufficient to ſacrifice the Pleaſure of Affluence to that of Integrity.

On this, and on many other Occaſions, he was ready to lament the Miſery of living at the Tables of other Men, which was his Fate from the Beginning to the End of his Life; for I know not whether he ever had, for three Months together, a ſettled Habitation, in which he could claim a Right of Reſidence.

To this unhappy State it is juſt to impute much of the Inconſtancy of his Conduct, for though a Readineſs to comply with the Inclination of others was no Part of his natural Character, yet he was ſometimes obliged to relax his Obſtinacy, and ſubmit his own Judgment, and even his Virtue, to the Government of thoſe by whom he was ſupported: So that if his Miſeries were ſometimes the Conſequence of his Faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from Compaſſion, becauſe his Faults were very often the Effects of his Misfortunes.

In this gay Period* of his Life, while he was ſupported by Affluence and Pleaſure, he publiſhed *The Wanderer*, a moral Poem, of which the Deſign is compriſed in theſe Lines:

* 1729.

I fly all public Care, all venal Strife,
To try the *ſtill* compar'd with *active Life*;
To prove by theſe, the Sons of Men may owe
The Fruits of Bliſs to burſting Clouds of Woe;
That e'en Calamity, by Thought refin'd,
Inſpirits and adorns the thinking Mind.

And more diſtinctly in the following Paſſage:

By Woe the Soul to daring Action ſwells,
By Woe in plaintleſs Patience it excels;
From Patience prudent, clear Experience ſprings,
And traces Knowledge through the Courſe of Things.
Thence Hope is form'd, thence Fortitude, Succeſs,
Renown—whate'er Men covet and careſs.

This Performance was always conſidered by himſelf as his Maſter-piece, and Mr. *Pope*, when he was aſked his Opinion of it, told him, that he read it once over, and was not diſpleaſed with it, that it gave him more Pleaſure at the ſecond Peruſal, and delighted him ſtill more at the third.

It has been generally objected to *the Wanderer*, that the Diſpoſition of the Parts is irregular, that the Deſign is obſcure, and the Plan perplexed; that the Images, however beautiful, ſucceed each other without Order; and that the whole Performance is not ſo much a regular Fabric, as a Heap of ſhining Materials thrown together by Accident, which ſtrikes rather with the ſolemn

Mag-

Magnificence of a ſtupendous Ruin, than the elegant Grandeur of a finiſhed Pile.

This Criticiſm is univerſal, and therefore it is reaſonable to believe it at leaſt in a great Degree juſt; but Mr. *Savage* was always of a contrary Opinion; he thought his Drift could only be miſſed by Negligence or Stupidity, and that the whole Plan was regular, and the Parts diſtinct.

It was never denied to abound with ſtrong Repreſentations of Nature, and juſt Obſervations upon Life; and it may eaſily be obſerved, that moſt of his Pictures have an evident Tendency to illuſtrate his firſt great Poſition, *that Good is the Conſequence of Evil.* The Sun that burns up the Mountains, fructifies the Vales; the Deluge, that ruſhes down the broken Rocks with dreadful Impetuoſity, is ſeparated into purling Brooks; and the Rage of the Hurricane purifies the Air.

Even in this Poem he has not been able to forbear one Touch upon the Cruelty of his Mother*, which,

* Falſe Pride! what Vices on our Conduct ſteal,
From the World's Eye one Frailty to conceal!
Ye cruel Mothers—ſoft! theſe Words command—
So near ſhould Cruelty and Mother ſtand?
Can the fond Goat, or tender fleecy Dam
Howl like the Wolf to tear the Kid or Lamb?
Yes, there are Mothers——— there I fear'd his Aim,
And conſcious trembled at the coming Name:
Then with a Sigh his iſſuing Words oppos'd,
Strait with a falling Tear his Speech he cloſ'd;
That Tenderneſs which Ties of Blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a Stranger's Eye.
Pale grow my Cheeks———

which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is a Proof how deep an Impreſſion it had made upon his Mind.

This muſt be at leaſt acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other Excellencies, that this Poem can promote no other Purpoſes than thoſe of Virtue, and that it is written with a very ſtrong Senſe of the Efficacy of Religion.

But my Province is rather to give the Hiſtory of Mr. *Savage*'s Performances, than to diſplay their Beauties, or to obviate the Criticiſms, which they have occaſioned, and therefore I ſhall not dwell upon the particular Paſſages which deſerve Applauſe: I ſhall neither ſhow the Excellence of his Deſcriptions*, nor expatiate on the terrific

* *Of his Deſcriptions this Specimen may be offered.*

Now, from yon Range of Rocks, ſtrong Rays rebound,
Doubling the Day on flow'ry Plains around;
Kingcups beneath far ſtriking Colours glance,
Bright as th' etherial glows the green Expanſe.
Gems of the Field!—The Topaz charms the Sight,
Like theſe, effulging yellow Streams of Light.
From the ſame Rocks fall Rills with ſoften'd Force,
Meet in yon Mead, and ſwell a River's Source.
Through her clear Channel ſhine her finny Shoals,
O'er Sands like Gold the liquid Cryſtal rolls.
Dim'd in yon coarſer Moor her Charms decay,
And ſhape through ruſtling Reeds a ruffled Way.
Near Willows ſhort and buſhy Shadows throw:
Now loſt ſhe ſeems through neither Tracts to flow;
Yet at yon Point winds out in Silver State,
Like Virtue from a Labyrinth of Fate.

In

rific Portrait of *Suicide* †, nor point out the artful

In length'ning Rows prone from the Mountains run
The Flocks:—Their Fleeces gliſt'ning in the Sun;
Her Streams they ſeek, and 'twixt her neighb'ring Trees,
Recline in various Attitudes of Eaſe;
Where the Herds ſip, the little ſcaly Fry,
Swift from the Shore in ſcatt'ring Myriads fly.
Each liv'ried Cloud, that round th' Horizon glows,
Shifts in odd Scenes, like Earth from whence it roſe.
The Bee hums wanton in yon Jeſs'mine Bower,
And circling ſettles, and deſpoils the Flower.
Melodious there the plumy Songſters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd Retreat.
Neat, poliſh'd Manſions riſe in Proſpects gay;
Time-better'd Towers frown awful in Decay:
The Sun plays glitt'ring on the Rocks and Spires,
And the Lawn lightens with reflected Fires.

† Who, in the ſecond Canto, is thus introduced:

Now Grief and Rage, by gath'ring Sighs ſuppreſs'd,
Swell my full Heart, and heave my lab'ring Breaſt!
With ſtruggling ſtarts each vital String they ſtrain,
And ſtrike the tott'ring Fabrick of my Brain!
O'er my ſunk Spirits frowns a vap'ry Scene,
Woe's dark Retreat! the madding Maze of Spleen!
A deep, damp Gloom o'erſpreads the murky Cell;
Here pining Thoughts, and ſecret Terrors dwell!
Here learn the Great unreal Wants to feign!
Unpleaſing Truths here mortify the Vain;
Here Learning, blinded firſt, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
Here firſt Credulity on Reaſon won!
And here *falſe Zeal* myſterious Rants begun!
Here *Love* impearls each Moment with a Tear,
And *Superſtition* owes to *Spleen* her Fear!
—Here the lone Hour, a Blank of Life, diſplays,
Till now bad Thoughts a Fiend more active raiſe;
A Fiend in evil Moments ever nigh!
Death in her Hand, and Frenzy in her Eye!
Her Eye all red, and ſunk! A Robe ſhe wore,
With Life's Calamities embroider'd o'er.

A Mir-

ful Touches *, by which he has diſtinguiſhed the

A Mirror in one Hand collective ſhows,
Varied, and multiplied, the Group of Woes.
This endleſs Foe to generous Toil and Pain
Lolls on a Couch for Eaſe, but lolls in vain;
She muſes o'er her Woe-embroider'd Veſt,
And Self Abhorrence heightens in her Breaſt.
To ſhun her Care, the Force of Sleep ſhe tries,
Still wakes her Mind, tho' Slumbers doze her Eyes:
She dreams, ſtarts, riſes, ſtalks from Place to Place,
With reſtleſs, thoughtful, interrupted Pace;
Now eyes the Sun, and curſes every Ray,
Now the green Ground, where Colour fades away;
Dim Spectres dance! Again her Eyes ſhe rears;
Then from the Blood ſhot Ball wipes Purple Tears;
She preſſes hard her Brow, with Miſchief fraught,
Her Brow half burſts with Agony of Thought!
From me (ſhe cries) pale Wretch, thy Comfort claim,
Born of Deſpair, and *Suicide* my Name!

* His three Rebels are thus deſcribed:

Of theſe were three, by different Motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one Revenge inſpir'd:
The third, O *Mammon*, was thy meaner Slave;
Thou Idol, ſeldom of the Great and Brave.
Florio, whoſe Life was one continued Feaſt,
His Wealth diminiſh'd, and his Debts increas'd,
Vain Pomp and Equipage his low Deſires,
Who ne'er to intellectual Bliſs aſpires;
He, to repair by Vice what Vice has broke,
Durſt with bold Treaſons Judgment's Rod provoke.
His Strength of Mind, by Luxury half diſſolv'd,
Ill brooks the Woe where deep he ſtands involv'd.
—His Genius flies; reflects he now on Prayer?
Alas! bad Spirits turn thoſe Thoughts to Air.
What ſhall he next? What? ſtrait relinquiſh Breath,
To bar a public, juſt and ſhameful Death?
Raſh, horrid Thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murd'rous he ſtrikes; may Heav'n the Deed forgive!
—Why had he thus falſe Spirit to rebel?
And why not Fortitude to ſuffer well?

——Where

the intellectual Features of the Rebels, who ſuffer Death in his laſt Canto. It is, however, proper to

—Where no kind Lips the hallow'd Dirge reſound,
Far from the Compaſs of yon ſacred Ground;
Full in the Centre of three meeting Ways,
Stalk'd through he lies—Warn'd let the Wicked gaze!
Near yonder Fane where Miſery ſleeps in Peace,
Whoſe Spire faſt leſſens, as theſe Shades increaſe,
Left to the North, whence oft brew'd Tempeſts roll,
Tempeſts, dire Emblems, *Coſmo*, of thy Soul!
There! mark that *Coſmo* much for Guile renown'd!
His Grave by unbid Plants of Poiſon crown'd.
When out of Power, through him the Public Good,
So ſtrong his factious Tribe, ſuſpended ſtood.
In Power vindictive Actions were his Aim,
And Patriots periſh'd by th' ungenerous Flame.
If the beſt Cauſe he in the Senate choſe,
Ev'n Right in him from ſome wrong Motive roſe.
The Bad he loath'd, and would the Weak deſpiſe!
Yet courted for dark Ends, and ſhunn'd the Wiſe.
When ill his Purpoſe, eloquent his Strain,
His Malice had a Look and Voice humane:
His Smile the Signal of ſome vile Intent,
A private Poniard, or empoiſon'd Scent;
Proud, yet to popular Applauſe a Slave;
No Friend he honour'd, and no Foe forgave.
His Boons unfrequent or unjuſt to Need,
The Hire of Guilt, of Infamy the Meed;
But if they chanc'd on learned Worth to fall,
Bounty in him was Oſtentation all.
No true Benevolence his Thought ſublimes,
His nobleſt Actions are illuſtrious Crimes.
—*Coſmo*, as Death draws nigh, no more conceals
That Storm of Paſſions, which his Nature feels;
He feels much Fear, more Anger, and moſt Pride;
But Pride and Anger make all Fear ſubſide.
Dauntleſs he meets at length untimely Fate;
A deſp'rate Spirit! rather fierce than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary Coaſt,
A ſullen, wand'ring, ſelf-tormenting Ghoſt.
—Where veiny Marble dignifies the Ground,
With Emblem fair in Sculptor riſing round,

Juſt

to obſerve, that *Savage* always declared the Characters wholly fictitious, and without the leaſt Alluſion to any real Perſons or Actions.

From a Poem ſo diligently laboured, and ſo ſucceſsfully finiſhed, it might be reaſonably expected that he ſhould have gained conſiderable Advantage; nor can it, without ſome Degree of

Juſt where a croſſing, length'ning Iſle we find,
Full Eaſt; whence God returns to judge Mankind,
Once lov'd *Horatio* ſleeps, a Mind elate!
Lamented Shade, Ambition was thy Fate!
Ev'n Angels, wond'ring, oft his Worth ſurvey'd;
Behold a Man like one of us! they ſaid.
Straight heard the Furies, and with Envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his Fall prepar'd:
Firſt *Avarice* came. In vain Self-love ſhe preſs'd;
The Poor he pitied ſtill, and ſtill redreſs'd:
Learning was his, and Knowledge to commend,
Of Arts a Patron, and of Want a Friend.
Next came *Revenge*; but her Eſſay, how vain!
Nor Hate nor Envy in his Heart remain:
No previous Malice could his Mind engage,
Malice the Mother of vindictive Rage.
No—from his Life his Foes might learn to live;
He held it ſtill a Triumph to forgive.
At length *Ambition* urg'd his Country's Weal,
Aſſuming the fair Look of public *Zeal*;
Still in his Breaſt ſo gen'rous glow'd the Flame,
The Vice, when there, a Virtue half became.
His pitying Eye ſaw Millions in Diſtreſs,
He deem'd it God-like to have Power to bleſs;
Thus, when unguarded, Treaſon ſtain'd him o'er,
And Virtue and Content were then no more.
But when to Death by rig'rous Juſtice doom'd,
His genuine Spirit Saint-like State reſum'd.
Oft from ſoft Penitence diſtill'd a Tear;
Oft Hope in Heavenly Mercy lighten'd Fear,
Oft would a Drop from ſtruggling Nature fall,
And then a Smile of Patience brighten all.

CANTO V.

Indig-

Indignation and Concern be told that he ſold the Copy for Ten Guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two laſt Sheets of the Work might be reprinted, of which he had in his Abſence intruſted the Correction to a Friend, who was too indolent to perform it with Accuracy.

A ſuperſtitious Regard to the Correction of his Sheets was one of Mr. *Savage*'s Peculiarities; he often altered, reviſed, recurred to his firſt Reading or Punctuation, and again adopted the Alteration; he was dubious and irreſolute without End, as on a Queſtion of the laſt Importance, and at laſt was ſeldom ſatisfied; the Intruſion or Omiſſion of a Comma was ſufficient to diſcompoſe him, and he would lament an Error of a ſingle Letter as a heavy Calamity. In one of his Letters relating to an Impreſſion of ſome Verſes, he remarks, that he had, with Regard to the Correction of a Proof, *a Spell upon him*; and indeed the Anxiety, with which he dwelt upon the minuteſt and moſt trifling Niceties, deſerved no other Name than that of Faſcination.

That he ſold ſo valuable a Peformance for ſo ſmall a Price, was not to be imputed either to Neceſſity, by which the Learned and Ingenious are often obliged to ſubmit to very hard Conditions, or to Avarice, by which the Bookſellers are frequently incited to oppreſs that Genius by which they are ſupported, but to that intemperate Deſire

of

of Pleaſure, and habitual Slavery to his Paſſions, which involved him in many Perplexities; he happened at that Time to be engaged in the Purſuit of ſome trifling Gratification, and being without Money for the preſent Occaſion, ſold his Poem to the firſt Bidder, perhaps for the firſt Price that was propoſed, and would probably have been content with leſs, if leſs had been offered him.

This Poem was addreſſed to the Lord *Tyrconnel*, not only in the firſt Lines*, but in a formal Dedication, filled with the higheſt Strains of Panegyric, and the warmeſt Profeſſions of Gratitude, but by no Means remarkable for Delicacy of Connection, or Elegance of Stile.

Theſe Praiſes in a ſhort Time he found himſelf inclined to retract, being diſcarded by the Man on whom he had beſtowed them, and whom he then immediately diſcovered not to have deſerved them. Of this Quarrel, which every Day made more bitter, Lord *Tyrconnel* and Mr. *Savage* aſſigned very different Reaſons, which might, perhaps, all in

* Fain would my Verſe, *Tyrconnel*, boaſt thy Name,
Brownlow at once my Subject, and my Fame:
O could that Spirit which thy Boſom warms,
Whoſe Strength ſurpriſes, and whoſe Goodneſs charms,
Thy various Worth—could that inſpire my Lays,
Envy ſhould ſmile, and Cenſure learn to praiſe:
Yet though unequal to a Soul like thine,
A gen'rous Soul approaching to divine;
While bleſs'd beneath ſuch Patronage I write,
Great my Attempt, though hazardous my Flight.

Reality

Reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alledged by either Party. Lord *Tyrconnel* affirmed, that it was the conſtant Practice of Mr. *Savage* to enter a Tavern with any Company that propoſed it, drink the moſt expenſive Wines, with great Profuſion, and when the Reckoning was demanded, to be without Money. If, as it often happened, his Companions were willing to defray his Part, the Affair ended without any ill Conſequences; but if they were refractory, and expected that the Wine ſhould be paid for by him that drank it, his Method of Compoſition was, to take them with him to his own Apartment, aſſume the Government of the Houſe, and order the Butler, in an imperious Manner, to ſet the beſt Wine in the Cellar before his Company, who often drank till they forgot the Reſpect due to the Houſe in which they were entertained, indulged themſelves in the utmoſt Extravagance of Merriment, practiſed the moſt licentious Frolicks, and committed all the Outrages of Drunkenneſs.

Nor was this the only Charge which Lord *Tyrconnel* brought againſt him: Having given him a Collection of valuable Books, ſtamped with his own Arms, he had the Mortification to ſee them in a ſhort Time expoſed to Sale upon the Stalls, it being uſual with Mr. *Savage*, when he wanted a ſmall Sum, to take his Books to the Pawnbroker.

Whoever

Whoever was acquainted with Mr. *Savage*, eaſily credited both theſe Accuſations; for having been obliged from his firſt Entrance into the World to ſubſiſt upon Expedients, Affluence was not able to exalt him above them; and ſo much was he delighted with Wine and Converſation, and ſo long had he been accuſtomed to live by Chance, that he would at any Time go to the Tavern, without Scruple, and truſt for his Reckoning to the Liberality of his Company, and frequently of Company to whom he was very little known. This Conduct indeed very ſeldom drew upon him thoſe Inconveniences that might be feared by any other Perſon, for his Converſation was ſo entertaining, and his Addreſs ſo pleaſing, that few thought the Pleaſure which they received from him dearly purchaſed by paying for his Wine. It was his peculiar Happineſs, that he ſcarcely ever found a Stranger, whom he did not leave a Friend; but it muſt likewiſe be added, that he had not often a Friend long, without obliging him to become a Stranger.

Mr. *Savage*, on the other hand, declared that Lord *Tyrconnel** quarrelled with him, becauſe he would not ſubtract from his own Luxury and Extravagance what he had promiſed to allow him, and that his Reſentment was only a Plea

* His Expreſſion in one of his Letters was, "That Lord "T——l had involved his Eſtate, and therefore poorly "ſought an Occaſion to quarrel with him."

for

for the Violation of his Promiſe. He aſſerted that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that Subſiſtence which he thought not ſo much a Favour, as a Debt, ſince it was offered him upon Conditions, which he had never broken; and that his only Fault was, that he could not be ſupported with nothing.

He acknowledged, that Lord *Tyrconnel* often exhorted him to regulate his Method of Life, and not to ſpend all his Nights in Taverns; and that he appeared very deſirous, that he would paſs thoſe Hours with him, which he ſo freely beſtowed upon others. This Demand Mr. *Savage* conſidered as a Cenſure of his Conduct, which he could never patiently bear; and which even in the latter and cooler Part of his Life was ſo offenſive to him, that he declared it as his Reſolution, *to ſpurn that Friend who ſhould preſume to dictate to him*; and it is not likely, that in his earlier Years he received Admonitions with more Calmneſs.

He was likewiſe inclined to reſent ſuch Expectations, as tending to infringe his Liberty, of which he was very jealous, when it was neceſſary to the Gratification of his Paſſions, and declared, that the Requeſt was ſtill more unreaſonable, as the Company to which he was to have been confined was inſupportably diſagreeable. This Aſſertion affords another Inſtance of that Inconſiſtency of his Writings with his Converſation,

which

which was ſo often to be obſerved. He forgot how laviſhly he had, in his * Dedication to *The* WANDERER, extolled the Delicacy and Penetration, the Humanity and Generoſity, the Candour and Politeneſs of the Man, whom, when he no longer loved him, he declared to be a Wretch without Underſtanding, without Good-Nature, and without Juſtice; of whoſe Name he thought himſelf obliged to leave no Trace in any future Edition of his Writings; and accordingly blotted

* Part of this Poem had the Honour of your Lordſhip's Peruſal when in Manuſcript; and it was no ſmall Pride to me when it met with Approbation.——My Intention is to embrace this Opportunity of throwing out Sentiments that relate to your Lordſhip's Goodneſs and Generoſity, which give me Leave to ſay I have lately experienced.

That I *live*, my Lord, is a Proof, that Dependance upon your Lordſhip and the preſent Miniſtry, is an Aſſurance of Succeſs. I am perſuaded Diſtreſs in many other Inſtances, affects your Soul with a Compaſſion that always ſhews itſelf in a Manner moſt humane and active; that to forgive Injuries, and confer Benefits, is your Delight; and that to deſerve your Friendſhip, is to deſerve the Countenance of the beſt of Men. To be admitted to the Honour of your Lordſhip's Converſation, (permit me to ſpeak bnt Juſtice) is to be elegantly introduced into the moſt inſtructive, as well as entertaining Parts of Literature: It is to be furniſhed with the fineſt Obſervations upon Human Nature, and to receive from the moſt unaſſuming, ſweet, and winning Candour, the worthieſt and moſt polite Maxims—— ſuch as are always inforced by the Actions of your own Life.——If my future Morals and Writing ſhould gain any Approbation from Men of Parts and Probity, I muſt acknowledge all to be the Product of your Lordſhip's Goodneſs.——

it out of that Copy of *The Wanderer*, which was in his Hands.

During his Continuance with the Lord *Tyrconnel*, he wrote *The* * *Triumph of Health and Mirth*,

* Of the Numbers and Sentiments, the following Lines will afford a Specimen.

Where *Thames* with Pride beholds *Auguſta*'s Charms,
And either *India* pours into her Arms,——
High thron'd appears the laughter-loving Dame——
Goddeſs of Mirth——
O'er the gay World the ſweet Inſpirer reigns,
Spleen flies, and Elegance her Pomp ſuſtains;
Thee, Goddeſs, thee the Fair and Young obey,
Wealth, Wit, and Muſic, all confeſs thy Sway.——
The Goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious Name,
Bids the Gay talk, and forms th' amuſive Game,
She whoſe fair Throne is fix'd in Human Souls,
From Joy to Joy her Eye delighted rolls:
But where, ſhe cry'd, is ſhe, my favorite ſhe,
Of all my Race the deareſt far to me——
Whoſe Life's the Source of each refin'd Delight?
She ſaid, but no *Belinda* glads her Sight——
In kind low Murmurs all the Loſs deplore,
Belinda droops, and Pleaſure is no more.
The Goddeſs ſilent paus'd in muſeful Air,
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long deſpair,——
Strait wafted on the tepid Breeze ſhe flies,
Where *Bath*'s aſcending Turrets meet her Eyes,
She flies, her elder Siſter Health to find,
She finds her on a Mountain's Brow reclin'd,
Around her Birds in earlier Conſort ſing,
Her Cheek the Semblance of the kindling Spring.——
Looſe to the Wind her verdant Veſtments flow,
Her Limbs, yet recent from the Springs below:
Thereof ſhe bathes, then peaceful ſits ſecure
Where ev'ry Breath is fragrant, freſh and pure.——
Hail, Siſter, hail, the kindred Goddeſs cries,
No common Suppliant ſtands before your Eyes——
Strength, Vigour, Wit, depriv'd of thee decline,
Each finer Senſe that forms Delight is thine——

Bright

Mirth, on the Recovery of Lady *Tyrconnel* from a languiſhing Illneſs. This Performance is remarkable, not only for the Gaiety of Ideas, and the Melody of the Numbers, but for the agreeable Fiction upon which it is formed†. *Mirth*, overwhelmed with Sorrow for the Sickneſs of her Favourite, takes a Flight in Queſt of her Siſter *Health*, whom ſhe finds reclined upon the Brow of a lofty Mountain, amidſt the Fragrance of perpetual Spring, with the Breezes of the Morning ſporting about her. Being ſolicited by her Siſter *Mirth*, ſhe readily promiſes her Aſſiſtance, flies away in a Cloud, and impregnates the Waters of *Bath* with new Virtues, by which the Sickneſs of *Belinda* is relieved.

As the Reputation of his Abilities, the particular Circumſtances of his Birth and Life, the Splendor of his Appearance, and the Diſtinction which was for ſome Time paid him by Lord *Tyrconnel*, intitled him to Familiarity with Perſons of higher Rank, than thoſe to whoſe Converſation he had been before admitted, he did not fail to gratify that Curioſity, which induced him to take a nearer View of thoſe whom their Birth,

Bright Suns by thee diffuſe a brighter Blaze,
And the freſh Green a freſher Green diſplays—
Such thy vaſt Power—The Deity replies,
Mirth never aſks a Boon which Health denies;
Our mingled Gifts tranſcend imperial Wealth,
Health ſtrengthens Mirth, and Mirth inſpirits Health.

† See the whole Poem in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. VII. p. 243.

their Employments, or their Fortunes, neceſſarily place at a Diſtance from the greateſt Part of Mankind, and to examine, whether their Merit was magnified or diminiſhed by the Medium through which it was contemplated; whether the Splendor with which they dazzled their Admirers, was inherent in themſelves, or only reflected on them by the Objects that ſurrounded them; and whether great Men were ſelected for high Stations, or high Stations made great Men.

For this Purpoſe, he took all Opportunities of converſing familiarly with thoſe who were moſt conſpicuous, at that Time, for their Power, or their Influence; he watched their looſer Moments, and examined their domeſtic Behaviour, with that Acuteneſs which Nature had given him, and which the uncommon Variety of his Life had contributed to increaſe, and that Inquiſitiveneſs, which muſt always be produced in a vigorous Mind by an abſolute Freedom from all preſſing or domeſtic Engagements. His Diſcernment was quick, and therefore he ſoon found in every Perſon, and in every Affair, ſomething that deſerved Attention; he was ſupported by others, without any Care for himſelf, and was therefore at Leiſure to purſue his Obſervations.

More Circumſtances to conſtitute a Critic on Human Life could not eaſily concur, nor indeed could any Man who aſſumed, from accidental Advantages, more Praiſe than he could juſtly claim from

from his real Merit, admit an Acquaintance more dangerous than that of *Savage*; of whom likewiſe it muſt be confeſſed, that Abilities really exalted above the common Level, or Virtue refined from Paſſion, or Proof againſt Corruption, could not eaſily find an abler Judge, or a warmer Advocate.

What was the Reſult of Mr. *Savage*'s Enquiry, though he was not much accuſtomed to conceal his Diſcoveries, it may not be entirely ſafe to relate, becauſe the Perſons whoſe Characters he criticiſed are powerful; and Power and Reſentment are ſeldom Strangers; nor would it perhaps be wholly juſt, becauſe what he aſſerted in Converſation might, though true in general, be heightened by ſome momentary Ardour of Imagination; and as it can be delivered only from Memory, may be imperfectly repreſented; ſo that the Picture, at firſt aggravated, and then unſkilfully copied, may be juſtly ſuſpected to retain no great Reſemblance of the Original.

It may, however, be obſerved, that he did not appear to have formed very elevated Ideas of thoſe to whom the Adminiſtration of Affairs, or the Conduct of Parties has been intruſted; who have been conſidered as the Advocates of the Crown, or the Guardians of the People, and who have obtained the moſt implicit Confidence, and the loudeſt Applauſes. Of one particular Perſon, who has been at one Time ſo popular as to be generally

eſteemed, and at another ſo formidable as to be univerſally deteſted, he obſerved, that his Acquiſitions had been ſmall, or that his Capacity was narrow, and that the whole Range of his Mind was from Obſcenity to Politics, and from Politics to Obſcenity.

But the Opportunity of indulging his Speculations on great Characters, are now at an End. He was baniſhed from the Table of Lord *Tyrconnel*, and turned again adrift upon the World, without Proſpect of finding quickly any other Harbour. As Prudence was not one of the Virtues by which he was diſtinguiſhed, he had made no Proviſion againſt a Misfortune like this. And though it is not to be imagined, but that the Separation muſt for ſome Time have been preceded by Coldneſs, Peeviſhneſs, or Neglect; though it was undoubtedly the Conſequence of accumulated Provocations on both Sides, yet every one that knew *Savage* will readily believe, that to him it was ſudden as a Stroke of Thunder; that though he might have tranſiently expected it, he had never ſuffered any Thought ſo unpleaſing to ſink into his Mind, but that he had driven it away by Amuſements, or Dreams of future Felicity and Affluence, and had never taken any Meaſures by which he might prevent a Precipitation from Plenty to Indigence.

This Quarrel and Separation, and the Difficulties to which Mr. *Savage* was expoſed by them,

were

were ſoon known both to his Friends and Enemies; nor was it long before he perceived, from the Behaviour of both, how much is added to the Luſtre of Genius, by the Ornaments of Wealth.

His Condition did not appear to excite much Compaſſion; for he had not always been careful to uſe the Advantages which he enjoyed with that Moderation, which ought to have been with more than uſual Caution preſerved by him, who knew, if he had reflected, that he was only a Dependant on the Bounty of another, whom he could expect to ſupport him no longer than he endeavoured to preſerve his Favour, by complying with his Inclinations, and whom he nevertheleſs ſet at Defiance, and was continually irritating by Negligence or Encroachments.

Examples need not be ſought, at any great Diſtance, to prove that Superiority of Fortune has a natural Tendency to kindle Pride, and that Pride ſeldom fails to exert itſelf in Contempt and Inſult; and if this is often the Effect of hereditary Wealth, and of Honours enjoyed only by the Merit of others, it is ſome Extenuation of any indecent Triumphs to which this unhappy Man may have been betrayed; that his Proſperity was heightened by the Force of Novelty, and made more intoxicating by a Senſe of the Miſery in which he had ſo long languiſhed, and perhaps of the Inſults which he had formerly borne, and which he might now think

himſelf entitled to revenge. It is too common for thoſe who have unjuſtly ſuffered Pain, to inflict it likewiſe in their Turn, with the ſame Injuſtice, and to imagine that they have a right to treat others as they have themſelves been treated.

That Mr. *Savage* was too much elevated by any good Fortune is generally known; and ſome Paſſages of his Introduction to *The Author to be Let*, ſufficiently ſhew, that he did not wholly refrain from ſuch Satire as he afterwards thought very unjuſt, when he was expoſed to it himſelf, for when he was afterwards ridiculed in the Character of a diſtreſſed Poet, he very eaſily diſcovered, that Diſtreſs was not a proper Subject for Merriment, or Topic of Invective. He was then able to diſcern, that if Miſery be the Effect of Virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill Fortune, to be pitied; and if of Vice, not to be inſulted, becauſe it is perhaps itſelf a Puniſhment adequate to the Crime by which it was produced. And the Humanity of that Man can deſerve no Panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a Criminal in the Hands of the Executioner.

But theſe Reflections, though they readily occurred to him in the firſt and laſt Parts of his Life, were, I am afraid, for a long Time forgotten; at leaſt they were, like many other Maxims, treaſured up in his Mind, rather for Show than Uſe, and operated very little upon his Conduct, however elegantly

gantly he might ſometimes explain, or however forcibly he might inculcate them.

His Degradation therefore from the Condition which he had enjoyed with ſuch wanton Thoughtleſſneſs, was conſidered by many as an Occaſion of Triumph. Thoſe who had before paid their Court to him, without Succeſs, ſoon returned the Contempt which they had ſuffered, and they who had received Favours from him, for of ſuch Favours as he could beſtow he was very liberal, did not always remember them. So much more certain are the Effects of Reſentment than of Gratitude: It is not only to many more pleaſing to recollect thoſe Faults which place others below them, than thoſe Virtues by which they are themſelves comparatively depreſſed; but it is likewiſe more eaſy to neglect, than to recompenſe; and though there are few who will practiſe a laborious Virtue, there will never be wanting Multitudes that will indulge an eaſy Vice.

Savage, however, was very little diſturbed at the Marks of Contempt which his ill Fortune brought upon him, from thoſe whom he never eſteemed, and with whom he never conſidered himſelf as levelled by any Calamities; and though it was not without ſome Uneaſineſs that he ſaw ſome, whoſe Friendſhip he valued, change their Behaviour, he yet obſerved their Coldneſs without much Emotion, conſidered them as the Slaves

of Fortune, and the Worſhippers of Proſperity; and was more inclined to deſpiſe them, than to lament himſelf.

It does not appear, that after this Return of his Wants, he found Mankind equally favourable to him, as at his firſt Appearance in the World. His Story, though in Reality not leſs melancholy, was leſs affecting, becauſe it was no longer new; it therefore procured him no new Friends, and thoſe that had formerly relieved him, thought they might now conſign him to others. He was now likewiſe conſidered by many rather as criminal, than as unhappy; for the Friends of Lord *Tyrconnel* and of his Mother, were ſufficiently induſtrious to publiſh his Weakneſſes, which were indeed very numerous, and nothing was forgotten that might make him either hateful or ridiculous.

It cannot but be imagined, that ſuch Repreſentations of his Faults muſt make great Numbers leſs ſenſible of his Diſtreſs; many who had only an Opportunity to hear one Part, made no Scruple to propagate the Account which they received; many aſſiſted their Circulation from Malice or Revenge, and perhaps many pretended to credit them, that they might with a better Grace withdraw their Regard, or with-hold their Aſſiſtance.

Savage, however, was not one of thoſe who ſuffer themſelves to be injured without Reſiſtance, nor was leſs diligent in expoſing the Faults of Lord

Lord *Tyrconnel*, over whom he obtained at leaſt this Advantage, that he drove him firſt to the Practice of Outrage and Violence; for he was ſo much provoked by the Wit and Virulence of *Savage*, that he came with a Number of Attendants, that did no Honour to his Courage, to beat him at a Coffee-Houſe. But it happened that he had left the Place a few Minutes, and his Lordſhip had, without Danger, the Pleaſure of boaſting how he would have treated him. Mr. *Savage* went next Day to repay his Viſit at his own Houſe, but was prevailed on, by his Domeſtics, to retire without inſiſting upon ſeeing him.

Lord *Tyrconnel* was accuſed by Mr. *Savage* of ſome Actions, which ſcarcely any Provocations will be thought ſufficient to juſtify; ſuch as ſeizing what he had in his Lodgings, and other Inſtances of wanton Cruelty, by which he increaſed the Diſtreſs of *Savage*, without any Advantage to himſelf.

Theſe mutual Accuſations were retorted on both Sides for many Years, with the utmoſt Degree of Virulence and Rage, and Time ſeemed rather to augment than diminiſh their Reſentment: That the Anger of Mr. *Savage* ſhould be kept alive is not ſtrange, becauſe he felt every Day the Conſequences of the Quarrel; but it might reaſonably have been hoped, that Lord *Tyrconnel* might have relented; and at length have forgot thoſe Provocations, which, however they might have once inflamed him, had not in Reality much hurt him.

The Spirit of Mr. *Savage* indeed never ſuffered him to ſolicit a Reconciliation; he returned Reproach for Reproach, and Inſult for Inſult; his ſuperiority of Wit ſupplied the Diſadvantages of his Fortune, and enabled him to form a Party, and prejudice great Numbers in his Favour.

But though this might be ſome Gratification of his Vanity, it afforded very little Relief to his Neceſſities, and he was very frequently reduced to uncommon Hardſhips, of which, however, he never made any mean or importunate Complaints, being formed rather to bear Miſery wilh Fortitude, than endure Proſperity with Moderation.

He now thought himſelf again at Liberty to expoſe the Cruelty of his Mother; and therefore, I believe, about this Time, publiſhed *The Baſtard*, a Poem, remarkable for the vivacious Sallies of Thought in the Beginning*, where he makes a pompous

* In gayer Hours, when high my Fancy ran,
The Muſe, exulting, thus her Lay began.
Bleſt be the Baſtard's Birth! thro' wond'rous Ways,
He ſhines eccentrick like a Comet's Blaze.
No ſickly Fruit of faint Compliance he!
He! ſtampt in Nature's Mint with Extaſy!
He lives to build, not boaſt, a gen'rous Race;
No tenth Tranſmitter of a fooliſh Face.
His daring Hope, no Sire's Example bounds;
His firſt-born Lights no Prejudice confounds.
He, kindling, from within, requires no Flame
He glories in a Baſtard's glowing Name.

—Loos'd

pompous Enumeration of the imaginary Advantages of baſe Birth, and the pathetic Sentiments at the End, where he recounts the real Calamities which he ſuffered by the Crime of his Parents.

The Vigour and Spirit of the Verſes, the peculiar Circumſtances of the Author, the Novelty of the Subject, and the Notoriety of the Story, to which the Alluſions are made, procured this Per-

—Loos'd to the World's wide Range——enjoin'd no Aim;
Preſcrib'd no Duty, and aſſign'd no Name:
Nature's unbounded Son he ſtands alone,
His Heart unbiaſs'd, and his Mind his own.
——O Mother, yet no Mother!—'tis to you,
My Thanks for ſuch diſtinguiſh'd Claims are due.
——What had I loſt, if conjugally kind,
By Nature hating, yet by Vows confin'd,
—You had *faint-drawn* me with a Form alone,
A lawful Lump of Life by Force your own!
—I had been born your dull domeſtic Heir;
Load of your Life, and Motive of your Care;
Perhaps been poorly Rich, and meanly Great;
The Slave of Pomp, a Cypher in the State;
Lordly neglectful of a Worth unknown,
And ſlumbering in a Seat by Chance my own.
—Thus unprophetic, lately uninſpir'd,
I ſung; gay, flattering Hope my Fancy fir'd;
Inly ſecure, thro' conſcious Scorn of Ill;
Nor taught by Wiſdom how to balance Will.
—But now expos'd and ſhrinking from Diſtreſs,
I fly to Shelter while the Tempeſts preſs.

After the Mention of the Death of Mr. Sinclair, he goes on thus:

—Where ſhall my Hope find Reſt?—No Mother's Care
Shielded my infant Innocence with Pray'r;
No Father's guardian Hand my Youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my Virtues, and from Vice reſtrain'd.

Performance a very favourable Reception; great Numbers were immediately diſperſed, and Editions were multiplied with unuſal Rapidity.

One Circumſtance attended the Publication, which *Savage* uſed to relate with great Satisfaction. His Mother, to whom the Poem was *with due Reverence* inſcribed, happened then to be at *Bath*, where ſhe could not conveniently retire from Cenſure, or conceal herſelf from Obſervation; and no ſooner did the Reputation of the Poem begin to ſpread, than ſhe heard it repeated in all Places of Concourſe; nor could ſhe enter the Aſſembly Rooms, or croſs the Walks, without being ſaluted with ſome Lines from *The Baſtard*.

This was perhaps the firſt Time that ever ſhe diſcovered a Senſe of Shame, and on this Occaſion the Power of Wit was very conſpicuous; the Wretch who had, without Scruple, proclaimed herſelf an Adultereſs, and who had firſt endeavoured to ſtarve her Son, then to tranſport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the Repreſentation of her own Conduct, but fled from Reproach, though ſhe felt no Pain from Guilt, and left *Bath* with the utmoſt Haſte, to ſhelter herſelf among the Crouds of *London*.

Thus *Savage* had the Satisfaction of finding, that though he could not reform his Mother, he could puniſh her, and that he did no always ſuffer alone.

The

The Pleaſure which he received from this Increaſe of his Poetical Reputation, was ſufficient for ſome Time to over-balance the Miſeries of Want, which this Performance did not much alleviate; for it was ſold for a very trivial Sum to a Bookſeller, who, though the Succeſs was ſo uncommon, that five Impreſſions were ſold, of which many were undoubtedly very numerous, had not Generoſity ſufficient to admit the unhappy Writer to any Part of the Profit.

The Sale of this Poem was always mentioned by Mr. *Savage* with the utmoſt Elevation of Heart, and referred to by him as an inconteſtable Proof of a general Acknowledgment of his Abilities. It was indeed the only Production of which he could juſtly boaſt a general Reception.

But though he did not loſe the Opportunity which Succeſs gave him of ſetting a high Rate on his Abilities, but paid due Deference to the Suffrages of Mankind, when they were given in his Favour, he did not ſuffer his Eſteem of himſelf to depend upon others, nor found any thing ſacred in the Voice of the People, when they were inclined to cenſure him; he then readily ſhewed the Folly of expecting that the Publick ſhould judge right, obſerved how ſlowly poetical Merit had often forced its Way into the World, he contented himſelf with the Applauſe of Men of Judgment; and was ſomewhat diſpoſed to exclude all

thoſe

thoſe from the Characters of Men of Judgment, who did not applaud him.

But he was at other Times more favourable to Mankind, than to think them blind to the Beauties of his Works, and imputed the Slowneſs of their Sale to other Cauſes; either they were publiſhed at a Time when the Town was empty, or when the Attention of the Public was engroſſed by ſome Struggle in the Parliament, or ſome other Object of general Concern; or they were, by the Neglect of the Publiſher, not diligently diſperſed, or, by his Avarice, not advertiſed with ſufficient Frequency. Addreſs, or Induſtry, or Liberality, was always wanting; and the Blame was laid rather on any other Perſon than the Author.

By Arts like theſe, Arts which every Man practiſes in ſome Degree, and to which too much of the little Tranquility of Life is to be aſcribed, *Savage* was always able to live at Peace with himſelf. Had he indeed only made uſe of theſe Expedients to alleviate the Loſs or Want of Fortune or Reputation, or any other Advantage, which it is not in Man's Power to beſtow upon himſelf, they might have been juſtly mentioned as Inſtances of a philoſophical Mind, and very properly propoſed to the Imitation of Multitudes, who, for want of diverting their Imaginations with the ſame Dexterity, languiſh under Afflictions which might be eaſily removed.

It were doubtleſs to be wiſhed, that Truth and Reaſon were univerſally prevalent; that every thing were eſteemed according to its real Value; and that Men would ſecure themſelves from being diſappointed in their Endeavours after Happineſs, by placing it only in Virtue, which is always to be obtained; but if adventitious and foreign Pleaſures muſt be purſued, it would be perhaps of ſome Benefit, ſince that Purſuit muſt frequently be fruitleſs, if the Practice of *Savage* could be taught, that Folly might be an Antidote to Folly, and one Fallacy be obviated by another.

But the Danger of this pleaſing Intoxication muſt not be concealed; nor indeed can any one, after having obſerved the Life of *Savage*, need to be cautioned againſt it. By imputing none of his Miſeries to himſelf, he continued to act upon the ſame Principles, and follow the ſame Path; was never made wiſer by his Sufferings, nor preſerved by one Misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his Life to tread the ſame Steps on the ſame Circle; always applauding his paſt Conduct, or at leaſt forgetting it, to amuſe himſelf with Phantoms of Happineſs, which were dancing before him; and willingly turned his Eyes from the Light of Reaſon, when it would have diſcovered the Illuſion, and ſhewn him, what he never wiſhed to ſee, his real ſtate.

He is even accuſed, after having lulled his Imagination with thoſe ideal Opiates, of having tried the

the ſame Experiment upon his Conſcience; and having accuſtomed himſelf to impute all Deviations from the right to foreign Cauſes, it is certain that he was upon every Occaſion too eaſily reconciled to himſelf, and that he appeared very little to regret thoſe Practices which had impaired his Reputation. The reigning Error of his Life was, that he miſtook the Love for the Practice of Virtue, and was indeed not ſo much a good Man as the Friend of Goodneſs.

This at leaſt muſt be allowed him, that he always preſerved a ſtrong Senſe of the Dignity, the Beauty, and the Neceſſity of Virtue, and that he never contributed deliberately to ſpread Corruption amongſt Mankind; his Actions which were generally precipitate, were often blameable; but his Writings, being the Productions of Study, uniformly tended to the Exaltation of the Mind, and the Propagation of Morality and Piety.

Theſe Writings may improve Mankind, when his Failings ſhall be forgotten, and therefore he muſt be conſidered upon the whole as a Benefactor to the World; nor can his perſonal Example do any Hurt, ſince whoever hears of his Faults, will hear of the Miſeries which they brought upon him, and which would deſerve leſs Pity, had not his Condition been ſuch as made his Faults pardonable. He may be conſidered as a Child *expoſed* to all the Temptations of Indigence, at an

Age

Age when Reſolution was not yet ſtrengthened by Conviction, nor Virtue confirmed by Habit; a Circumſtance which in his *Baſtard* he laments in a very affecting Manner.

——————No Mother's Care
Shielded my Infant Innocence with Prayer;
No Father's guardian Hand my Youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my Virtues, and from Vice reſtrain'd.

The *Baſtard*, however it might provoke or mortify his Mother, could not be expected to melt her to Compaſſion, ſo that he was ſtill under the ſame Want of the Neceſſaries of Life, and he therefore exerted all the Intereſt, which his Wit, or his Birth, or his Misfortunes could procure to obtain upon the Death of *Euſden* the Place of Poet Laureat, and proſecuted his Application with ſo much Diligence, that the King publickly declared it his Intention to beſtow it upon him; but ſuch was the Fate of *Savage*, that even the King, when he intended his Advantage, was diſappointed in his Schemes; for the Lord Chamberlain, who has the Diſpoſal of the Laurel, as one of the Appendages of his Office, either did not know the King's Deſign, or did not approve it, or thought the Nomination of the Laureat an Encroachment upon his Rights, and therefore beſtowed the Laurel upon *Colly Cibber*.

Mr. *Savage*, thus diſappointed, took a Reſolution of applying to the Queen, that having once given him Life, ſhe would enable him to ſupport it;

it; and therefore publiſhed a ſhort Poem on her Birth-Day, to which he gave the odd Title of *Volunteer Laureat*. The Event of this Eſſay he has himſelf related in the following Letter, which he prefixed to the Poem, when he afterwards reprinted it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from whence I have copied it intire, as this was one of the few Attempts in which Mr. *Savage* ſucceeded.

'Mr. URBAN,

'IN your Magazine for *February*, you pub-
'liſhed the laſt VOLUNTEER LAUREAT, writ-
'ten on a very melancholy Occaſion, the Death of
'the Royal Patroneſs of Arts and Literature in
'general, and of the Author of that Poem in
'particular: I now ſend you the firſt that Mr.
'*Savage* wrote under that Title——This Gen-
'tleman, notwithſtanding a very conſiderable In-
'tereſt, being on the Death of Mr. *Euſden*, diſ-
'appointed of the Laureat's Place, wrote the
'following Verſes; which were no ſooner pub-
'liſhed but the late Queen ſent to a Bookſeller
'for them: The Author had not at that Time a
'Friend either to get him introduced, or his
'Poem preſented at Court; yet ſuch was the un-
'ſpeakable Goodneſs of that Princeſs, that, not-
'withſtanding this Act of Ceremony was want-
'ing, in a few Days after Publication, Mr. *Sa-*
'*vage* received a Bank Bill of Fifty Pounds, and

'a gra-

'a gracious Meſſage from her Majeſty, by the 'Lords *North* and *Guilford*, to this Effect:— "That her Majeſty was highly pleaſed with the "Verſes; that ſhe took particularly kind his "Lines there relating to the King; that he had "Permiſſion to write annually on the ſame Sub-"ject; and that he ſhould yearly receive the like "Preſent, till ſomething better (which was her "Majeſty's Intention) could be done for him." 'After this he was permitted to preſent one of 'his annual Poems to her Majeſty, had the Ho-'nour of kiſſing her Hand, and met with the 'moſt gracious Reception.

'*Yours, &c.*

The VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM: On the QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

Humbly addreſſed to Her MAJESTY.

Twice twenty tedious Moons have roll'd away,
Since Hope, kind Flatt'rer, tun'd my penſive Lay,
Whiſp'ring, that you, who rais'd me from Deſpair,
Meant, by your Smiles, to make Life worth my Care:
With pitying Hand an Orphan's Tears to ſcreen,
And o'er the Motherleſs extend the Queen.
'Twill be—the Prophet guides the Poet's Strain!
Grief never touch'd a Heart like yours in vain.
Heav'n gave you Power, becauſe you love to bleſs;
And Pity, when you feel it, is Redreſs.

Two

Two Fathers join'd to rob my Claim of one!
My Mother too thought fit to have no Son!
The Senate next, whoſe Aid the Helpleſs own,
Forgot my Infant Wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet Parents pitileſs, nor Peers unkind,
Nor Titles loſt, nor Woes myſterious join'd,
Strip me of Hope—by Heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a *Pharaoh*'s Daughter in the Shade.

You cannot hear unmov'd, when Wrongs implore,
Your Heart is Woman, tho' your Mind be more;
Kind, like the Power who gave you to our Pray'rs,
You would not lengthen Life to ſharpen Cares:
They who a barren Leave to live beſtow,
Snatch but from Death to ſacrifice to Woe.
Hated by her, from whom my Life I drew,
Whence ſhould I hope, if not from Heaven and you!
Nor dare I groan beneath Affliction's Rod,
My Queen, my Mother; and my Father, God.

The pitying Muſes ſaw me Wit purſue,
A *Baſtard Son*, alas! on that Side too,
Did not your Eyes exalt the Poet's Fire,
And what the Muſe denies, the Queen inſpire?
While riſing thus your heavenly Soul to view,
I learn how Angels think, by copying you.

Great Princeſs! 'tis decreed—once ev'ry Year
I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;

Thus

Thus ſhall the Poet his low Genius raiſe,
And charm the World with Truths too vaſt for Praiſe.
Nor need I dwell on Glories all your own,
Since ſurer Means to tempt your Smiles are known;
Your Poet ſhall allot your Lord his Part,
And paint him in his nobleſt Throne, your Heart.

Is there a Greatneſs that adorns him beſt,
A riſing Wiſh that ripens in his Breaſt?
Has he fore-meant ſome diſtant Age to bleſs,
Diſarm Oppreſſion, or expel Diſtreſs?
Plans he ſome Scheme to reconcile Mankind,
People the Seas, and buſy every wind?
Would he, by Pity, the Deceiv'd reclaim,
And ſmile contending Factions into Shame?
Would his Example lend his Laws a Weight,
And breathe his own ſoft Morals o'er his State?
The Muſe ſhall find it all, ſhall make it ſeen,
And teach the World his Praiſe to charm his Queen.

Such be the annual Truths my Verſe imparts,
Nor frown, fair *Fav'rite* of a People's Hearts!
Happy if plac'd, perchance, beneath your Eye,
My Muſe unpenſion'd might her Pinions try,
Fearleſs to fail, while you indulge her Flame,
And bid me proudly boaſt your Laureat's Name;
Renobled thus by Wreaths my Queen beſtows,
I loſe all Memory of Wrongs and Woes.

Such

Such was the Performance, and ſuch its Reception; a Reception which, though by no means unkind, was yet not in the higheſt Degree generous: To chain down the Genius of a Writer to an annual Panegyric, ſhewed in the Queen too much Deſire of hearing her own Praiſes, and a greater Regard to herſelf than to him on whom her Bounty was conferred. It was a kind of avaricious Generoſity, by which Flattery was rather purchaſed than Genius rewarded.

Mrs. *Oldfield* had formerly given him the ſame Allowance with much more heroic Intention; ſhe had no other View than to enable him to proſecute his Studies, and to ſet himſelf above the Want of Aſſiſtance, and was contented with doing Good, without ſtipulating for Encomiums.

Mr. *Savage* however was not at Liberty to make Exceptions, but was raviſhed with the Favours which he had received, and probably yet more with thoſe which he was promiſed; he conſidered himſelf now as a Favourite of the Queen, and did not doubt but a few annual Poems would eſtabliſh him in ſome profitable Employment.

He therefore aſſumed the Title of *Volunteer Laureat*, not without ſome Reprehenſions from *Cibber*, who informed him, that the Title of *Laureat* was a Mark of Honour conferred by the King, from whom all Honour is derived, and which therefore no Man has a Right to beſtow upon himſelf; and added, that he might with equal

equal Propriety ſtile himſelf a Volunteer Lord, or Volunteer Baronet. It cannot be denied that the Remark was juſt, but *Savage* did not think any Title, which was conferred upon Mr. *Cibber*, ſo honourable as that the Uſurpation of it could be imputed to him as an Inſtance of very exorbitant Vanity, and therefore continued to write under the ſame Title, and received every Year the ſame Reward.

He did not appear to conſider theſe Encomiums as Teſts of his Abilities, or as any thing more than annual Hints to the Queen of her Promiſe, or Acts of Ceremony, by the Performance of which he was intitled to his Penſion, and therefore did not labour them with great Diligence, or print more than fifty each Year, except that for ſome of the laſt Years he regularly inſerted them in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by which they were diſperſed over the Kingdom.

Of ſome of them he had himſelf ſo low an Opinion, that he intended to omit them in the Collection of Poems, for which he printed Propoſals, and ſolicited Subſcriptions; nor can it ſeem ſtrange, that being confined to the ſame Subject, he ſhould be at ſome Times indolent, and at others unſucceſsful; that he ſhould ſometimes delay a diſagreeable Taſk, till it was too late to perform it well; or that he ſhould ſometimes repeat the ſame Sentiment on the ſame Occaſion, or at others be

miſled by an Attempt after Novelty to forced Conceptions, and far-fetched Images.

He wrote indeed with a double Intention, which ſupplied him with ſome Variety; for his Buſineſs was to praiſe the Queen for the Favours which he had received, and to complain to her of the Delay of thoſe which ſhe had promiſed: In ſome of his Pieces, therefore, Gratitude is predominant, and in ſome Diſcontent; in ſome he repreſents himſelf as happy in her Patronage, and in others as diſconſolate to find himſelf neglected.

Her Promiſe, like other Promiſes made to this unfortunate Man, was never performed, though he took ſufficient Care that it ſhould not be forgotten. The Publication of his *Volunteer Laureat* procured him no other Reward than a regular Remittance of Fifty Pounds.

He was not ſo depreſſed by his Diſappointments as to neglect any Opportunity that was offered of advancing his Intereſt. When the Princeſs *Anne* was married, he wrote a Poem upon her Departure, only, as he declared, *becauſe it was expected from him*, and he was not willing to bar his own Proſpects by any Appearance of Neglect.

He never mentioned any Advantage gained by this Poem, or any Regard that was paid to it, and therefore it is likely that it was conſidered at Court as an Act of Duty, to which he was obliged by his Dependence, and which it was therefore not neceſſary to reward by any new Favour: Or

Or perhaps the Queen really intended his Advancement, and therefore thought it ſuperfluous to laviſh Preſents upon a Man whom ſhe intended to eſtabliſh for Life.

About this Time, not only his Hopes were in Danger of being fruſtrated, but his Penſion likewiſe of being obſtructed, by an accidental Calumny. The Writer of the *Daily Courant*, a Paper then publiſhed under the Direction of the Miniſtry, charged him with a Crime, which, though not very great in itſelf, would have been remarkably invidious in him, and might very juſtly have incenſed the Queen againſt him. He was accuſed by Name of influencing Elections againſt the Court, by appearing at the Head of a Tory Mob; nor did the Accuſer fail to aggravate his Crime, by repreſenting it as the Effect of the moſt atrocious Ingratitude, and a Kind of Rebellion againſt the Queen, who had firſt preſerved him from an infamous Death, and afterwards diſtinguiſhed him by her Favour, and ſupported by her Charity. The Charge, as it was open and confident, was likewiſe by good Fortune very particular. The Place of the Tranſaction was mentioned, and the whole Series of the Rioter's Conduct related. This Exactneſs made Mr. *Savage*'s Vindication eaſy, for he never had in his Life ſeen the Place which was declared to be the Scene of his Wickedneſs, nor ever had been preſent in any Town when its Repreſenta-

tives were choſen. This Anſwer he therefore made haſte to publiſh, with all the Circumſtances neceſſary to make it credible, and very reaſonably demanded, that the Accuſation ſhould be retracted in the ſame Paper, that he might no longer ſuffer the Imputation of Sedition and Ingratitude. This Demand was likewiſe preſſed by him in a private Letter to the Author of the Paper, who either truſting to the Protection of thoſe whoſe Defence he had undertaken, or having entertained ſome perſonal Malice againſt Mr. *Savage*, or fearing leſt by retracting ſo confident an Aſſertion, he ſhould impair the Credit of his Paper, refuſed to give him that Satisfaction.

Mr. *Savage* therefore thought it neceſſary, to his own Vindication, to proſecute him in the *King's Bench*; but as he did not find any ill Effects from the Accuſation, having ſufficiently cleared his Innocence, he thought any farther Procedure would have the Appearance of Revenge, and therefore willingly dropped it.

He ſaw ſoon afterwards a Proceſs commenced in the ſame Court againſt himſelf, on an Information in which he was accuſed of writing and publiſhing an obſcene Pamphlet.

It was always Mr. *Savage*'s Deſire to be diſtinguiſhed, and when any Controverſy became popular, he never wanted ſome Reaſon for engaging in it with Ardour, and appearing at the Head of the Party which he had choſen. As he was never cele-

celebrated for his Prudence, he had no ſooner taken his Side, and informed himſelf of the chief Topics of the Diſpute, than he took all Opportunities of aſſerting and propagating his Principles, without much Regard to his own Intereſt, or any other viſible Deſign than that of drawing upon himſelf the Attention of Mankind.

The Diſpute between the Biſhop of *London* and the Chancellor, is well known to have been for ſome Time the chief Topic of political Converſation; and therefore Mr. *Savage*, in purſuance of his Character, endeavoured to become conſpicuous among the Controvertiſts with which every Coffee-Houſe was filled on that Occaſion. He was an indefatigable Oppoſer of all the Claims of Eccleſiaſtical Power, though he did not know on what they were founded, and was therefore no Friend to the Biſhop of *London*. But he had another Reaſon for appearing as a warm Advocate for Dr. *Rundle*, for he was the Friend of Mr. *Foſter* and Mr. *Thompſon*, who were the Friends of Mr. *Savage*.

Thus remote was his Intereſt in the Queſtion, which however, as he imagined, concerned him ſo nearly, that it was not ſufficient to harangue and diſpute, but neceſſary likewiſe to write upon it.

He therefore engaged with great Ardour in a new Poem, called by him, *The Progreſs of a Divine*, in which he conducts a profligate Prieſt, by all the Gradations of Wickedneſs, from a poor

Curacy in the Country, to the higheſt Preferments in the Church; and deſcribes, with that Humour which was natural to him, and that Knowledge which was extended to all the Diverſities of human Life, his Behaviour in every Station, and inſinuates that this Prieſt thus accompliſhed found at laſt a Patron in the Biſhop of *London*.

When he was aſked by one of his Friends, on what Pretence he could charge the Biſhop with ſuch an Action, he had no more to ſay, than that he had only inverted the Accuſation, and that he thought it reaſonable to believe, that he, who obſtructed the Riſe of a good Man without Reaſon, would for bad Reaſons promote the Exaltation of a Villain.

The Clergy were univerſally provoked by this Satire; and *Savage*, who, as was his conſtant Practice, had ſet his Name to his Performance, was cenſured in the *Weekly Miſcellany* * with a Severity, which he did not ſeem inclined to forget.

But

* *A ſhort Satire was likewiſe publiſhed in the ſame Paper, in which were the following Lines:*

For cruel Murder doom'd to Hempen Death,
Savage, by Royal Grace, prolong'd his Breath.
Well might you think, he ſpent his *future* Years
In Prayer, and Faſting, and repentant Tears.
— But, O vain Hope! —— the truly *Savage* cries,
" Prieſts, and their ſlaviſh Doctrines, I deſpiſe.
" Shall I ——— ——
" Who, by free Thinking to free Action fir'd,
" In midnight Brawls a deathleſs Name acquir'd,

" Now

But a Return of Invective was not thought a ſufficient Puniſhment. The Court of *King's Bench* was therefore moved againſt him, and he was obliged to return an Anſwer to a Charge of Obſcenity. It was urged in his Defence, that Ob-

" Now ſtoop to *learn* of *Eccleſiaſtic Men?*—
" —No, arm'd with Rhime, at Prieſts I'll take my Aim,
" Though Prudence bids me murder but their Fame.

Weekly Miſcellany.

An Anſwer was publiſhed in the Gentleman's Magazine, *written by an unknown Hand, from which the following Lines are ſelected.*

Transform'd by thoughtleſs Rage, and midnight Wine,
From Malice free, and puſh'd without *Deſign*,
In equal Brawl if *Savage* lung'd a Thruſt,
And brought the Youth a Victim to the Duſt:
So ſtrong the Hand of Accident appears,
The Royal Hand from Guilt and Vengeance clears.
Inſtead of waſting " *all thy future Years*,
" Savage, *in Pray'r and vain repentant Tears*,"
Exert thy Pen to mend a vicious Age,
To curb the Prieſt, and ſink his High-Church Rage;
To ſhew what Frauds the holy Veſtments hide;
The Neſts of Av'rice, Luſt, and pedant Pride.
Then change the Scene, let Merit brightly ſhine,
And round the Patriot twiſt the Wreath divine;
The heav'nly Guide deliver down to Fame;
In well-tun'd Lays tranſmit a *Feſter*'s Name.
Touch every Paſſion with harmonious Art,
Exalt the Genius, and correct the Heart.
Thus future Times ſhall Royal Grace extol;
Thus poliſh'd Lines thy preſent Fame enrol.
——But grant ——————
—— Malicioufly that *Savage* plung'd the Steel,
And made the Youth its ſhining Vengeance feel;
My Soul abhors the Act, the Man deteſts,
But more the Bigotry in prieſtly Breaſts.

Gentleman's Magazine, May 1735.

ſcenity was criminal, when it was intended to promote the Practice of Vice, but that Mr. *Savage* had only introduced obſcene Ideas with the View of expoſing them to Deteſtation and of amending the Age, by ſhewing the Deformity of Wickedneſs. This Plea was admitted, and Sir *Philip Yorke*, who then preſided in that Court, diſmiſſed the Information, with Encomiums upon the Purity and Excellence of Mr. *Savage*'s Writings.

The Proſecution, however, anſwered in ſome meaſure the Purpoſe of thoſe by whom it was ſet on Foot; for Mr. *Savage* was ſo far intimidated by it, that when the Edition of his Poem was ſold, he did not venture to reprint it, ſo that it was in a ſhort Time forgotten, or forgotten by all but thoſe whom it offended.

It is ſaid, that ſome Endeavours were uſed to incenſe the Queen againſt him, but he found Advocates to obviate at leaſt Part of the Effect; for though he was never advanced, he ſtill continued to receive his Penſion.

This Poem drew more Infamy upon him than any Incident of his Life; and as his Conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to ſecure his Memory from Reproach, by informing thoſe whom he had made his Enemies, that he never intended to repeat the Provocation; and that though, whenever he thought he had any Reaſon to complain of the Clergy, he uſed to threaten them

with

with a new Edition of *The Progreſs of a Divine*, it was his calm and ſettled Reſolution to ſuppreſs it for ever.

He once intended to have made a better Reparation for the Folly or Injuſtice with which he might be charged, by writing another Poem, called, *The Progreſs of a Free-thinker*, whom he intended to lead through all the Stages of Vice and Folly, to convert him from Virtue to Wickedneſs, and from Religion to Infidelity, by all the modiſh Sophiſtry uſed for that Purpoſe; and at laſt to diſmiſs him by his own Hand into the other World.

That he did not execute this Deſign is a real Loſs to Mankind, for he was too well acquainted with all the Scenes of Debauchery to have failed in his Repreſentations of them, and too zealous for Virtue, not to have repreſented them in ſuch a Manner as ſhould expoſe them either to Ridicule or Deteſtation.

But this Plan was, like others, formed and laid aſide, till the Vigour of his Imagination was ſpent, and the Effervеſcence of Invention had ſubſided, but ſoon gave Way to ſome other Deſign, which pleaſed by its Novelty for a while, and then was neglected like the former.

He was ſtill in his uſual Exigencies, having no certain Support but the Penſion allowed him by the Queen, which, tho' it might have kept an exact Oeconomiſt from Want, was very far from being

ſufficient for Mr. *Savage*, who had never been accuſtomed to diſmiſs any of his Appetites without the Gratification which they ſolicited, and whom nothing but the Want of Money withheld from partaking of every Pleaſure that fell within his View.

His Conduct with regard to his Penſion was very particular. No ſooner had he changed the Bill, than he vaniſhed from the Sight of all his Acquaintances, and lay for ſome Time out of the Reach of all the Enquiries that Friendſhip or Curioſity could make after him; at length he appeared again pennyleſs as before, but never informed even thoſe whom he ſeemed to regard moſt, where he had been, nor was his Retreat ever diſcovered.

This was his conſtant Practice during the whole Time that he received the Penſion from the Queen: He regularly diſappeared and returned. He indeed affirmed, that he retired to ſtudy, and that the Money ſupported him in Solitude for many Months; but his Friends declared, that the ſhort Time in which it was ſpent ſufficiently confuted his own Account of his Conduct.

His Politeneſs and his Wit ſtill raiſed him Friends, who were deſirous of ſetting him at length free from that Indigence by which he had been hitherto oppreſſed, and therefore ſolicited Sir *Robert Walpole* in his Favour with ſo much Earneſtneſs, that they obtained a Promiſe of the

next

next Place that ſhould become vacant, not exceeding two hundred Pounds a Year. This Promiſe was made with an uncommon Declaration, *that it was not the Promiſe of a Miniſter to a Petitioner, but of a Friend to his Friend.*

Mr. *Savage* now concluded himſelf ſet at Eaſe for ever, and, as he obſerves in a Poem* written on

* *The Poet's Dependence on a Stateſman; which was publiſhed in the* Gentleman's Magazine (Vol. VI. p. 225.) *and contained among others the following Paſſages.*

Some ſeem to hint, and others Proof will bring,
That, from Neglect, my num'rous Hardſhips ſpring.
"Seek the *great Man*," they cry—'tis then decreed
In *him* if I court *Fortune*, I ſucceed.
What Friends to ſecond? Who, for *me*, ſhould ſue,
Have Int'reſts, partial to *themſelves*, in View.
They own, my matchleſs Fate Compaſſion draws,
They all wiſh well, lament, but drop my Cauſe.
—Say, ſhall I turn where *Lucre* points my Views;
At firſt deſert my Friends, at length abuſe?
But on leſs Terms, in *Promiſe* he complies;
Years bury Years, and Hopes on Hopes ariſe;
I truſt, am truſted on my fairy Gain;
And Woes on Woes attend, an endleſs Train.
Be Poſts diſpos'd at Will!—I have, for theſe,
No Gold to plead, no Impudence to teaze.
All Secret Service from my Soul I hate;
All dark Intrigues of Pleaſure, or of State.
—Where theſe are not, what Claim to me belongs,
Though mine the *Muſe* and *Virtue*, *Birth* and *Wrongs*?
Where lives the *Stateſman*, ſo in *Honour* clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
No!—there to ſeek, is but to find freſh Pain:
The Promiſe broke, renew'd and broke again;
To be, as Humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
To loſe that Time, which worthier Thoughts require,
To loſe that Health, which ſhould thoſe Thoughts inſpire;

on that Incident of his Life, *truſted* and *was truſted*, but ſoon found that his Confidence was ill-grounded, and this *friendly* Promiſe was not inviolable. He ſpent a long Time in Solicitations, and at laſt deſpaired and deſiſted.

He did not indeed deny, that he had given the Miniſter ſome Reaſon to believe that he ſhould not ſtrengthen his own Intereſt by advancing him; for he had taken care to diſtinguiſh himſelf in Coffee-Houſes as an Advocate for the Miniſtry of the laſt Years of Queen *Anne*, and was always ready to juſtify the Conduct, and exalt the Character of Lord *Bolingbroke*, whom he mentions with great Regard in an Epiſtle upon Authors, which he wrote about that Time, but was too wiſe to publiſh, and of which only ſome Fragments * have appeared, inſerted by him in the Magazine after his Retirement.

To

To ſtarve on Hope; or, like Camelions, fare
On *miniſterial Faith*, which means but Air.
—A Scene *will* ſhew—(all-righteous Viſion haſte)
The Meek exalted, and the Proud debas'd!—
Oh! to be there! —to tread that friendly Shore;
Where *Falſhood*, *Pride*, and *Stateſmen* are no more!

* *From theſe the following Lines are ſelected, as an Inſtance rather of his Impartiality than Genius.*

Materials which Belief in Gazettes claim,
Looſe ſtrung, run gingling into Hiſt'ry's Name.
Thick as *Egyptian* Clouds of raining Flies;
As thick as Worms where Man corrupting lies;
As Peſts obſcene that haunt the ruin'd Pile;
As Monſters flound'ring in the muddy *Nile*;

Minutes,

To deſpair was not, however, the Character of *Savage*; when one Patronage failed, he had recourſe

Minutes, Memoirs, Views, and Reviews appear,
Where Slander darkens each recorded Year.
In a paſt Reign is fam'd ſome am'rous League;
Some Ring, or Letter, now reveals th' Intrigue;
Queens with their Minions work unſeemly Things,
And Boys grow Dukes, when Catamites to Kings.
Does a Prince die? What Poiſons they ſurmiſe!
No Royal Mortal ſure by Nature dies.
Is a Prince born? What Birth more baſe believ'd?
Or, what's more ſtrange, his Mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus Slander popular o'er Truth prevails,
And eaſy Minds imbibe romantic Tales.
Some uſurp Names——an *Engliſh Garretteer*,
From *Minutes* forg'd, is *Monſieur Menager*.
—Where *hear-ſay Knowledge* ſits on public Names,
And bold *Conjecture* or extols, or blames,
Spring *Party Libels*; from whoſe Aſhes dead,
A *Monſter*, miſnam'd *Hiſt'ry*, lifts its Head.
Contending Factions croud to hear its Roar!
But when once heard, it dies to noiſe no more.
From theſe no Anſwer, no Applauſe from thoſe,
O'er half they ſimper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in Senate, with egregious Pate,
Perks up Sir —— in ſome deep Debate;
He hems, looks wiſe, tunes then his lab'ring Throat,
To prove Black White, poſtpone, or palm the Vote;
In ſly Contempt, ſome, *hear him! hear him!* cry;
Some yawn, ſome ſneer; none ſecond, none reply.
But dare ſuch Miſcreants now ruſh abroad,
By Blanket, Cane, Pump, Pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp Falſhood thus, and plume her Wings,
From preſent Characters, and recent Things?
Yes, what Untruths! or Truths in what Diſguiſe!
What *Boyers*, and what *Oldmixons* ariſe!
What *Facts*, from all but *them* and *Slander* ſcreen'd!
Here meets a Council, no where elſe conven'd;
There, from *Originals*, come, thick as ſpawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, Memorials never drawn;
To *ſecret Conference*, never held, they yoke
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and Speeches never ſpoke.
From, *Oldmixon*, thy Brow, too well we know,
Like *Sin* from *Satan*'s, far and wide they go.

In

recourſe to another. The Prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the Merit of ſome Writers whom Mr. *Savage* did not think ſuperior to himſelf, and therefore he reſolved to addreſs a Poem to him.

For this Purpoſe he made Choice of a Subject, which could regard only Perſons of the higheſt Rank and greateſt Affluence, and which was therefore proper for a Poem intended to procure the Patronage of a Prince; and having retired for ſome Time to *Richmond*, that he might proſecute his Deſign in full Tranquillity, without the Temptations of Pleaſure, or the Solicitations of Creditors, by which his Meditations were in equal Danger of being diſconcerted, he produced a Poem, *On public Spirit, with regard to public Works.*

The Plan of this Poem is very extenſive, and compriſes a Multitude of Topics, each of which might furniſh Matter ſufficient for a long Performance, and of which ſome have already employed more eminent Writers; but as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole Ex-

> In vain may *Saint John* ſafe in Conſcience ſit,
> In vain with Truth confute, contemn with Wit:
> Confute, contemn, amid ſelected Friends;
> There ſinks the Juſtice, there the Satire ends.
> Here through a *Cent'ry* ſcarce ſuch Leaves uncloſe,
> From Mold and Duſt the Slander ſacred grows.
> Now none reply where all deſpiſe the Page;
> But will dumb Scorn deceive no future Age?
>
> *Gentleman's Magazine, Sept.* 1741.

tent

tent of his own Deſign, and was writing to obtain a Supply of Wants too preſſing to admit of long or accurate Enquiries, he paſſes negligently over many public Works, which, even in his own Opinion, deſerved to be more elaborately treated.

But though he may ſometimes diſappoint his Reader by tranſient Touches upon theſe Subjects, which have often been conſidered, and therefore naturally raiſe Expectations, he muſt be allowed amply to compenſate his Omiſſions by expatiating, in the Concluſion of his Work, upon a Kind of Beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent Poet, though it now appears more ſuſceptible of Embelliſhments, more adapted to exalt the Ideas, and affect the Paſſions, than many of thoſe which have hitherto been thought moſt worthy of the Ornaments of Verſe. The Settlement of Colonies in uninhabited Countries, the Eſtabliſhment of thoſe in Security whoſe Misfortunes have made their own Country no longer pleaſing or ſafe, the Acquiſition of Property without Injury to any, the Appropriation of the waſte and luxuriant Bounties of Nature, and the Enjoyment of thoſe Gifts which Heaven has ſcattered upon Regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be conſidered without giving Riſe to a great Number of pleaſing Ideas, and bewildering the Imagination in delightful Proſpects; and, therefore, whatever Speculations they may produce

duce in thoſe who have confined themſelves to political Studies, naturally fixed the Attention, and excited the Applauſe of a Poet. The Politician, when he conſiders Men driven into other Countries for Shelter, and obliged to retire to Foreſts and Deſerts, and paſs their Lives and fix their Poſterity in the remoteſt Corners of the World, to avoid thoſe Hardſhips which they ſuffer or fear in their native Place, may very properly enquire, why the Legiſlature does not provide a Remedy for theſe Miſeries, rather than encourage an Eſcape from them. He may conclude, that the Flight of every honeſt Man is a Loſs to the Community, that thoſe who are unhappy without Guilt ought to be relieved, and the Life which is overburthened by accidental Calamities, ſet at Eaſe by the Care of the Public, and that thoſe, who have by Miſconduct forfeited their Claim to Favour, ought rather to be made uſeful to the Society which they have injured, than be driven from it. But the Poet is employed in a more pleaſing Undertaking than that of propoſing Laws, which, however juſt or expedient, will never be made, or endeavouring to reduce to rational Schemes of Government Societies which were formed by Chance, and are conducted by the private Paſſions of thoſe who preſide in them. He guides the unhappy Fugitive from Want and Perſecution, to Plenty, Quiet, and Security, and

ſeats

ſeats him in Scenes of peaceful Solitude, and undiſturbed Repoſe.

Savage has not forgotten, amidſt the pleaſing Sentiments which this Proſpect of Retirement ſuggeſted to him, to cenſure thoſe Crimes which have been generally committed by the Diſcoverers of new Regions, and to expoſe the enormous Wickedneſs of making War upon barbarous Nations, becauſe they cannot reſiſt, and of invading Countries becauſe they are fruitful; of extending Navigation only to propagate Vice, and of viſiting diſtant Lands only to lay them waſte. He has aſſerted the natural Equality of Mankind, and endeavoured to ſuppreſs that Pride which inclines Men to imagine that Right is the Conſequence of Power *.

* Learn, future Natives of this promis'd Land,
What your Fore fathers ow'd my ſaving Hand!
Learn, when *Deſpair* ſuch ſudden Bliſs ſhall ſee,
Such Bliſs muſt ſhine from OGLETHORPE or † Me!
Do you the neighb'ring, blameleſs *Indian* aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade;
Dare not, Oh! dare not, with ambitious View,
Force or demand Subjection, never due.
Let by *my* ſpecious Name no *Tyrants* riſe,
And cry, while they enſlave, they civilize!
Why muſt I *Afric*'s ſable Children ſee
Vended for Slaves, though form'd by Nature free?
The nameleſs Tortures cruel Minds invent,
Thoſe to ſubject, whom Nature equal meant?
If theſe you dare, albeit unjuſt Succeſs
Empowers you now unpuniſh'd to oppreſs,
Revolving Empire you and yours may doom;
Rome all ſubdu'd, yet *Vandals* vanquiſh'd *Rome*:
Yes, Empire may revolve, give them the Day,
And Yoke may Yoke, and Blood may Blood repay.

† *Publick Spirit.*

His

His Deſcription of the various Miſeries which force Men to ſeek for Refuge in diſtant Countries, affords another Inſtance of his Proficiency in the important and extenſive Study of human Life; and the Tenderneſs with which he recounts them, another Proof of his Humanity and Benevolence.

It is obſervable, that the Cloſe of this Poem diſcovers a Change which Experience had made in Mr. *Savage*'s Opinions. In a Poem written by him in his Youth, and publiſhed in his Miſcellanies, he declares his Contempt of the contracted Views and narrow Proſpects of the middle State of Life, and declares his Reſolution either to tower like the Cedar, or be trampled like the Shrub; but in this Poem, though addreſſed to a Prince, he mentions this State of Life as compriſing thoſe who ought moſt to attract Reward, thoſe who merit moſt the Confidence of Power, and the Familiarity of Greatneſs; and accidentally mentioning this Paſſage to one of his Friends, declared that, in his Opinion, all the Virtue of Mankind was comprehended in that State.

In deſcribing Villas and Gardens, he did not omit to condemn that abſurd Cuſtom, which prevails among the *Engliſh*, of permitting Servants to receive Money from Strangers for the Entertainment that they receive; and therefore inſerted in his Poem theſe Lines:

But

But what's the flow'ring Pride of Gardens rare,
However royal, or however fair,
If Gates, which to Acceſs ſhould ſtill give Way,
Ope but, like *Peter*'s Paradiſe, for Pay?
If perquiſited Varlets frequent ſtand,
And each new Walk muſt a new Tax demand?
What foreign Eye but with Contempt Surveys?
What Muſe ſhall from Oblivion ſnatch their Praiſe?

But before the Publication of his Performance, he recollected, that the Queen allowed her Garden and Cave at *Richmond* to be ſhewn for Money, and that ſhe ſo openly countenanced the Practice, that ſhe had beſtowed the Privilege of ſhewing them as a Place of Profit, on a Man whoſe Merit ſhe valued herſelf upon rewarding, though ſhe gave him only the Liberty of diſgracing his Country.

He therefore thought, with more Prudence than was often exerted by him, that the Publication of theſe Lines might be officiouſly repreſented as an Inſult upon the Queen, to whom he owed his Life and his Subſiſtence, and that the Propriety of his Obſervation would be no Security againſt the Cenſures which the Unſeaſonableneſs of it might draw upon him; he therefore ſuppreſſed the Paſſage in the firſt Edition, but after the Queen's Death thought the ſame Caution no longer neceſſary, and reſtored it to the proper Place.

The

The Poem was therefore publiſhed without any political Faults, and inſcribed to the Prince; but Mr. *Savage* having no Friend upon whom he could prevail to preſent it to him, had no other Method of attracting his Obſervation than the Publication of frequent Advertiſements, and therefore received no Reward from his Patron, however generous on other Occaſions.

This Diſappointment he never mentioned without Indignation, being, by ſome means or other, confident that the Prince was not ignorant of his Addreſs to him; and inſinuated, that if any Advances in Popularity could have been made by diſtinguiſhing him, he had not written without Notice, or without Reward.

He was once inclined to have preſented his Poem in Perſon, and ſent to the Printer for a Copy with that Deſign; but either his Opinion changed, or his Reſolution deſerted him, and he continued to reſent Neglect, without attempting to force himſelf into Regard.

Nor was the Public much more favourable than his Patron, for only ſeventy-two were ſold, tho' the Performance was much commended by ſome whoſe Judgment in that Kind of Writing is generally allowed. But *Savage* eaſily reconciled himſelf to Mankind, without imputing any Defect to his Work, by obſerving, that his Poem was unluckily publiſhed two Days after the Prorogation

gation of the Parliament, and by Conſequence at a Time when all thoſe who could be expected to regard it, were in the Hurry of preparing for their Departure, or engaged in taking Leave of others upon their Diſmiſſion from public Affairs.

It muſt be however allowed, in Juſtification of the Public, that this Performance is not the moſt excellent of Mr. *Savage*'s Works, and that tho' it cannot be denied to contain many ſtriking Sentiments, majeſtic Lines, and juſt Obſervations, it is in general not ſufficiently poliſhed in the Language, or enlivened in the Imagery, or digeſted in the Plan.

Thus his Poem contributed nothing to the Alleviation of his Poverty, which was ſuch as very few could have ſupported with equal Patience, but to which it muſt likewiſe be confeſſed, that few would have been expoſed who receive punctually fifty Pounds a Year; a Salary which, tho' by no means equal to the Demands of Vanity and Luxury, is yet found ſufficient to ſupport Families above Want, and was undoubtedly more than the Neceſſities of Life require.

But no ſooner had he received his Penſion, than he withdrew to his darling Privacy, from which he returned in a ſhort Time to his former Diſtreſs, and for ſome Part of the Year generally lived by Chance, eating only when he was invited to the Tables of his Acquaintances, from which the Meanneſs of his Dreſs often excluded him, when

when the Politeneſs and variety of his Converſation would have been thought a ſufficient Recompence for his Entertainment.

He lodged as much by Accident as he dined, and paſſed the Night ſometimes in mean Houſes, which are ſet open at Night to any caſual Wanderers; ſometimes in Cellars, among the Riot and Filth of the meaneſt and moſt profligate of the Rabble; and ſometimes, when he had no Money to ſupport even the Expences of theſe Receptacles, walked about the Streets till he was weary, and lay down in the Summer upon a Bulk, or in the Winter, with his Aſſociates in Poverty, among the Aſhes of a Glaſs-houſe.

In this Manner were paſſed thoſe Days, and thoſe Nights, which Nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated Speculations, uſeful Studies, or pleaſing Converſation. On a Bulk, in a Cellar, or in a Glaſs-houſe, among Thieves and Beggars, was to be found the Author of the *Wanderer*, a Man of exalted Sentiments, extenſive Views, and curious Obſervations; the Man, whoſe Remarks on Life might have aſſiſted the Stateſman, whoſe Ideas of Virtue might have enlightened the Moraliſt, whoſe Eloquence might have influenced Senates, and whoſe Delicacy might have poliſhed Courts.

It cannot be imagined but that ſuch Neceſſities might ſometimes force him upon diſreputable Practices; and it is probable that theſe Lines in

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the *Wanderer* were occaſioned by his Reflections on his own Conduct,

Though Mis'ry leads to Fortitude and Truth,
Unequal to the Load this languid Youth,
(O! let none cenſure if untry'd by Grief,
Or amidſt Woes untempted by Relief,)
He ſtoop'd, reluctant, to mean Acts of Shame,
Which then, ev'n then, he ſcorn'd, and bluſh'd to name.

Whoever was acquainted with him, was certain to be ſolicited for ſmall Sums, which the Frequency of the Requeſt made in Time conſiderable, and he was therefore quickly ſhunned by thoſe who were become familiar enough to be truſted with his Neceſſities; but his rambling Manner of Life, and conſtant Appearance at Houſes of public Reſort, always procured him a new Succeſſion of Friends, whoſe Kindneſs had not been exhauſted by repeated Requeſts, ſo that he was ſeldom abſolutely without Reſources, but had in his utmoſt Exigencies this Comfort, that he always imagined himſelf ſure of ſpeedy Relief.

It was obſerved, that he always aſked Favours of this Kind without the leaſt Submiſſion, or apparent Conſciouſneſs of Dependence, and that he did not ſeem to look upon a Compliance with his Requeſt as an Obligation that deſerved any extraordinary Acknowledgments; but a Refuſal was reſented by him as an Affront, or complained

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of as an Injury; nor did he readily reconcile himſelf to thoſe who either denied to lend, or gave him afterwards any Intimation that they expected to be repaid.

He was ſometimes ſo far compaſſionated by thoſe who knew both his Merit and his Diſtreſſes, that they received him into their Families, but they ſoon diſcovered him to be a very incommodious Inmate; for being always accuſtomed to an irregular Manner of Life, he could not confine himſelf to any ſtated Hours, or pay any Regard to the Rules of a Family, but would prolong his Converſation till Midnight, without conſidering that Buſineſs might require his Friend's Application in the Morning; nor, when he had perſuaded himſelf to retire to Bed, was he without Difficulty called up to Dinner; it was therefore impoſſible to pay him any Diſtinction, without the entire Subverſion of all Oeconomy, a Kind of Eſtabliſhment which, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

It muſt therefore be acknowledged, in Juſtification of Mankind, that it was not always by the Negligence or Coldneſs of his Friends that *Savage* was diſtreſſed, but becauſe it was in reality very difficult to preſerve him long in a State of Eaſe. To ſupply him with Money was a hopeleſs Attempt, for no ſooner did he ſee himſelf Maſter of a Sum ſufficient to ſet him free from Care for a Day, than he became profuſe and

luxurious. When once he had entered a Tavern, or engaged in a Scheme of Pleaſure, he never retired till Want of Money obliged him to ſome new Expedient. If he was entertained in a Family, nothing was any longer to be regarded there but Amuſements and Jollity; wherever *Savage* entered, he immediately expected that Order and Buſineſs ſhould fly before him, that all ſhould thenceforward be left to Hazard, and that no dull Principle of domeſtic Management ſhould be oppoſed to his Inclination, or intrude upon his Gaiety.

His Diſtreſſes, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his loweſt State he wanted not Spirit to aſſert the natural Dignity of Wit, and was always ready to repreſs that Inſolence which Superiority of Fortune incited, and to trample upon the Reputation which roſe upon any other Baſis than that of Merit: He never admitted any groſs Familiarities, or ſubmitted to be treated otherwiſe than as an Equal. Once, when he was without Lodging, Meat or Cloaths, one of his Friends, a Man not indeed remarkable for Moderation in his Proſperity, left a Meſſage, that he deſired to ſee him about Nine in the Morning. *Savage* knew that his Intention was to aſſiſt him, but was very much diſguſted, that he ſhould preſume to preſcribe the Hour of his Attendance; and, I believe, refuſed to viſit him, and rejected his Kindneſs,

The ſame invincible Temper, whether Firmneſs or Obſtinacy, appeared in his Conduct to the Lord *Tyrconnel*, from whom he very frequently demanded that the Allowance which was once paid him ſhould be reſtored, but with whom he never appeared to entertain for a Moment the Thought of ſoliciting a Reconciliation, and whom he treated at once with all the Haughtineſs of Superiority, and all the Bitterneſs of Reſentment. He wrote to him, not in a Stile of Supplication or Reſpect, but of Reproach, Menace, and Contempt, and appeared determined, if he ever regained his Allowance, to hold it only by the Right of Conqueſt.

As many more can diſcover, that a Man is richer, than that he is wiſer than themſelves, Superiority of Underſtanding is not ſo readily acknowledged as that of Condition; nor is that Haughtineſs, which the Conſciouſneſs of great Abilities incites, borne with the ſame Submiſſion as the Tyranny of Wealth; and therefore *Savage*, by aſſerting his Claim to Deference and Regard, and by treating thoſe with Contempt whom better Fortune animated to rebel againſt him, did not fail to raiſe a great Number of Enemies in the different Claſſes of Mankind. Thoſe who thought themſelves raiſed above him by the Advantages of Riches, hated him, becauſe they found no Protection from the Petulance of his Wit. Thoſe who were eſteemed for their Writ-

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ings feared him as a Critic, and maligned him as a Rival, and almoſt all the ſmaller Wits were his profeſſed Enemies.

Among theſe, Mr. *Millar* ſo far indulged his Reſentment as to introduce him in a Farce, and direct him to be perſonated on the Stage in a Dreſs like that which he then wore; a mean Inſult, which only inſinuated that *Savage* had but one Coat, and which was therefore deſpiſed by him rather than reſented; for though he wrote a Lampoon againſt *Millar*, he never printed it: and as no other Perſon ought to proſecute that Revenge from which the Perſon who was injured deſiſted, I ſhall not preſerve what Mr. *Savage* ſuppreſſed; of which the Publication would indeed have been a Puniſhment too ſevere for ſo impotent an Aſſault.

The great Hardſhips of Poverty were to *Savage* not the Want of Lodging or of Food, but the Neglect and Contempt which it drew upon him. He complained, that as his Affairs grew deſperate, he found his Reputation for Capacity viſibly decline; that his Opinion in Queſtions of Criticiſm was no longer regarded, when his Coat was out of Faſhion; and that thoſe who in the Interval of his Proſperity were always encouraging him to great Undertakings, by Encomiums on his Genius, and Aſſurances of Succeſs, now received any Mention of his Deſigns with Coldneſs, thought that the Subjects on which he propoſed to write were

very difficult; and were ready to inform him, that the Event of a Poem was uncertain, that an Author ought to employ much Time in the Conſideration of his Plan, and not preſume to ſit down to write in Confidence of a few curſory Ideas, and a ſuperficial Knowledge; Difficulties were ſtarted on all Sides, and he was no longer qualified for any Performance but the *Volunteer Laureat*.

Yet even this Kind of Contempt never depreſſed him; for he always preſerved a ſteady Confidence in his own Capacity, and believed nothing above his Reach which he ſhould at any Time earneſtly endeavour to attain. He formed Schemes of the ſame Kind with Regard to Knowledge and to Fortune, and flattered himſelf with Advances to be made in Science, as with Riches to be enjoyed in ſome diſtant Period of his Life. For the Acquiſition of Knowledge he was indeed far better qualified than for that of Riches; for he was naturally inquiſitive, and deſirous of the Converſation of thoſe from whom any Information was to be obtained, but by no Means ſolicitous to improve thoſe Opportunities that were ſometimes offered of raiſing his Fortune; and was remarkably retentive of his Ideas, which, when once he was in Poſſeſſion of them, rarely forſook him; a Quality which could never be communicated to his Money.

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While he was thus wearing out his Life in Expectation that the Queen would ſome time recollect her Promiſe, he had Recourſe to the uſual Practice of Writers, and publiſhed Propoſals for printing his Works by Subſcription, to which he was encouraged by the Succeſs of many who had not a better Right to the Favour of the Public; but, whatever was the Reaſon, he did not find the World equally inclined to favour him, and he obſerved with ſome Diſcontent, that tho' he offered his Works at Half a Guinea, he was able to procure but a ſmall Number, in Compariſon with thoſe who ſubſcribed twice as much to *Duck*.

Nor was it without Indignation that he ſaw his Propoſals neglected by the Queen, who patroniſed Mr. *Duck*'s with uncommon Ardour, and incited a Competition among thoſe who attended the Court, who ſhould moſt promote his Intereſt, and who ſhould firſt offer a Subſcription. This was a Diſtinction to which Mr. *Savage* made no Scruple of aſſerting that his Birth, his Misfortunes, and his Genius, gave him a fairer Title than could be pleaded by him on whom it was conferred.

Savage's Applications were however not univerſally unſucceſsful; for ſome of the Nobility countenanced his Deſign, encouraged his Propoſals, and ſubſcribed with great Liberality. He related of the Duke of *Chandos* particularly, that,

upon receiving his Propoſals, he ſent him Ten Guineas.

But the Money which his Subſcriptions afforded him was not leſs volatile than that which he received from his other Schemes; whenever a Subſcription was paid him, he went to a Tavern, and as Money ſo collected is neceſſarily received in ſmall Sums, he never was able to ſend his Poems to the Preſs, but for many Years continued his Solicitation, and ſquandered whatever he obtained.

This Project of printing his Works was frequently revived, and as his Propoſals grew obſolete, new ones were printed with freſher Dates. To form Schemes for the Publication was one of his favourite Amuſements, nor was he ever more at Eaſe than when with any Friend who readily fell in with his Schemes, he was adjuſting the Print, forming the Advertiſements, and regulating the Diſperſion of his new Edition, which he really intended ſome time to publiſh, and which, as long Experience had ſhewn him the Impoſſibility of printing the Volume together, he at laſt determined to divide into weekly or monthly Numbers, that the Profits of the firſt might ſupply the Expences of the next.

Thus he ſpent his Time in mean Expedients, and tormenting Suſpenſe, living for the greateſt Part in Fear of Proſecutions from his Creditors, and conſequently ſkulking in obſcure Parts of the Town,

Town, of which he was no Stranger to the remoteſt Corners, but wherever he came, his Addreſs ſecured him Friends, whom his Neceſſities ſoon alienated, ſo that he had perhaps a more numerous Acquaintance than any Man ever before attained, there being ſcarcely any Perſon eminent on any Account to whom he was not known, or whoſe Character he was not in ſome Degree able to delineate.

To the Acquiſition of this extenſive Acquaintance every Circumſtance of his Life contributed. He excelled in the Arts of Converſation, and therefore willingly practiſed them: He had ſeldom any Home, or even a Lodging in which he could be private, and therefore was driven into public Houſes for the common Conveniences of Life, and Supports of Nature. He was always ready to comply with every Invitation, having no Employment to withhold him, and often no Money to provide for himſelf; and by dining with one Company, he never failed of obtaining an Introduction into another.

Thus diſſipated was his Life, and thus caſual his Subſiſtence; yet did not the Diſtraction of his Views hinder him from Reflection, nor the Uncertainty of his Condition, depreſs his Gaiety. When he had wandered about without any fortunate Adventure, by which he was led into a Tavern, he ſometimes retired into the Fields, and was able to employ his Mind in Study to

amuſe it with pleaſing Imaginations; and ſeldom appeared to be melancholy, but when ſome ſudden Misfortune had juſt fallen upon him, and even then in a few Moments he would diſentangle himſelf from his Perplexity, adopt the Subject of Converſation, and apply his Mind wholly to the Objects that others preſented to it.

This Life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet imbittered, in 1738, with new Calamities. The Death of the Queen deprived him of all the Proſpects of Preferment with which he had ſo long entertained his Imagination; and as Sir *Robert Walpole* had before given him Reaſon to believe that he never intended the Performance of his Promiſe, he was now abandoned again to Fortune.

He was, however, at that Time, ſupported by a Friend; and as it was not his Cuſtom to look out for diſtant Calamities, or to feel any other Pain than that which forced itſelf upon his Senſes, he was not much afflicted at his Loſs, and perhaps comforted himſelf that his Penſion would be now continued without the annual Tribute of a Panegyric.

Another Expectation contributed likewiſe to ſupport him; he had taken a Reſolution to write a ſecond Tragedy upon the Story of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, in which he preſerved a few Lines of his former Play; but made a total Alteration of the Plan, added new Incidents, and introduced

new

new Characters; ſo that it was a new Tragedy, not a Revival of the former.

Many of his Friends blamed him for not making Choice of another Subject; but, in Vindication of himſelf, he aſſerted, that it was not eaſy to find a better; and that he thought it his Intereſt to extinguiſh the Memory of the firſt Tragedy, which he could only do by writing one leſs defective upon the ſame Story; by which he ſhould entirely defeat the Artifice of the Bookſellers, who, after the Death of any Author of Reputation, are always induſtrious to ſwell his Works, by uniting his worſt Productions with his beſt.

In the Execution of this Scheme, however, he proceeded but ſlowly, and probably only employed himſelf upon it when he could find no other Amuſement; but he pleaſed himſelf with counting the Profits, and perhaps imagined, that the theatrical Reputation which he was about to acquire, would be equivalent to all that he had loſt by the Death of his Patroneſs.

He did not, in Confidence of his approaching Riches, neglect the Meaſures proper to ſecure the Continuance of his Penſion, though ſome of his Favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her Death; but on her Birth-Day next Year, he gave a Proof of the Solidity of his Judgment, and the Power of his Genius.

He knew that the Track of Elegy had been ſo long beaten, that it was impoſſible to travel in it

without treading in the Footſteps of thoſe who had gone before him; and that therefore it was neceſſary, that he might diſtinguiſh himſelf from the Herd of Encomiaſts, to find out ſome new Way of funeral Panegyric.

This difficult Taſk he performed in ſuch a Manner, that his Poem may be juſtly ranked among the beſt Pieces that the Death of Princes has produced. By transferring the Mention of her Death to her Birth-Day, he has formed a happy Combination of Topics, which any other Man would have thought it very difficult to connect in one View, but which he has united in ſuch a Manner, that the Relation between them appears natural; and it may be juſtly ſaid, that what no other Man would have thought on, it now appears ſcarcely poſſible for any Man to miſs *.

The

* To exhibit a Specimen of the Beauties of this Poem, the following Paſſages are ſelected:

Oft has the Muſe, on this diſtinguiſh'd Day,
Tun'd to glad Harmony the vernal Lay;
But, O lamented Change! The Lay muſt flow
From grateful Rapture now to grateful Woe.
She, to this Day, who joyous Luſtre gave,
Deſcends for ever to the ſilent Grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human Race the Pattern and the Friend.
— And thou, bright Princeſs! ſeated now on high,
Next one, the faireſt Daughter of the Sky,
Whoſe warm-felt Love is to all Beings known,
Thy Siſter *Charity!* next her thy Throne;
See at thy Tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb Sorrow ſeem the Arts to die.

So

The Beauty of this peculiar Combination of Images is ſo maſterly, that it is ſufficient to ſet this Poem above Cenſure; and therefore it is not neceſſary to mention many other delicate Touches which may be found in it, and which would deſervedly be admired in any other Performance.

To theſe Proofs of his Genius may be added, from the ſame Poem, an Inſtance of his Prudence, an Excellence for which he was not ſo often diſtinguiſhed; he does not forget † to re-

So were the Sun o'er other Orbs to blaze,
And from our World, like thee, withdraw his Rays,
No more to viſit where he warm'd before,
All Life muſt ceaſe, and Nature be no more.
Yet ſhall the MUSE a heavenly Height eſſay,
Beyond the Weakneſs mix'd with mortal Clay;
Beyond the Loſs, which, tho' ſhe bleeds to ſee,
Tho' ne'er to be redeem'd, the Loſs of thee;
Beyond ev'n this, ſhe hails, with joyous Lay,
Thy better Birth, thy firſt true natal Day;
A Day, that ſees Thee born, beyond the Tomb,
To endleſs Health, to Youth's eternal Bloom;
Born to the mighty Dead, the Souls ſublime
Of ev'ry famous Age, and ev'ry Clime;
To Goodneſs fix'd, by Truth's unvarying Laws,
To Bliſs that knows no Period, knows no Pauſe ——
Save when thine Eye, from yonder pure Serene,
Sheds a ſoft Ray on this our gloomy Scene.

† —— Deign one Look more! Ah! See thy Conſort dear!
Wiſhing all Hearts, except his own, to cheer.
Lo! ſtill he bids thy wonted Bounties flow
To weeping Families of Worth and Woe.
He ſtops all Tears, however faſt they riſe,
Save thoſe that ſtill muſt fall from grateful Eyes;
And ſpite of Griefs, that ſo uſurp his Mind,
Still watches o'er the Welfare of Mankind.

mind the King, in the moſt delicate and artful Manner, of continuing his Penſion.

With Regard to the Succeſs of this Addreſs, he was for ſome Time in Suſpenſe, but was in no great Degree ſolicitous about it, and continued his Labour upon his new Tragedy with great Tranquillity, till the Friend, who had for a conſiderable Time ſupported him, removing his Family to another Place, took Occaſion to diſmiſs him. It then became neceſſary to enquire more diligently what was determined in his Affair, having Reaſon to ſuſpect that no great Favour was intended him, becauſe he had not received his Penſion at the uſual Time.

It is ſaid, that he did not take thoſe Methods of retrieving his Intereſt which were moſt likely to ſucceed; and ſome of thoſe who were employed in the Exchequer, cautioned him againſt too much Violence in his Proceedings; but Mr. *Savage*, who ſeldom regulated his Conduct by the Advice of others, gave way to his Paſſion, and demanded of Sir *Robert Walpole*, at his Levee, the Reaſon of the Diſtinction that was made between him and the other Penſioners of the Queen, with a Degree of Roughneſs, which perhaps determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

Whatever was the Crime of which he was accuſed or ſuſpected, and whatever Influence was employed againſt him, he received ſoon after an

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Account that took from him all Hopes of regaining his Penſion; and he had now no Proſpect of Subſiſtence but from his Play, and he knew no Way of Living for the Time required to finiſh it.

So peculiar were the Misfortunes of this Man, deprived of an Eſtate and Title by a particular Law, expoſed and abandoned by a Mother, defrauded by a Mother of a Fortune which his Father had allotted him, he entered the World without a Friend; and, though his Abilities forced themſelves into Eſteem and Reputation, he was never able to obtain any real Advantage, and whatever Proſpects aroſe, were always intercepted as he began to approach them. The King's Intentions in his Favour were fruſtrated; his Dedication to the Prince, whoſe Generoſity on every other Occaſion was eminent, procured him no Reward; Sir *Robert Walpole*, who valued himſelf upon keeping his Promiſe to others, broke it to him without Regret; and the Bounty of the Queen was, after her Death, withdrawn from him, and from him only.

Such were his Misfortunes, which yet he bore not only with Decency, but with Cheerfulneſs; nor was his Gaiety clouded even by his laſt Diſappointment, though he was in a ſhort Time reduced to the loweſt Degree of Diſtreſs, and often wanted both Lodging and Food. At this Time he gave another Inſtance of the inſurmountable Obſtinacy of his Spirit; his Clothes were worn out,

out, and he received Notice, that at a Coffee-Houſe ſome Clothes and Linen were left for him; the Perſon who ſent them, did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might ſpare the Perplexity of acknowledging the Benefit; but though the Offer was ſo far generous, it was made with ſome Neglect of Ceremonies; which Mr. *Savage* ſo much reſented, that he refuſed the Preſent, and declined to enter the Houſe, till the Clothes that had been deſigned for him were taken away.

His Diſtreſs was now publicly known, and his Friends, therefore, thought it proper to concert ſome Meaſures for his Relief; and one of them wrote a Letter to him, in which he expreſſed his Concern *for the miſerable withdrawing of his Penſion*; and gave him Hopes that, in a ſhort Time, he ſhould find himſelf ſupplied with a Competence, *without any Dependence on thoſe little Creatures which we are pleaſed to call the Great.*

The Scheme propoſed for this happy and independent Subſiſtence, was, that he ſhould retire into *Wales*, and receive an Allowance of Fifty Pounds a Year, to be raiſed by a Subſcription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap Place, without aſpiring any more to Affluence, or having any farther Care of Reputation.

This Offer Mr. *Savage* gladly accepted, though with Intentions very different from thoſe of his Friends; for they propoſed, that he ſhould continue

tinue an Exile from *London* for ever, and ſpend all the remaining Part of his Life at *Swanſea*; but he deſigned only to take the Opportunity, which their Scheme offered him, of retreating for a ſhort Time, that he might prepare his Play for the Stage, and his other Works for the Preſs, and then to return to *London*, to exhibit this Tragedy, and live upon the Profits of his own Labour.

With regard to his Works, he propoſed very great Improvements, which would have required much Time, or great Application; and when he had finiſhed them, he deſigned to do Juſtice to his Subſcribers, by publiſhing them according to his Propoſals.

As he was ready to entertain himſelf with future Pleaſures, he had planned out a Scheme of Life for the Country, of which he had no Knowledge but from Paſtorals and Songs. He imagined, that he ſhould be tranſported to Scenes of flowery Felicity, like thoſe which one Poet has reflected to another, and had projected a perpetual Round of innocent Pleaſures, of which he ſuſpected no Interruption from Pride, or Ignorance, or Brutality.

With theſe Expectations he was ſo enchanted, that when he was once gently reproached by a Friend for ſubmitting to live upon a Subſcription, and adviſed rather, by a reſolute Exertion of his Abilities, to ſupport himſelf, he could not bear to debar himſelf from the Happineſs which was

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to be found in the Calm of a Cottage, or loſe the Opportunity of liſtening, without Intermiſſion, to the Melody of the Nightingale, which he believed was to be heard from every Bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important Part of the Happineſs of a Country Life.

While this Scheme was ripening, his Friends directed him to take a Lodging in the Liberties of the Fleet, that he might be ſecure from his Creditors, and ſent him every *Monday* a Guinea, which he commonly ſpent before the next Morning, and truſted, after his uſual Manner, the remaining Part of the Week to the Bounty of Fortune.

He now began very ſenſibly to feel the Miſeries of Dependence: Thoſe by whom he was to be ſupported, began to preſcribe to him with an Air of Authority, which he knew not how decently to reſent, nor patiently to bear; and he ſoon diſcovered, from the Conduct of moſt of his Subſcribers, that he was yet in the Hands of *Little Creatures*.

Of the Inſolence that he was obliged to ſuffer, he gave many Inſtances, of which none appeared to raiſe his Indignation to a greater Height, than the Method which was taken of furniſhing him with Clothes. Inſtead of conſulting him, and allowing him to ſend to a Taylor his Orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they propoſed to ſend for a Taylor to take his Meaſure,

ſure, and then to conſult how they ſhould equip him.

This Treatment was not very delicate, nor was it ſuch as *Savage*'s Humanity would have ſuggeſted to him on a like Occaſion; but it had ſcarely deſerved Mention, had it not, by affecting him in an uncommon Degree, ſhewn the Peculiarity of his Character. Upon hearing the Deſign that was formed, he came to the Lodging of a Friend, with the moſt violent Agonies of Rage; and being aſked what it could be that gave him ſuch Diſturbance, he replied, with the utmoſt Vehemence of Indignation, "That they "had ſent for a Taylor to meaſure him."

How the Affair ended, was never enquired, for fear of renewing his Uneaſineſs. It is probable, that, upon Recollection, he ſubmitted with a good Grace to what he could not avoid, and that he diſcovered no Reſentment where he had no Power.

He was, however, not humbled to implicit and univerſal Compliance; for when the Gentleman, who had firſt informed him of the Deſign to ſupport him by a Subſcription, attempted to procure a Reconciliation with the Lord *Tyrconnel*, he could by no Means be prevailed upon to comply with the Meaſures that were propoſed.

A Letter was written for him to Sir *William Lemon*, to prevail upon him to interpoſe his good Offices with Lord *Tyrconnel*, in which he ſolicited Sir *William*'s Aſſiſtance, *for a Man who really needed*

needed it as much as any Man could well do; and informed him, that he was retiring *for ever to a Place where he ſhould no more trouble his Relations, Friends, or Enemies*; he confeſſed, that his *Paſſion* had *betrayed* him to ſome Conduct, with regard to Lord *Tyrconnel*, *for which he could not but heartily aſk his Pardon*; and as he imagined Lord *Tyrconnel*'s Paſſion might be yet ſo high, that he would not *receive a Letter from him*, begged that Sir *William* would endeavour to ſoften him; and expreſſed his Hopes, that he would comply with his Requeſt, and that *ſo ſmall a Relation would not harden his Heart againſt him.*

That any Man ſhould preſume to dictate a Letter to him, was not very agreeable to Mr. *Savage*; and therefore he was, before he had opened it, not much inclined to approve it. But when he read it, he found it contained Sentiments entirely oppoſite to his own, and, as he aſſerted, to the Truth; and therefore, inſtead of copying it, wrote his Friend a Letter, full of maſculine Reſentment, and warm Expoſtulations. He very juſtly obſerved, that the Style was too ſupplicatory, and the Repreſentation too abject; and that he ought at leaſt to have made him complain with *the Dignity of a Gentleman in Diſtreſs.* He declared, that he would not write the Paragraph in which he was to aſk Lord *Tyrconnel*'s Pardon; for *he deſpiſed his Pardon, and therefore could not heartily, and would not hypocritically aſk it.* He remarked,

remarked, that his Friend made a very unreaſonable Diſtinction between himſelf and him; for, ſays he, when you mention Men of high Rank *in your own Character*, they are *thoſe Little Creatures whom we are pleaſed to call the Great*; but when you addreſs them *in mine*, no Servility is ſufficiently humble. He then, with great Propriety, explained the ill Conſequences that might be expected from ſuch a Letter, which his Relations would print in their own Defence, and which would for ever be produced as a full Anſwer to all that he ſhould allege againſt them; for he always intended to publiſh a minute Account of the Treatment which he had received. It is to be remembered, to the Honour of the Gentleman by whom this Letter was drawn up, that he yielded to Mr. *Savage*'s Reaſons, and agreed that it ought to be ſuppreſſed.

After many Alterations and Delays, a Subſcription was at length raiſed, which did not amount to Fifty Pounds a Year, though Twenty were paid by one Gentleman; ſuch was the Generoſity of Mankind, that what had been done by a Player, without Solicitation, could not now be effected by Application and Intereſt; and *Savage* had a great Number to court and to obey, for a Penſion leſs than that which Mrs. *Oldfield* paid him, without exacting any Servilities.

Mr. *Savage* however was ſatisfied, and willing to retire; and was convinced that the Allowance, though

though ſcanty, would be more than ſufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid Oeconomiſt, and to live according to the exacteſt Rules of Frugality; for nothing was, in his Opinion, more contemptible than a Man, who, when he knew his Income, exceeded it; and yet he confeſſed, that Inſtances of ſuch Folly were too common; and lamented, that ſome Men were not to be truſted with their own Money.

Full of theſe ſalutary Reſolutions, he left *London*, in *July* 1739, having taken Leave, with great Tenderneſs, of his Friends, and parted from the Author of this Narrative with Tears in his Eyes. He was furniſhed with Fifteen Guineas, and informed, that they would be ſufficient, not only for the Expence of his Journey, but for his Support in *Wales* for ſome Time; and that there remained but little more of the firſt Collection. He promiſed a ſtrict Adherence to his Maxims of Parſimony, and went away in the Stage Coach; nor did his Friends expect to hear from him, till he informed them of his Arrival at *Swanſea*.

But, when they leaſt expected, arrived a Letter, dated the fourteenth Day after his Departure, in which he ſent them Word, that he was yet upon the Road, and without Money; and that he therefore could not proceed without a Remittance. They then ſent him all the Money that was in their Hands, with which he was enabled

abled to reach *Briſtol*, from whence he was to go to *Swanſea* by Water.

At *Briſtol* he found an Embargo laid upon the Shipping, ſo that he could not immediately obtain a Paſſage; and being therefore obliged to ſtay there ſome Time, he, with his uſual Felicity, ingratiated himſelf with many of the principal Inhabitants, was invited to their Houſes, diſtinguiſhed at their public Feaſts, and treated with a Regard that gratified his Vanity, and therefore eaſily engaged his Affection.

He began, very early after his Retirement, to complain of the Conduct of his Friends in *London*, and irritated many of them ſo much by his Letters, that they withdrew, however honourably, their Contributions; and it is believed, that little more was paid him than the twenty Pounds a Year, which were allowed him by the Gentleman who propoſed the Subſcription.

After ſome Stay at *Briſtol*, he retired to *Swanſea*, the Place *originally* propoſed for his Reſidence, where he lived about a Year, very much diſſatisfied with the Diminution of his Salary; but contracted, as in other Places, Acquaintance with thoſe who were moſt diſtinguiſhed in that Country; among whom he has celebrated Mr. *Powel* and Mrs. *Jones*, by ſome Verſes which he inſerted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Here he compleated his Tragedy, of which two Acts were wanting when he left *London*, and was

deſirous of coming to Town to bring it upon the Stage. This Deſign was very warmly oppoſed, and he was adviſed by his chief Benefactor to put it into the Hands of Mr. *Thompſon* and Mr. *Mallet*, that it might be fitted for the Stage, and to allow his Friends to receive the Profits, out of which an annual Penſion ſhould be paid him.

This Propoſal he rejected with the utmoſt Contempt. He was by no means convinced, that the Judgment of thoſe to whom he was required to ſubmit, was ſuperior to his own. He was now determined, as he expreſſed it, to be *no longer kept in Leading-ſtrings*, and had no elevated Idea of *his Bounty*, who propoſed to *penſion him out of the Profits of his own Labour*.

He attempted in *Wales* to promote a Subſcription for his Works, and had once Hopes of Succeſs; but, in a ſhort Time afterwards, formed a Reſolution of leaving that Part of the Country, to which he thought it not reaſonable to be confined, for the Gratification of thoſe, who having promiſed him a liberal Income, had no ſooner baniſhed him to a remote Corner, than they reduced his Allowance to a Salary ſcarcely equal to the Neceſſities of Life.

His Reſentment of this Treatment, which, in his own Opinion, at leaſt, he had not deſerved, was ſuch, that he broke off all Correſpondence with moſt of his Contributors, and appeared to conſider them as Perſecutors and Oppreſſors; and,

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in the latter Part of his Life, declared, that their Conduct toward him, ſince his Departure from *London*, *had been Perfidiouſneſs improving on Perfidiouſneſs, and Inhumanity on Inhumanity.*

It is not to be ſuppoſed, that the Neceſſities of Mr. *Savage* did not ſometimes incite him to ſatirical Exaggerations of the Behaviour of thoſe by whom he thought himſelf reduced to them. But it muſt be granted, that the Diminution of his Allowance was a great Hardſhip; and, that thoſe who withdrew their Subſcription from a Man, who, upon the Faith of their Promiſe, had gone into a Kind of Baniſhment, and abandoned all thoſe by whom he had been before relieved in his Diſtreſſes, will find it no eaſy Taſk to vindicate their Conduct.

It may be alledged, and, perhaps, juſtly, that he was petulant and contemptuous; that he more frequently reproached his Subſcribers for not giving him more, than thanked them for what he had received; but it is to be remembered, that this Conduct, and this is the worſt Charge that can be drawn up againſt him, did them no real Injury; and that it, therefore, ought rather to have been pitied than reſented; at leaſt, the Reſentment that it might provoke ought to have been generous and manly: Epithets which his Conduct will hardly deſerve, that ſtarves the Man whom he has perſuaded to put himſelf into his Power.

It might have been reaſonably demanded by *Savage*, that they ſhould, before they had taken away what they promiſed, have replaced him in his former State; that they ſhould have taken no Advantages from the Situation to which the Appearance of their Kindneſs had reduced him; and that he ſhould have been re-called to *London*, before he was abandoned. He might juſtly repreſent, that he ought to have been conſidered as a Lion in the Toils, and demand to be releaſed before the Dogs ſhould be looſed upon him.

He endeavoured, indeed, to releaſe himſelf, and with an Intent to return to *London*, went to *Briſtol*, where a Repetition of the Kindneſs which he had formerly found, invited him to ſtay. He was not only careſſed and treated, but had a Collection made for him of about Thirty Pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for *London*; but his Negligence did not ſuffer him to conſider, that ſuch Proofs of Kindneſs were not often to be expected, and that this Ardour of Benevolence was, in a great Degree, the Effect of Novelty, and might, probably be every Day leſs; and therefore he took no Care to improve the happy Time, but was encouraged by one Favour to hope for another, till at length Generoſity was exhauſted, and Officiouſneſs wearied.

Another Part of his Miſconduct was the Practice of prolonging his Viſits, to unſeaſonable Hours,

Hours, and diſconcerting all the Families into which he was admitted. This was an Error in a Place of Commerce, which all the Charms of his Converſation could not compenſate; for what Trader would purchaſe ſuch airy Satisfaction by the Loſs of ſolid Gain, which muſt be the Conſequence of Midnight Merriment, as thoſe Hours which were gained at Night, were generally loſt in the Morning?

Thus Mr. *Savage*, after the Curioſity of the Inhabitants were gratified, found the Number of his Friends daily decreaſing, perhaps without ſuſpecting for what Reaſon their Conduct was altered, for he ſtill continued to haraſs, with his nocturnal Intruſions, thoſe that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their Houſes.

But he did not ſpend all the Time of his Reſidence at *Briſtol*, in Viſits or at Taverns; for he ſometimes returned to his Studies, and began ſeveral conſiderable Deſigns. When he felt an Inclination to write, he always retired from the Knowledge of his Friends, and lay hid in an obſcure Part of the Suburbs, till he found himſelf again deſirous of Company, to which it is likely that Intervals of Abſence made him more welcome.

He was always full of his Deſign of returning to *London*, to bring his Tragedy upon the Stage; but having neglected to depart with the Money that was raiſed for him, he could not afterwards

procure a Sum ſufficient to defray the Expences of his Journey; nor, perhaps, would a freſh Supply have had any other Effect, than, by putting immediate Pleaſures in his Power, to have driven the Thoughts of his Journey out of his Mind.

While he was thus ſpending the Day in contriving a Scheme for the Morrow, Diſtreſs ſtole upon him by imperceptible Degrees. His Conduct had already wearied ſome of thoſe who were at firſt enamoured of his Converſation; but he might, perhaps, have ſtill devolved to others, whom he might have entertained with equal Succeſs, had not the Decay of his Clothes made it no longer conſiſtent with their Vanity to admit him to their Tables, or to aſſociate with him in publick Places. He now began to find every Man from home at whoſe Houſe he called; and was, therefore, no longer able to procure the Neceſſaries of Life, but wandered about the Town, ſlighted and neglected, in queſt of a Dinner, which he did not always obtain.

To complete his Miſery, he was perſued by the Officers for ſmall Debts which he had contracted; and was, therefore, obliged to withdraw from the ſmall Number of Friends from whom he had ſtill Reaſon to hope for Favours. His Cuſtom was, to lie in Bed the greateſt Part of the Day, and to go out in the Dark with the utmoſt Privacy, and after having paid his Viſit,

return

return again before Morning to his Lodging, which was in the Garret of an obſcure Inn.

Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he ſuffered the utmoſt Extremities of Poverty, and often faſted ſo long, that he was ſeized with Faintneſs, and had loſt his Appetite, not being able to bear the Smell of Meat, till the Action of his Stomach was reſtored by a Cordial.

In this Diſtreſs, he received a Remittance of fifty Pounds from *London*, with which he provided himſelf a decent Coat, and determined to go to *London*, but unhappily ſpent his Money at a favourite Tavern. Thus was he again confined to *Briſtol*, where he was every Day hunted by Bailiffs. In this Exigence he once more found a Friend, who ſheltered him in his Houſe, tho' at the uſual Inconveniencies with which his Company was attended; for he could neither be perſuaded to go to bed in the Night, nor to riſe in the Day.

It is obſervable, that in theſe various Scenes of Miſery, he was always diſengaged and cheerful; he at ſome Times perſued his Studies, and at others continued or enlarged his epiſtolary Correſpondence; nor was he ever ſo far dejected, as to endeavour to procure an Increaſe of his Allowance, by any other Methods than Accuſations and Reproaches.

He had now no longer any Hopes of Aſſiſtance from his Friends at *Briſtol*, who, as Merchants, and by Conſequence ſufficiently ſtudious of Profit, cannot be ſuppoſed to have looked with much Compaſſion upon Negligence and Extravagance, or to think any Excellence equivalent to a Fault of ſuch Conſequence as Neglect of Oeconomy. It is natural to imagine, that many of thoſe who would have relieved his real Wants, were diſcouraged from the Exertion of their Benevolence, by Obſervation of the Uſe which was made of their Favours, and Conviction that Relief would only be momentary, and that the ſame Neceſſity would quickly return.

At laſt he quitted the Houſe of his Friend, and returned to his Lodging at the Inn, ſtill intending to ſet out in a few Days for *London*; but on the 10th of *January*, 1742-3, having been at Supper with two of his Friends, he was, at his Return to his Lodgings, arreſted for a Debt of about eight Pounds, which he owed at a Coffee-houſe, and conducted to the Houſe of a Sheriff's Officer. The Account which he gives of this Misfortune, in a Letter to one of the Gentlemen with whom he had ſupped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

"It was not a little unfortunate for me, that I "ſpent Yeſterday's Evening with you; becauſe "the Hour hindered me from entering on my new "Lodging; however, I have now got one; but "ſuch an one, as I believe Nobody would chuſe.

"I was

" I was arreſted at the Suit of Mrs. *Read*, juſt " as I was going up Stairs to Bed, at Mr. *Bow-* " *yer*'s; but taken in ſo private a Manner, that " I believe Nobody at the *White Lyon* is appriſed " of it. Though I let the Officers know the " Strength (or rather Weakneſs of my Pocket) " yet they treated me with the utmoſt Civility; " and even when they conducted me to Confine- " ment, it was in ſuch a Manner, that I verily " believe I could have eſcaped, which I would " rather be ruined than have done; notwith- " ſtanding the whole Amount of my Finances " was but three Pence Half-penny.

" In the firſt Place, I muſt inſiſt, that you will " induſtriouſly conceal this from Mrs. *S——s*; " becauſe I would not have her good Nature " ſuffer that Pain, which, I know, ſhe would be " apt to feel on this Occaſion.

" Next I conjure you, dear Sir, by all the " Ties of Friendſhip, by no means to have one " uneaſy Thought on my Account; but to have " the ſame Pleaſantry of Countenance, and un- " ruffled Serenity of Mind, which (God be " praiſed!) I have in this, and have had in a " much ſeverer Calamity. Furthermore, I charge " you, if you value my Friendſhip as truly as I " do yours, *not* to utter, or even harbour, the " leaſt Reſentment againſt Mrs. *Read*. I believe " ſhe has ruined me, but I freely forgive her; " and (though I will never more have any Inti-

" macy with her) would, at a due Diſtance,
" rather do her an Act of good than ill Will.
" Laſtly, (pardon the Expreſſion) I *abſolutely*
" *command* you not to offer me any pecuniary
" Aſſiſtance, nor to attempt getting me any from
" any one of your Friends. At another Time,
" or on any other Occaſion, you may, dear
" Friend, be well aſſured, I would rather write
" to you in the ſubmiſſive Stile of a Requeſt,
" than that of a peremptory Command.

" However, that my truly valuable Friend
" may not think I am too proud to aſk a Favour,
" let me entreat you to let me have your Boy to
" attend me for this Day, not only for the ſake
" of ſaving me the Expence of Porters, but for
" the Delivery of ſome Letters to People whoſe
" Names I would not have known to Strangers.

" The civil Treatment I have thus far met
" from thoſe, whoſe Priſoner I am, makes me
" thankful to the Almighty, that though He has
" thought fit to viſit me (on my Birth-night)
" with Affliction; yet (ſuch is his great Good-
" neſs!) my Affliction is not without alleviating
" Circumſtances. I murmur not, but am all
" Reſignation to the *Divine Will*. As to the
" World, I hope that I ſhall be endued by Hea-
" ven with that Preſence of Mind, that ſerene
" Dignity in Misfortune, that conſtitutes the
" Character of a true Nobleman; a Dignity far

" beyond

" beyond that of Coronets; a Nobility ariſing " from the juſt Principles of Philoſophy, refined " and exalted by thoſe of Chriſtianity."

He continued five Days at the Officer's, in hopes that he ſhould be able to procure Bail, and avoid the Neceſſity of going to Priſon. The State in which he paſſed his Time, and the Treatment which he received, are very juſtly expreſſed by him in a Letter which he wrote to a Friend: " The whole Day, *ſays he*, has been employed " in various People's filling my Head with their " fooliſh chimerical Syſtems, which has obliged " me coolly (as far as Nature will admit) to di- " geſt, and accommodate myſelf to, every diffe- " rent Perſon's Way of thinking; hurried from " one wild Syſtem to another, till it has quite " made a Chaos of my Imagination, and nothing " done—Promiſed—Diſappointed—Ordered to " ſend every Hour, from one Part of the Town " to the other."——

When his Friends, who had hitherto careſſed and applauded, found, that to give Bail, and pay the Debt, was the ſame, they all refuſed to preſerve him from a Priſon, at the Expence of eight Pounds; and therefore, after having been for ſome Time at the Officer's Houſe, *at an immenſe Expence*, as he obſerves in his Letter, he was at length removed to *Newgate*.

This Expence he was enabled to ſupport, by the Generoſity of Mr. *Naſh* at *Bath*, who, upon

receiving from him an Account of his Condition, immediately ſent him five Guineas, and promiſed to promote his Subſcription at *Bath*, with all his Intereſt.

By his Removal to *Newgate*, he obtained at leaſt a Freedom from Suſpenſe, and Reſt from the diſturbing Viciſſitudes of Hope and Diſappointment; he now found that his Friends were only Companions, who were willing to ſhare his Gaiety, but not to partake of his Misfortunes; and therefore he no longer expected any Aſſiſtance from them.

It muſt however be obſerved of one Gentleman, that he offered to releaſe him by paying the Debt; but that Mr. *Savage* would not conſent, I ſuppoſe, becauſe he thought he had been before too burthenſome to him.

He was offered by ſome of his Friends, that a Collection ſhould be made for his Enlargement, but he *treated the Propoſal*, and declared *, that *he ſhould again treat it, with Diſdain. As to writing any mendicant Letters, he had too high a Spirit, and determined only to write to ſome Miniſters of State, to try to regain his Penſion.*

He continued to complain † of thoſe that had ſent him into the Country, and objected to them, that he had *loſt the Profits of his Play, which had been finiſhed three Years*; and, in another Letter,

* In a Letter after his Confinement.

† Letter *Jan.* 15.

declares his Reſolution to publiſh a Pamphlet, that the World might know how *he had been uſed.*

This Pamphlet was never written, for he in a very ſhort Time recovered his uſual Tranquillity, and cheerfully applied himſelf to more inoffenſive Studies. He indeed ſteadily declared, that he was promiſed an yearly Allowance of Fifty Pounds, and never received half the Sum; but he ſeemed to reſign himſelf to that, as well as to other Misfortunes, and loſe the Remembrance of it in his Amuſements and Employments.

The Cheerfulneſs with which he bore his Confinement, appears from the following Letter, which he wrote, *January* 30, to one of his Friends in *London.*

" I now write to you from my Confinement in " *Newgate*, where I have been ever ſince *Monday* " laſt was Sev'n-night; and where I enjoy my- " ſelf with much more Tranquillity than I have " known for upwards of a Twelvemonth paſt; " having a Room entirely to myſelf, and per- " ſuing the Amuſement of my poetical Studies, " uninterrupted, and agreeable to my Mind. I " thank the Almighty, I am now all collected " in myſelf; and tho' my Perſon is in Confine- " ment, my Mind can expatiate on ample and " uſeful Subjects, with all the Freedom imagin- " able. I am now more converſant with the " Nine than ever; and if, inſtead of a *Newgate* " Bird, I may be allowed to be a Bird of the

" Muſes, I aſſure you, Sir, I ſing very freely in " my Cage; ſometimes indeed in the plaintive " Notes of the Nightingale; but, at others, in " the cheerful Strains of the Lark."——

In another Letter he obſerves, that he ranges from one Subject to another, without confining himſelf to any particular Taſk, and that he was employed one Week upon one Attempt, and the next upon another.

Surely the Fortitude of this Man deſerves, at leaſt, to be mentioned with Applauſe; and whatever Faults may be imputed to him, the Virtue of *ſuffering well* cannot be denied him. The two Powers which, in the Opinion of *Epictetus*, conſtitute a wiſe Man, are thoſe of *bearing* and *forbearing*, which cannot indeed be affirmed to have been equally poſſeſſed by *Savage*; but it was too manifeſt, that the Want of one obliged him very *frequently* to practiſe the other.

He was treated by Mr. *Dagg*, the Keeper of the Priſon, with great Humanity; was ſupported by him at his own Table without any Certainty of Recompenſe; had a Room to himſelf, to which he could at any Time retire from all Diſturbance, was allowed to ſtand at the Door of the Priſon, and ſometimes taken out into the Fields; ſo that he ſuffered fewer Hardſhips in the Priſon, than he had been accuſtomed to undergo in the greateſt Part of his Life.

The

The Keeper did not confine his Benevolence to a gentle Execution of his Office, but made ſome Overtures to the Creditor for his Releaſe, though without Effect; and continued, during the whole Time of his Impriſonment, to treat him with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Civility.

Virtue is undoubtedly moſt laudable in that State which makes it moſt difficult; and therefore, the Humanity of a Gaoler certainly deſerves this public Atteſtation; and the Man whoſe Heart has not been hardened by ſuch an Employment, may be juſtly propoſed as a Pattern of Benevolence. If an Inſcription was once engraved to the *honeſt Toll-gatherer*, leſs Honours ought not to be paid to the *tender Gaoler*.

Mr. *Savage* very frequently received Viſits, and ſometimes Preſents from his Acquaintances, but they did not amount to a Subſiſtence, for the greater Part of which he was indebted to the Generoſity of this Keeper; but theſe Favours, however they might endear to him the particular Perſons from whom he received them, were very far from impreſſing upon his Mind any advantageous Ideas of the People of *Briſtol*; and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himſelf in Priſon, than in writing the following Poem.

LONDON and BRISTOL Delineated *.

TWO Sea-port Cities mark *Britannia*'s Fame,
And theſe from Commerce different Honours claim.
What different Honours ſhall the Muſes pay,
While one inſpires, and one untunes the Lay?
Now ſilver *Iſis* bright'ning flows along,
Echoing from *Oxford*'s Shore each claſſic Song;
Then weds with *Tame*; and theſe, O *London*, ſee
Swelling with naval Pride, the Pride of Thee!
Wide, deep, unſullied *Thames* meand'ring glides,
And bears thy Wealth on mild majeſtic Tides.
Thy Ships, with gilded Palaces that vie,
In glitt'ring Pomp, ſtrike wond'ring *China*'s Eye;
And thence returning bear, in ſplendid State,
To *Britain*'s Merchants, *India*'s eaſtern Freight.
India, her Treaſures from her weſtern Shores,
Due at thy Feet, a willing Tribute pours;
Thy warring Navies diſtant Nations awe,
And bid the World obey thy righteous Law.
Thus ſhine thy manly Sons of lib'ral Mind,
Thy Change deep-buſied, yet as Courts refin'd;
Councils like Senates that enforce Debate,
With fluent Eloquence, and Reaſon's Weight:

* The Author preferred this Title to that of *London and Briſtol compared*; which, when he began the Piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Whoſe

Whoſe Patriot Virtue, lawleſs Pow'r controuls;
Their *Britiſh* emulating *Roman* Souls.
Of theſe the worthieſt ſtill ſelected ſtand,
Still lead the Senate, and ſtill ſave the Land.
Social, not ſelfiſh, here, O Learning, trace
Thy Friends, the Lovers of all human Race!

In a dark Bottom ſunk, O *Briſtol*, now,
With native Malice lift thy low'ring Brow!
Then as ſome Hell-born Sprite, in mortal Guiſe,
Borrows the Shape of Goodneſs, and belies,
All fair, all ſmug, to yon proud Hall invite,
To feaſt all Strangers, ape an Air polite!
From *Cambria* drain'd, or *England*'s weſtern Coaſt,
Not elegant, yet coſtly Banquets boaſt!
Revere, or ſeem the Stranger to revere;
Praiſe, fawn, profeſs, be all Things but ſincere;
Inſidious now, our Boſom Secrets ſteal,
And theſe with ſly ſarcaſtic Sneer reveal.
Preſent we meet thy ſneaking treach'rous Smiles;
The harmleſs Abſent ſtill thy Sneer reviles;
Such as in Thee all Parts ſuperior find;
The Sneer that marks the Fool and Knave combin'd.
When melting Pity would afford Relief,
The ruthleſs Sneer, that Inſult adds to Grief.
What Friendſhip can'ſt thou boaſt? What Honours claim?
To thee each Stranger owes an injur'd Name.

What

What Smiles thy Sons muſt in their Foes excite!
Thy Sons, to whom all Diſcord is Delight;
From whom eternal mutual Railing flows;
Who in each other's Crimes their own expoſe:
Thy Sons, tho' crafty, deaf to Wiſdom's Call;
Deſpiſing all Men, and deſpis'd by all:
Sons, while thy Cliffs a ditch-like River laves,
Rude as thy Rocks, and muddy as thy Waves;
Of Thoughts as narrow, as of Words immenſe;
As full of Turbulence, as void of Senſe.
Thee, Thee what Senatorial Souls adorn?
Thy Natives ſure would prove a Senate's Scorn.
Do Strangers deign to ſerve Thee, what their Praiſe?
Their generous Services thy Murmurs raiſe.
What Fiend malign, that o'er thy Air preſides,
Around from Breaſt to Breaſt inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there ſcatters in a Trice
The lurking Seeds of every rank Device?
Let foreign Youths to thy Indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted Son,
Proud, pert, and dull—Tho' brilliant once from Schools,
Will ſcorn all Learning's as all Virtue's Rules;
And, tho' by Nature friendly, honeſt, brave,
Turn a ſly, ſelfiſh, ſimp'ring, ſharping Knave.
Boaſt petty Courts, where, 'ſtead of fluent Eaſe,
Of cited Precedents, and learned Pleas;
'Stead of ſage Counſel in the dubious Cauſe,
Attorneys, chattering wild, burleſque the Laws.

So ſhameleſs Quacks, who Doctors' Rights invade,
Of Jargon and of Poiſon form a Trade.
So canting Coblers, while from Tubs they teach,
Buffoon the Goſpel they pretend to preach.
Boaſt petty Courts, whence Rules new Rigour draw,
Unknown to Nature's and to Statute Law;
Quirks that explain all ſaving Rights away,
To give th' Attorney and the Catch-poll Prey.
Is there where Law too rig'rous may deſcend,
Or Charity her kindly Hand extend,
Thy Courts, that ſhut when Pity would redreſs,
Spontaneous open to inflict Diſtreſs.
Try Miſdemeanors!—all thy Wiles employ,
Not to chaſtiſe th' Offender, but deſtroy,
Bid the large lawleſs Fine his Fate foretell;
Bid it beyond his Crime and Fortune ſwell.
Cut off from Service due to kindred Blood,
To private Welfare and to public Good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he ſentenc'd lies;
Impriſon'd languiſhes, impriſon'd dies,

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Boaſt ſwarming Veſſels, whoſe *Plebeian State*
Owes not to Merchants but Mechanics Freight.

Boaſt

Boaſt nought but Pedlar Fleets—In War's Alarms,
Unknown to Glory, as unknown to Arms.
Boaſt thy baſe * *Tolſey*, and thy Turn-ſpit Dogs;
Thy † *Hallier*'s Horſes, and thy human Hogs:
Upſtarts and Muſhrooms, proud, relentleſs Hearts;
Thou Blank of Sciences! Thou Dearth of Arts!
Such Foes as Learning once was doom'd to ſee;
Huns, *Goths*, and *Vandals*, were but Types of Thee.

Proceed, great *Briſtol*, in all-righteous Ways,
And let one Juſtice heighten yet thy Praiſe:
Still ſpare the Catamite, and ſwinge the Whore,
And be whate'er *Gomorrah* was before.

When he had brought this Poem to its preſent State, which, without conſidering the Chaſm, is not perfect, he wrote to *London* an Account of his Deſign, and informed his Friend, that he was determined to print it with his Name; but enjoined him not to communicate his Intention to his *Briſtol* Acquaintance. The Gentleman, ſurpriſed at his Reſolution, endeavoured to diſſuade him from publiſhing it, at leaſt from prefixing his Name; and declared, that he could not reconcile the Injunction of Secrecy with his Reſo-

* A Place where the Merchants uſed to meet to tranſact their Affairs, before the Exchange was erected.

† *Halliers* are the Perſons who drive or own the Sledges, which are here uſed inſtead of Carts.

lution

lution to own it at its firſt Appearance. To this, Mr. *Savage* returned an Anſwer, agreeable to his Character, in the following Terms.

"I received yours this Morning, and not without a little Surprize at the Contents. To anſwer a Queſtion with a Queſtion, you aſk me concerning *London* and *Briſtol*, *Why will I add* delineated? Why did Mr. *Woolaſton* add the ſame Word to his *Religion of Nature?* I ſuppoſe that it was his Will and Pleaſure to add it in his Caſe; and it is mine to do ſo in my own. You are pleaſed to tell me, that you underſtand not why Secrecy is enjoined, and yet I intend to ſet my Name to it. My Anſwer is—I have my private Reaſons; which I am not obliged to explain to any one. You doubt, my Friend Mr. *S*— would not approve of it—And what is it to me whether he does or not? Do you imagine that Mr. *S*— is to dictate to me? If any Man, who calls himſelf my Friend, ſhould aſſume ſuch an Air, I would ſpurn at his Friendſhip with Contempt. You ſay, I ſeem to think ſo, by not letting him know it—And ſuppoſe I do, what then? Perhaps I can give Reaſons for that Diſapprobation, very foreign from what you would imagine. You go on in ſaying, ſuppoſe I ſhould not put my Name to it —My Anſwer is, that I will not ſuppoſe any ſuch thing, being determined to the contrary:

"Neither,

" Neither, Sir, would I have you ſuppoſe, that I " applied to you for Want of another Preſs: " Nor would I have you imagine, that I owe " Mr. *S*—— Obligations which I do not."

Such was his Imprudence, and ſuch his obſtinate Adherence to his own Reſolutions, however abſurd. A Priſoner! ſupported by Charity! and, whatever Inſults he might have received during the latter Part of his Stay in *Briſtol*, once careſſed, eſteemed, and preſented with a liberal Collection, he could forget on a Sudden his Danger, and his Obligations, to gratify the Petulance of his Wit, or the Eagerneſs of his Reſentment, and publiſh a Satire, by which he might reaſonably expect, that he ſhould alienate thoſe who then ſupported him, and provoke thoſe whom he could neither reſiſt nor eſcape.

This Reſolution, from the Execution of which, it is probable, that only his Death could have hindered him, is ſufficient to ſhew how much he diſregarded all Conſiderations that oppoſed his preſent Paſſions, and how readily he hazarded all future Advantages for any immediate Gratifications. Whatever was his predominant Inclination, neither Hope nor Fear hindered him from complying with it; nor had Oppoſition any other Effect than to heighten his Ardour, and irritate his Vehemence.

This Performance was however laid aſide, while he was employed in ſoliciting Aſſiſtances from

from ſeveral great Perſons; and one Interruption ſucceeding another, hindered him from ſupplying the Chaſm, and perhaps from re-touching the other Parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finiſhed, in his own Opinion; for it is very unequal, and ſome of the Lines are rather inſerted to rhime to others, than to ſupport or improve the Senſe; but the firſt and laſt Parts are worked up with great Spirit and Elegance.

His Time was ſpent in the Priſon, for the moſt Part, in Study, or in receiving Viſits; but ſometimes he deſcended to lower Amuſements, and diverted himſelf in the Kitchen with the Converſation of the Criminals; for it was not pleaſing to him to be much without Company, and tho' he was very capable of a judicious Choice, he was often contented with the firſt that offered; for this he was ſometimes reproved by his Friends, who found him ſurrounded with Felons; but the Reproof was on that, as on other Occaſions, thrown away; he continued to gratify himſelf, and to ſet very little Value on the Opinion of others.

But here, as in every other Scene of his Life, he made uſe of ſuch Opportunities as occurred of benefiting thoſe who were more miſerable than himſelf, and was always ready to perform any Offices of Humanity to his fellow Priſoners.

He had now ceaſed from correſponding with any of his Subſcribers except one, who yet continued

tinued to remit him the twenty Pounds a Year which he had promiſed him, and by whom it was expected, that he would have been in a very ſhort Time enlarged, becauſe he had directed the Keeper to enquire after the State of his Debts.

However, he took care to enter his Name according to the Forms of the Court, that the Creditor might be obliged to make him ſome Allowance, if he was continued a Priſoner; and when, on that Occaſion, he appeared in the Hall, was treated with very unuſual Reſpect.

But the Reſentment of the City was afterwards raiſed, by ſome Accounts that had been ſpread of the Satire; and he was informed, that ſome of the Merchants intended to pay the Allowance which the Law required, and to detain him Priſoner at their own Expence. This he treated as an empty Menace, and perhaps might have haſtened the Publication, only to ſhew how much he was ſuperior to their Inſults, had not all his Schemes been ſuddenly deſtroyed.

When he had been ſix Months in Priſon, he received from one of his Friends, in whoſe Kindneſs he had the greateſt Confidence, and on whoſe Aſſiſtance he chiefly depended, a Letter that contained a Charge of very atrocious Ingratitude, drawn up in ſuch Terms as ſudden Reſentment dictated. Mr. *Savage* returned a very ſolemn Proteſtation of his Innocence, but however appeared much diſturbed at the Accuſation. Some Days

Days afterwards, he was ſeized with a Pain in his Back and Side, which, as it was not violent, was not ſuſpected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of *July* he confined himſelf to his Room, and a Fever ſeized his Spirits. The Symptoms grew every Day more formidable, but his Condition did not enable him to procure any Aſſiſtance. The laſt Time that the Keeper ſaw him was on *July* the 31ſt, when *Savage*, ſeeing him at his Bed ſide, ſaid, with an uncommon Earneſtneſs, *I have ſomething to ſay to you, Sir*; but, after a Pauſe, moved his Hand in a melancholy Manner, and finding himſelf unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, ſaid, *'Tis gone.* The Keeper ſoon after left him, and the next Morning he died. He was buried in the Church-yard of St. *Peter*, at the Expence of the Keeper.

Such was the Life and Death of *Richard Savage*, a Man equally diſtinguiſhed by his Virtues and Vices, and at once remarkable for his Weakneſſes and Abilities.

He was of a middle Stature, of a thin Habit of Body, a long Viſage, coarſe Features, and melancholy Aſpect; of a grave and manly Deportment, a ſolemn Dignity of Mien; but which, upon a nearer Acquaintance, ſoftened into an engaging Eaſineſs of Manners. His Walk was ſlow, and his Voice tremulous and mournful

He

He was eaſily excited to Smiles, but very ſeldom provoked to Laughter.

His Mind was in an uncommon Degree vigorous and active. His Judgment was accurate, and his Apprehenſion quick, and his Memory ſo tenacious, that he was frequently obſerved to know what he had learned from others, in a ſhort Time, better than thoſe by whom he was informed; and could frequently recollect Incidents, with all their Combination of Circumſtances, which few would have regarded at the preſent Time; but which the Quickneſs of his Apprehenſion impreſſed upon him. He had the peculiar Felicity, that his Attention never deſerted him; he was preſent to every Object, and regardful of the moſt trifling Occurrences. He had the Art of eſcaping from his own Reflections, and accommodating himſelf to every new Scene.

To this Quality is to be imputed the Extent of his Knowledge, compared with the ſmall Time which he ſpent in viſible Endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in curſory Converſation with the ſame Steadineſs of Attention as others apply to a Lecture, and, amidſt the Appearance of thoughtleſs Gaiety, loſt no new Idea that was ſtarted, nor any Hint that could be improved. He had therefore made, in Coffee-Houſes, the ſame Proficiency as others in Studies; and it is remarkable, that the Writings of a Man of little Education, and little

Reading,

Reading, have an Air of Learning ſcarcely to be found in any other Performances, but which, perhaps, as often obſcures as embelliſhes them.

His Judgment was eminently exact, both with regard to Writings and to Men. The knowledge of Life was indeed his chief Attainment, and it is not without ſome Satisfaction, that I can produce the Suffrage of *Savage* in favour of human Nature, of which he never appeared to entertain ſuch odious Ideas as ſome, who perhaps had neither his Judgment nor Experience, have publiſhed, either in Oſtentation of their Sagacity, Vindication of their Crimes, or Gratification of their Malice.

His Method of Life particularly qualified him for Converſation, of which he knew how to practiſe all the Graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modeſt and eaſy, open and reſpectful; his Language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous Subjects. He was generally cenſured for not knowing when to retire; but that was not the Defect of his Judgment, but of his Fortune: When he left his Company, he uſed frequently to ſpend the remaining Part of the Night in the Street, or at leaſt was abandoned to gloomy Reflections, which it is not ſtrange that he delayed as long as he could, and ſometimes forgot that he gave others Pain to avoid it himſelf.

It

It cannot be ſaid, that he made Uſe of his Abilities for the Direction of his own Conduct; an irregular and diſſipated Manner of Life had made him the Slave of every Paſſion that happened to be excited by the Preſence of its Object, and that Slavery to his Paſſions reciprocally produced a Life irregular and diſſipated. He was not Maſter of his own Motions, nor could promiſe any thing for the next Day.

With regard to his Oeconomy, nothing can be added to the Relation of his Life; he appeared to think himſelf born to be ſupported by others, and diſpenſed from all Neceſſity of providing for himſelf; he therefore never proſecuted any Scheme of Advantage, nor endeavoured even to ſecure the Profits which his Writings might have afforded him.

His Temper was, in Conſequence of the Dominion of his Paſſions, uncertain and capricious; he was eaſily engaged, and eaſily diſguſted; but he is accuſed of retaining his Hatred more tenaciouſly than his Benevolence.

He was compaſſionate, both by Nature and Principle, and always ready to perform Offices of Humanity; but when he was provoked, and very ſmall Offences were ſufficient to provoke him, he would proſecute his Revenge with the utmoſt Acrimony, till his Paſſion had ſubſided.

His Friendſhip was therefore of little Value; for though he was zealous in the Support or Vindi-

Vindication of thoſe whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to truſt him, becauſe he conſidered himſelf diſcharged, by the firſt Quarrel, from all Ties of Honour or Gratitude; and would betray thoſe Secrets which in the Warmth of Confidence had been imparted to him. This Practice drew upon him an univerſal Accuſation of Ingratitude; nor can it be denied that he was very ready to ſet himſelf free from the Load of an Obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himſelf in a State of Dependence, his Pride being equally powerful with his other Paſſions, and appearing in the Form of Inſolence at one Time, and of Vanity at another. Vanity, the moſt innocent Species of Pride, was moſt frequently predominant: He could not eaſily leave off, when he had once began to mention himſelf or his Works, nor ever read his Verſes without ſtealing his Eyes from the Page, to diſcover in the Faces of his Audience, how they were affected with any favourite Paſſage.

A kinder Name than that of Vanity ought to be given to the Delicacy with which he was always careful to ſeparate his own Merit from every other Man's, and to reject that Praiſe to which he had no Claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his Performances, to mark every Line that had been ſuggeſted or amended, and was ſo accurate as to relate that he owed *Three Words* in *The Wanderer* to the Advice of his Friends.

His Veracity was queſtioned, but with little Reaſon; his Accounts, though not indeed always the ſame, were generally conſiſtent. When he loved any Man, he ſuppreſſed all his Faults; and when he had been offended by him, concealed all his Virtues; but his Characters were generally true, ſo far as he proceeded; though it cannot be denied that his Partiality might have ſometimes the Effect of Falſehood.

In Caſes indifferent, he was zealous for Virtue, Truth, and Juſtice; he knew very well the Neceſſity of Goodneſs to the preſent and future Happineſs of Mankind; nor is there perhaps any Writer, who has leſs endeavoured to pleaſe, by flattering the Appetites, or perverting the Judgment.

As an Author, therefore, and he now ceaſes to influence Mankind in any other Character, if one Piece, which he had reſolved to ſuppreſs, be excepted, he has very little to fear from the ſtricteſt moral or religious Cenſure. And though he may not be altogether ſecure againſt the Objections of the Critic, it muſt however be acknowledged, that his Works are the Productions of a Genius truly poetical; and, what many Writers, who have been more laviſhly applauded, cannot boaſt, that they have an original Air, which has no Reſemblance of any foregoing Writer; that the Verſification and Sentiments have a Caſt peculiar to themſelves, which no Man can imitate with Succeſs;

ceſs; becauſe, what was Nature in *Savage*, would in another be Affectation. It muſt be confeſſed, that his Deſcriptions are ſtriking, his Images animated, his Fictions juſtly imagined, and his Allegories artfully perſued; that his Diction is elevated, though ſometimes forced, and his Numbers ſonorous and majeſtick, though frequently ſluggiſh and encumbered. Of his Stile, the general Fault is Harſhneſs, and the general Excellence is Dignity; of his Sentiments, the prevailing Beauty is Sublimity, and Uniformity the prevailing Defect.

For his Life, or for his Writings, none who candidly conſider his Fortune, will think an Apology either neceſſary or difficult. If he was not always ſufficiently inſtructed in his Subject, his Knowledge was at leaſt greater than could have been attained by others in the ſame State. If his Works were ſometimes unfiniſhed, Accuracy cannot reaſonably be exacted from a Man oppreſſed with Want, which he has no Hope of relieving but by a ſpeedy Publication. The Inſolence and Reſentment of which he is accuſed, were not eaſily to be avoided by a great Mind, irritated by perpetual Hardſhips, and conſtrained hourly to return the Spurns of Contempt, and repreſs the Inſolence of Proſperity; and Vanity ſurely may be readily pardoned in him, to whom Life afforded no other Comforts that barren Praiſes, and the Conſciouſneſs of deſerving them.

Thoſe are no proper Judges of his Conduct, who have ſlumbered away their Time on the Down of Abundance; nor will a wiſe Man eaſily preſume to ſay, "Had I been in *Savage*'s Con-"dition, I ſhould have lived, or written, better "than *Savage*."

This Relation will not be wholly without its Uſe, if thoſe, who languiſh under any Part of his Sufferings, ſhall be enabled to fortify their Patience by reflecting, that they feel only thoſe Afflictions from which the Abilities of *Savage* did not exempt him; or if thoſe, who, in Confidence of ſuperior Capacities or Attainments, diſregard the common Maxims of Life, ſhall be reminded that nothing will ſupply the Want of Prudence; and that Negligence and Irregularity, long continued, will make Knowledge uſeleſs, Wit ridiculous, and Genius contemptible.

End of the Life of Mr. SAVAGE.

THE LIFE OF Sir FRANCIS DRAKE.

FRANCIS DRAKE was the Son of a Clergyman in *Devonſhire*, who being inclined to the Doctrine of the Proteſtants, at that Time much oppoſed by *Henry* VIII. was obliged to fly from his Place of Reſidence into *Kent* for Refuge, from the Perſecution raiſed againſt him, and thoſe of the ſame Opinion, by the Law of the Six Articles.

How long he lived there, or how he was ſupported, is not known; nor have we any Account of the firſt Years of Sir *Francis Drake*'s Life, of any Diſpoſition to Hazards and Adventures which might have been diſcovered in his Childhood; or of the Education which qualified him for ſuch wonderful Attempts.

We are only informed, that he was put Apprentice by his Father to the Maſter of a ſmall Veſſel that traded to *France* and the *Low Countries*, under whom he probably learned the Rudiments

of Navigation, and familiariſed himſelf to the Dangers and Hardſhips of the Sea.

But how few Opportunities ſoever he might have in this Part of his Life for the Exerciſe of his Courage, he gave ſo many Proofs of his Diligence and Fidelity, that his Maſter, dying unmarried, left him his little Veſſel in Reward of his Service; a Circumſtance that deſerves to be remembered, not only as it may illuſtrate the private Character of this brave Man, but as it may hint to all thoſe who may hereafter propoſe his Conduct for their Imitation, That Virtue is the ſureſt Foundation both of Reputation and Fortune, and that the firſt Step to Greatneſs is to be honeſt.

If it were not improper to dwell longer on an Incident at the firſt View ſo inconſiderable, it might be added, that it deſerves the Reflection of thoſe, who, when they are engaged in Affairs not adequate to their Abilities, paſs them over with a contemptuous Neglect; and while they amuſe themſelves with chimerical Schemes, and Plans of future Undertakings, ſuffer every Opportunity of ſmaller Advantage to ſlip away as unworthy their Regard. They may learn, from the Example of *Drake*, that Diligence in Employments of leſs Conſequence is the moſt ſucceſsful Introduction to greater Enterprizes.

After having followed for ſome Time his Maſter's Profeſſion, he grew weary of ſo narrow a Province;

Province; and having ſold his little Veſſel, ventured his Effects in the new Trade to the *Weſt-Indies*, which having not been long diſcovered, and very little frequented by the *Engliſh* till that Time, were conceived ſo much to abound in Wealth, that no Voyage thither could fail of being recompenſed by great Advantages. Nothing was talked of among the mercantile or adventurous Part of Mankind, but the Beauty and Riches of this new World. Freſh Diſcoveries were frequently made, new Countries and Nations never heard of before were daily deſcribed; and it may eaſily be concluded, that the Relaters did not diminiſh the Merit of their Attempts, by ſuppreſſing or diminiſhing any Circumſtance that might produce Wonder, or excite Curioſity. Nor was their Vanity only engaged in raiſing Admirers, but their Intereſt likewiſe in procuring Adventurers, who were indeed eaſily gained by the Hopes which naturally ariſe from new Proſpects, tho' through Ignorance of the *American* Seas, and by the Malice of the *Spaniards*, who from the firſt Diſcovery of thoſe Countries conſidered every other Nation that attempted to follow them as Invaders of their Rights, the beſt concerted Deſigns often miſcarried.

Among thoſe who ſuffered moſt from the *Spaniſh* Injuſtice, was Captain *John Hawkins*, who having been admitted by the Viceroy to traffic in the Bay of *Mexico*, was, contrary to the Stipulation then

made between them, and in Violation of the Peace between *Spain* and *England*, attacked without any Declaration of Hoſtilities, and obliged, after an obſtinate Reſiſtance, to retire with the Loſs of four Ships, and a great Number of his Men, who were either deſtroyed, or carried into Slavery.

In this Voyage *Drake* had adventured almoſt all his Fortune, which he in vain endeavoured to recover, both by his own private Intereſt, and by obtaining Letters from Queen *Elizabeth*; for the *Spaniards*, deaf to all Remonſtrances, either vindicated the Injuſtice of the Viceroy, or at leaſt forbore to redreſs it.

Drake, thus oppreſſed and impoveriſhed, retained at leaſt his Courage and his Induſtry, that ardent Spirit that prompted him to Adventures, and that indefatigable Patience that enabled him to ſurmount Difficulties. He did not ſit down idly to lament Misfortunes which Heaven had put it in his Power to remedy, or to repine at Poverty while the Wealth of his Enemies was to be gained. But having made two Voyages to *America*, for the ſake of gaining Intelligence of the State of the *Spaniſh* Settlements, and acquainted himſelf with the Seas and Coaſts, he determined on a third Expedition of more Importance, by which the *Spaniards* ſhould find how imprudently they always act, who injure and inſult a brave Man.

On the 24th of *May*, 1572, *Francis Drake* ſet ſail from *Plymouth*, in the *Paſcha* of 70 Tons, accom-

accompanied by the *Swan* of 25 Tons, commanded by his Brother *John Drake*; having in both Veſſels ſeventy-three Men and Boys, with a Year's Proviſion, and ſuch Artillery and Ammution as was neceſſary for his Undertaking; which, however incredible it may appear to ſuch as conſider rather his Force than his Fortitude, was no leſs than to make Repriſals upon the moſt powerful Nation in the World.

The Wind continuing favourable, they entered *June* 29, between *Guadalupe* and *Dominica*; and on *July* 6th ſaw the High-land of *Santa Martha*; then continuing their Courſe, after having been becalmed for ſome Time, they arrived at Port *Pheaſant*, ſo named by *Drake* in a former Voyage, to the Eaſt of *Nombre de Dios*. Here he propoſed to build his Pinnaces, which he had brought in Pieces ready framed from *Plymouth*, and was going aſhore with a few Men, unarmed; but diſcovering a Smoke at a Diſtance, ordered the other Boat to follow him with a greater Force.

Then marching towards the Fire, which was in the Top of a high Tree, he found a Plate of Lead nailed to another Tree, with an Inſcription engraved upon it by one *Garret*, an *Engliſhman*, who had left that Place but five Days before, and had taken this Method of informing him, that the *Spaniards* had been advertiſed of his Intention to anchor at that Place, and that it therefore would be prudent to make a very ſhort Stay there.

But *Drake*, knowing how convenient this Place was for his Deſigns, and conſidering that the Hazard and Waſte of Time, which could not be avoided in ſeeking another Station, was equivalent to any other Danger which was to be apprehended from the *Spaniards*, determined to follow his firſt Reſolution; only, for his greater Security, he ordered a kind of Paliſade, or Fortification, to be made, by felling large Trees, and laying the Trunks and Branches one upon another by the Side of the River.

On *July* 20, having built their Pinnaces, and being joined by one Captain *Rouſe*, who happened to touch at the ſame Place with a Bark of 50 Men, they ſet ſail towards *Nombre de Dios*, and taking two Frigates at the Iſland of *Pines*, were informed by the Negroes which they found in them, that the Inhabitants of that Place were in Expectation of ſome Soldiers, which the Governor of *Panama* had promiſed, to defend them from the *Symerons*, or fugitive Negroes, who having eſcaped from the Tyranny of their Maſters in great Numbers, had ſettled themſelves under two Kings, or Leaders, on each Side of the Way between *Nombre de Dios* and *Panama*, and not only aſſerted their natural Right to Liberty and Independence, but endeavoured to revenge the Cruelties they had ſuffered; and had lately put the Inhabitants of *Nombre de Dios* into the utmoſt Conſternation.

Theſe

Theſe Negroes the Captain ſet on Shore on the main Land, ſo that they might, by joining the *Symerons*, recover their Liberty, or at leaſt might not have it in their Power to give the People of *Nombre de Dios* any ſpeedy Information of his Intention to invade them.

Then ſelecting 53 Men from his own company, and 20 from the Crew of his new Aſſociate Captain *Rouſe*, he embarked with them in his Pinnaces, and ſet ſail for *Nombre de Dios*.

On *July* the 28th, at Night, he approached the Town undiſcovered, and dropt his Anchors under the Shore, intending, after his Men were refreſhed, to begin the Attack; but finding that they were terrifying each other with formidable Accounts of the Strength of the Place, and the Multitude of the Inhabitants, he determined to hinder the Panic from ſpreading farther, by leading them immediately to Action; and therefore ordering them to their Oars, he landed without any Oppoſition, there being only one Gunner upon the Bay, tho' it was ſecured with ſix Braſs Cannons of the largeſt Size, ready mounted. But the Gunner, while they were throwing the Cannon from their Carriages, alarmed the Town, as they ſoon diſcovered, by the Bell, the Drums, and the Noiſe of the People.

Drake leaving twelve Men to guard the Pinnaces, marched round the Town with no great Oppoſition, the Men being more hurt by treading

on the Weapons left on the Ground by the flying Enemy, than by the Reſiſtance which they encountered.

At length having taken ſome of the *Spaniards*, *Drake* commanded them to ſhew him the Governor's Houſe, where the Mules that bring the Silver from *Panama* were unloaded; there they found the Door open, and entering the Room where the Silver was repoſited, found it heaped up in Bars in ſuch Quantities as almoſt exceed Belief, the Pile being, they conjectured, ſeventy Feet in Length, ten in Breadth, and twelve in Height, each Bar weighing between 30 and 45 Pounds.

It is eaſy to imagine, that at the Sight of this Treaſure, nothing was thought on by the *Engliſh* but by what Means they might beſt convey it to their Boats; and doubtleſs it was not eaſy for *Drake*, who, conſidering their Diſtance from the Shore, and the Numbers of their Enemies, was afraid of being intercepted in his Retreat, to hinder his Men from encumbering themſelves with ſo much Silver as might have retarded their March, and obſtructed the Uſe of their Weapons; however, by promiſing to lead them to the King's Treaſure-Houſe, where there was Gold and Jewels to a far greater Value, and where the Treaſure was not only more portable, but nearer the Coaſt, he perſuaded them to follow him, and rejoin the main Body of his Men, then drawn up under the Command of his Brother in the Market-place.

Here

Here he found his little Troop much diſcouraged by the Imagination, that if they ſtayed any longer, the Enemy would gain Poſſeſſion of their Pinnaces; and that they ſhould then, without any Means of Safety, be left to ſtand alone againſt the whole Power of that Country: *Drake*, not indeed eaſily terrified, but ſufficiently cautious, ſent to the Coaſt to enquire the Truth, and ſee if the ſame Terror had taken Poſſeſſion of the Men whom he had left to guard his Boats; but finding no Foundation for theſe dreadful Apprehenſions, he perſiſted in his firſt Deſign, and led the Troop forward to the Treaſure-Houſe. In their Way there fell a violent Shower of Rain, which wet ſome of their Bow-ſtrings, and extinguiſhed many of their Matches; a Misfortune which might ſoon have been repaired, and which perhaps the Enemy might ſuffer in common with them, but which however, on this Occaſion, very much embarraſſed them, as the Delay produced by it repreſſed that Ardour which ſometimes is only to be kept up by continued Action, and gave Time to the Timorous and Slothful to ſpread their Inſinuations, and propagate their Cowardice.—Some, whoſe Fear was their predominant Paſſion, were continually magnifying the Numbers and Courage of their Enemies, and repreſented whole Nations as ready to ruſh upon them; others, whoſe Avarice mingled with their Concern for their own Safety, were more ſolicitous to preſerve

ſerve what they had already gained, than to acquire more; and others, brave in themſelves, and reſolute, began to doubt of Succeſs in an Undertaking in which they were aſſociated with ſuch cowardly Companions. So that ſcarcely any Man appeared to proceed in their Enterprize with that Spirit and Alacrity which could give *Drake* a Proſpect of Succeſs.

This he perceived, and with ſome Emotion told them, that if, after having had the chief Treaſure of the World within their Reach, they ſhould go home and languiſh in Poverty, they could blame nothing but their own Cowardice; that he had performed his Part, and was ſtill deſirous to lead them to Riches and to Honour.

Then finding that either Shame or Conviction made them willing to follow him, he ordered the Treaſure-houſe to be forced; and commanding his Brother, and *Oxenham* of *Plymouth*, a Man known afterwards for his bold Adventures in the ſame Parts, to take Charge of the Treaſure, he commanded the other Body to follow him to the Market-place, that he might be ready to oppoſe any ſcattered Troops of the *Spaniards*, and hinder them from uniting into one Body.

But as he ſtepped forward, his Strength failed him on a ſudden, and he fell down ſpeechleſs. Then it was that his Companions perceived a Wound in his Leg, which he had received in the firſt Encounter, but hitherto concealed, leſt his Men,

Men, eaſily diſcouraged, ſhould make their Concern for his Life a Pretence for returning to their Boats. Such had been his Loſs of Blood, as was diſcovered upon nearer Obſervation, that it had filled the Prints of his Footſteps, and it appeared ſcarce credible that, after ſuch Effuſion of Blood, Life ſhould remain.

The Braveſt were now willing to retire; neither the Deſire of Honour nor of Riches was thought enough to prevail in any Man over his Regard for his Leader. *Drake*, whom Cordials had now reſtored to his Speech, was the only Man who could not be prevailed on to leave the Enterprize unfiniſhed. It was to no Purpoſe that they adviſed him to ſubmit to go on board to have his Wound dreſſed, and promiſed to return with him and complete their Deſign; he well knew how impracticable it was to regain the Opportunity when it was once loſt; and could eaſily foreſee that a Reſpite, of but a few Hours, would enable the *Spaniards* to recover from their Conſternation, to aſſemble their Forces, refit their Batteries, and remove their Treaſure. What he had undergone ſo much Danger to obtain was now in his Hands, and the Thoughts of leaving it untouched was too mortifying to be patiently borne. However, as there was little Time for Conſultation, and the ſame Danger attended their Stay in that Perplexity and Confuſion, as their Return, they bound up his Wound with his Scarf, and,

partly

partly by Force, partly by Entreaty, carried him to the Boats, in which they all embarked by Break of Day.

Then taking with them, out of the Harbour, a Ship loaded with Wines, they went to the *Baſtimentes*, an Iſland about a League from the Town, where they ſtayed two Days to repoſe the wounded Men, and to regale themſelves with the Fruits which grew in great Plenty in the Gardens of that Iſland.

During their Stay here, there came over from the Main Land a *Spaniſh* Gentleman, ſent by the Governor with Inſtructions to enquire, whether the Captain was that *Drake* who had been before on their Coaſt; whether the Arrows with which many of their Men were wounded, were not poiſoned; and whether they wanted Proviſions, or other Neceſſaries. The Meſſenger likewiſe extolled their Courage with the higheſt Encomiums, and expreſſed his Admiration of their daring Undertaking. *Drake*, though he knew the Civilities of an Enemy are always to be ſuſpected, and that the Meſſenger, amidſt all his Profeſſions of Regard, was no other than a Spy; yet, knowing that he had nothing to apprehend, treated him with the higheſt Honours that his Condition admitted of; in anſwer to his Enquiries, he aſſured him, that he was the ſame *Drake* with whoſe Character they were before acquainted, that he was a rigid Obſerver of the Laws of War, and never

never permitted his Arrows to be poiſoned; he then diſmiſſed him with conſiderable Preſents, and told him, that, though he had unfortunately failed in this Attempt, he would never deſiſt from his Deſign, till he had ſhared with *Spain* the Treaſures of *America*.

They then reſolved to return to the Iſle of *Pines*, where they had left their Ships, and conſult about the Meaſures they were now to take; and having arrived, *Auguſt* 1, at their former Station, they diſmiſſed Captain *Rouſe*, who judging it unſafe to ſtay any longer on the Coaſt, deſired to be no longer engaged in their Deſigns.

But *Drake*, not to be diſcouraged from his Purpoſe by a ſingle Diſappointment, after having enquired of a Negroe, whom he took aboard at *Nombre de Dios*, the moſt wealthy Settlements, and weakeſt Parts of the Coaſt, reſolved to attack *Carthagena*; and ſetting ſail without Loſs of Time, came to Anchor, *Auguſt* 13, between *Chareſha* and *St. Barnard*'s, two Iſlands at a little Diſtance from the Harbour of *Carthagena*; then paſſing with his Boats round the Iſland, he entered the Harbour, and in the Mouth of it found a Frigate with only an old Man in it, who voluntarily informed them, that about an Hour before a Pinnace had paſſed by with Sails and Oars, and all the Appearance of Expedition and Importance; that as ſhe paſſed, the Crew on board her bid them take care of themſelves; and that as ſoon as ſhe touched

touched the Shore, they heard the Noiſe of Cannon fired as a Warning, and ſaw the Shipping in the Port draw up under the Guns of the Caſtle.

The Captain, who had himſelf heard the Diſcharge of the Artillery, was ſoon convinced that he was diſcovered, and that therefore nothing could be attempted with any Probability of Succeſs. He therefore contented himſelf with taking a Ship of *Seville*, of 240 Tons, which the Relater of this Voyage mentions as a very large Ship, and two ſmall Frigates, in which he found Letters of Advice from *Nombre de Dios*, intended to alarm that Part of the Coaſt.

Drake, now finding his Pinnaces of great Uſe, and not having a ſufficient Number of Sailors for all his Veſſels, was deſirous of deſtroying one of his Ships, that his Pinnaces might be better manned: This, neceſſary as it was, could not eaſily be done without diſguſting his Company, who having made ſeveral proſperous Voyages in that Veſſel, would be unwilling to have it deſtroyed. *Drake* well knew that nothing but the Love of their Leaders could animate his Followers to encounter ſuch Hardſhips as he was about to expoſe them to, and therefore rather choſe to bring his Deſigns to paſs by Artifice than Authority. He ſent for the Carpenter of the *Swan*, took him into his Cabin, and having firſt engaged him to Secrecy, ordered him, in the Middle of the Night, to go down into the Well of the Ship, and

and bore three Holes through the Bottom, laying ſomething againſt them that might hinder the Bubbling of the Water from being heard. To this the Carpenter, after ſome Expoſtulation, conſented, and the next Night performed his Promiſe.

In the Morning, *Auguſt* 15, *Drake* going out with his Pinnace a fiſhing, rowed up to the *Swan*, and having invited his Brother to partake of his Diverſion, enquired with a negligent Air, why their Bark was ſo deep in the Water; upon which the Steward going down, returned immediately with an Account, that the Ship was leaky, and in danger of ſinking in a little Time. They had Recourſe immediately to the Pump, but having laboured till Three in the Afternoon, and gained very little upon the Water, they willingly, according to *Drake*'s Advice, ſet the Veſſel on Fire, and went on board the Pinnaces.

Finding it now neceſſary to lie concealed for ſome Time, till the *Spaniards* ſhould forget their Danger, and remit their Vigilance, they ſet ſail for the Sound of *Darien*; and without approaching the Coaſt, that their Courſe might not be obſerved, they arrived there in ſix Days.

This being a convenient Place for their Reception, both on account of Privacy, as it was out of the Road of all Trade, and as it was well ſupplied with Wood, Water, wild Fowl, Hogs, Deer, and all Kinds of Proviſions, he ſtayed here fifteen Days,

Days, to careen his Veſſels, and refreſh his Men, who worked interchangeably, on one Day the one half, and on the next the other.

On the fifth Day of *September*, *Drake* left his Brother with the Ship at *Darien*, and ſet out with two Pinnaces towards the *Rio Grande*, which they reached in three Days, and on the ninth were diſcovered by a *Spaniard* from the Bank, who believing them to be his Countrymen, made a Signal to them to come on Shore, with which they very readily complied; but he, ſoon finding his Miſtake, abandoned his Plantation, where they found great Plenty of Proviſions, with which having laden their Veſſels, they departed. So great was the Quantity of Proviſions which they amaſſed here and in other Places, that in different Parts of the Coaſt they built four Magazines, or Store-houſes, which they filled with Neceſſaries for the Proſecution of their Voyage. Theſe they placed at ſuch a Diſtance from each other, that the Enemy, if he ſhould ſurprize one, might yet not diſcover the reſt.

In the mean time, his Brother, Captain *John Drake*, went, according to the Inſtructions that had been left him, in ſearch of the *Symerons*, or fugitive Negroes, from whoſe Aſſiſtance alone they had now any Proſpect of a ſucceſsful Voyage; and touching upon the main Land, by means of the Negro whom they had taken from *Nombre de Dios*, engaged two of them to come

on

on board his Pinnace, leaving two of their own Men as Hoſtages for their returning. Theſe Men, having aſſured *Drake* of the Affection of their Nation, appointed an Interview between him and their Leaders. So leaving Port *Plenty*, in the Iſle of *Pines*, ſo named by the *Engliſh*, from the great Stores of Proviſions which they had amaſſed at that Place, they came, by the Direction of the *Symerons*, into a ſecret Bay, among beautiful Iſlands covered with Trees, which concealed their Ship from Obſervation, and where the Channel was ſo narrow and rocky, that it was impoſſible to enter it by Night, ſo that there was no Danger of a ſudden Attack.

Here they met, and entered into Engagements, which common Enemies and common Dangers preſerved from Violation. But the firſt Converſation informed the *Engliſh*, that their Expectations were not immediately to be gratified; for, upon their Enquiries after the moſt probable Means of gaining Gold and Silver, the *Symerons* told them, that had they known ſooner the chief End of their Expedition, they could eaſily have gratified them, but that during the rainy Seaſon, which was now begun, and which continues ſix Months, they could not recover the Treaſure, which they had taken from the *Spaniards*, out of the Rivers in which they had concealed it.

Drake, therefore, propoſing to wait in this Place till the Rains were paſt, built, with the Aſ-

ſiſtance of the *Symerons*, a Fort of Earth and Timber, and leaving Part of his Company with the *Symerons*, ſet out with three Pinnaces towards *Carthagena*, being of a Spirit too active to lie ſtill patiently, even in a State of Plenty and Security, and with the moſt probable Expectations of immenſe Riches.

On the 16th of *October*, he anchored within ſight of *Carthagena*, without landing; and on the 17th, going out to Sea, took a *Spaniſh* Bark, with which they entered the Harbour, where they were accoſted by a *Spaniſh* Gentleman, whom they had ſome time before taken, and ſet at Liberty, who coming to them in a Boat (as he pretended) without the Knowledge of the Governor, made them great Promiſes of Refreſhment, and Profeſſions of Eſteem; but *Drake* having waited till the next Morning without receiving the Proviſions he had been prevailed upon to expect, found that all this pretended Kindneſs was no more than a Stratagem to amuſe him, while the Governor was raiſing Forces for his Deſtruction.

October 20, they took two Frigates coming out of *Carthagena* without Lading. — Why the *Spaniards*, knowing *Drake* to be at the Mouth of the Harbour, ſent out their Veſſels on purpoſe to be taken, does not appear. Perhaps they thought that, in order to keep Poſſeſſion of his Prizes, he would divide his Company, and by that Diviſion be more eaſily deſtroyed.

In

In a few Hours afterwards, they ſent out two Frigates well manned, which *Drake* ſoon forced to retire; and having ſunk one of his Prizes, and burnt the other in their Sight, leaped afterwards aſhore, ſingle, in Defiance of their Troops, which hovered at a Diſtance in the Woods and on the Hills, without ever venturing to approach within Reach of the Shot from the Pinnaces.

To leap upon an Enemy's Coaſt in Sight of a ſuperior Force, only to ſhow how little they were feared, was an Act that would in theſe Times meet with little Applauſe, nor can the General be ſeriouſly commended, or rationally vindicated, who expoſes his Perſon to Deſtruction, and, by Conſequence, his Expedition to Miſcarriage, only for the Pleaſure of an idle Inſult, an inſignificant Bravado. All that can be urged in his Defence, is, that perhaps it might contribute to heighten the Eſteem of his Followers, as few Men, eſpecially of that Claſs, are philoſophical enough to ſtate the exact Limits of Prudence and Bravery, or not to be dazzled with an Intrepidity, how improperly ſoever exerted. It may be added, that perhaps the *Spaniards*, whoſe Notions of Courage are ſufficiently romantic, might look upon him as a more formidable Enemy, and yield more eaſily to a Hero of whoſe Fortitude they had ſo high an Idea.

However, finding the whole Country advertiſed of his Attempts, and in Arms to oppoſe him, he

he thought it not proper to ſtay longer where there was no Probability of Succeſs, and where he might in Time be overpowered by Multitudes, and therefore determined to go forwards to *Rio de Heba*.

This Reſolution, when it was known by his Followers, threw them into Aſtoniſhment, and the Company of one of his Pinnaces remonſtrated to him, that though they placed the higheſt Confidence in his Conduct, they could not think of undertaking ſuch a Voyage without Proviſions, having only a Gammon of Bacon, and a ſmall Quantity of Bread, for ſeventeen Men: *Drake* anſwered them, that there was on board his Veſſel even a greater Scarcity; but yet, if they would adventure to ſhare his Fortune, he did not doubt of extricating them from all their Difficulties.

Such was the heroic Spirit of *Drake*, that he never ſuffered himſelf to be diverted from his Deſigns by any Difficulties, nor ever thought of relieving his Exigencies, but at the Expence of his Enemies.

Reſolution and Succeſs reciprocally produce each other. He had not ſailed more than three Leagues, before they diſcovered a large Ship, which they attacked with all the Intrepidity that Neceſſity inſpires, and happily found it laden with excellent Proviſions.

But finding his Crew growing faint and ſickly with their Manner of Living in the Pinnaces,

which

which was leſs commodious than on board the Ships, he determined to go back to the *Symerons*, with whom he left his Brother and Part of his Force, and attempt, by their Conduct, to make his Way over, and invade the *Spaniards* in the Inland Parts, where they would probably never dream of an Enemy.

When they arrived at Port *Diego*, ſo named from the Negro who had procured them their Intercourſe with the *Symerons*, they found Captain *John Drake*, and one of his Company dead, being killed in attempting, almoſt unarmed, to board a Frigate, well provided with all Things neceſſary for its Defence. The Captain was unwilling to attack it, and repreſented to them the Madneſs of their Propoſal; but being overborne by their Clamours and Importunities, to avoid the Imputation of Cowardice, complied to his Deſtruction. So dangerous is it for the chief Commander to be abſent!

Nor was this their only Misfortune; for, in a very ſhort Time, many of them were attacked by the *Calenture*, a malignant Fever, very frequent in the hot Climates, which carried away, among ſeveral others, *Joſeph Drake*, another Brother of the Commander.

While *Drake* was employed in taking care of the ſick men, the *Symerons*, who ranged the Country for Intelligence, brought him an Account, that the *Spaniſh* Fleet was arrived at *Nombre de*

Dios, the Truth of which was confirmed by the Pinnace, which he ſent out to make Obſervations.

This, therefore, was the Time for their Journey, when the Treaſures of the *American* Mines were to be tranſported from *Panama*, over Land, to *Nombre de Dios*. He therefore, by the Direction of the *Symerons*, furniſhed himſelf with all Things neceſſary, and on *February* 3, ſet out from Port *Diego*.

Having loſt already 28 of his Company, and being under a Neceſſity of leaving ſome to guard his Ship, he took with him only 18 *Engliſh*, and 30 *Symerons*, who not only ſerved as Guides to ſhow the Way, but as Purveyors to procure Proviſions.

They carried not only Arrows for War, but for Hunting and Fowling; the Heads of which are proportioned in Size to the Game which they are purſuing; for Oxen, Stags, or wild Boars, they have Arrows, or Javelins, with Heads weighing a Pound and half, which they diſcharge near Hand, and which ſcarcely ever fail of being mortal. The ſecond Sort are about half as heavy as the other, and are generally ſhot from their Bows; theſe are intended for ſmaller Beaſts. With the third Sort, of which the Heads are an Ounce in weight, they kill Birds.

As this Nation is in a State that does not ſet them above continual Cares for the immediate Neceſſaries of Life, he that can temper Iron beſt,

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is among them moſt eſteemed; and, perhaps, it would be happy for every Nation, if Honours and Applauſes were as juſtly diſtributed, and he were moſt diſtinguiſhed whoſe Abilities were moſt uſeful to Society. How many chimerical Titles to Precedence, how many falſe Pretences to Reſpect, would this Rule bring to the Ground!

Every Day, by Sun-riſing, they began to march, and having travelled till ten, reſted near ſome River till twelve; then travelling again till four, they repoſed all Night in Houſes, which the *Symerons* had either left ſtanding in their former Marches, or very readily erected for them, by ſetting up three or four Poſts in the Ground, and laying Poles from one to another in Form of a Roof, which they thatched with Palmetto Boughs and Plantane Leaves. In the Valleys, where they were ſheltered from the Winds, they left three or four Feet below open; but on the Hills, where they were more expoſed to the chill Blaſts of the Night, they thatched them cloſe to the Ground, leaving only a Door for Entrance, and a Vent in the Middle of the Room, for the Smoke of three Fires, which they made in every houſe.

In their March, they met not only with Plenty of Fruits upon the Banks of the Rivers, but with wild Swine in great abundance, of which the *Symerons*, without Difficulty, killed, for the moſt Part, as much as was wanted. One day, however, they found an Otter, and were about to dreſs

it; at which *Drake* expreſſing his Wonder, was aſked by *Pedro*, the chief *Symeron*, *Are you a Man of War, and in Want, and yet doubt whether this be Meat that hath Blood in it?* For which *Drake* in private rebuked him, ſays the Relator, whether juſtly or not, it is not very important to determine. There ſeems to be in *Drake's* Scruple ſomewhat of Superſtition, perhaps not eaſily to be juſtified; and the Negroe's Anſwer was, at leaſt, martial, and will I believe be generally acknowledged to be rational.

On the third Day of their March, *February* 6, they came to a Town of the *Symerons*, ſituated on the Side of a Hill, and encompaſſed with a Ditch and a Mud Wall, to ſecure it from any ſudden Surprize: Here they lived with great Neatneſs and Plenty, and ſome Obſervation of Religion, paying great Reverence to the Croſs; a Practice which *Drake* prevailed upon them to change for the Uſe of the Lord's Prayer. Here they importuned *Drake* to ſtay for a few Days, promiſing to double his Strength; but he, either thinking greater Numbers unneceſſary, or fearing that if any Difference ſhould ariſe, he ſhould be overborne by the Number of the *Symerons*, or that they would demand to ſhare the Plunder that ſhould be taken, in common, or for ſome other Reaſon, that might eaſily occur, refuſed any Addition to his Troop, endeavouring to expreſs his Refuſal in ſuch Terms as might heighten their Opinion of his Bravery.

He then proceeded on his Journey, through cool Shades, and lofty Woods, which ſheltered them ſo effectually from the Sun, that their March was leſs toilſome than if they had travelled in *England* during the Heat of the Summer. Four of the *Symerons*, that were acquainted with the Way, went about a Mile before the Troop, and ſcattered Branches to direct them; then followed twelve *Symerons*, after whom came the *Engliſh* with the two Leaders, and the other *Symerons* cloſed the Rear.

On *February* 11, they arrived at the Top of a very high Hill, on the Summit of which grew a Tree of wonderful Greatneſs, in which they had cut Steps for the more eaſy Aſcent to the Top, where there was a Kind of Tower, to which they invited *Drake*, and from thence ſhewed him not only the North Sea, from whence they came, but the great *South Sea*, on which no *Engliſh* Veſſel had ever ſailed. This Proſpect exciting his natural Curioſity and Ardour for Adventures and Diſcoveries, he lifted up his Hands to God, and implored his Bleſſing upon the Reſolution, which he then formed, of ſailing in an *Engliſh* Ship on that Sea.

Then continuing their March, they came, after two Days, into an open, level Country, where their Paſſage was ſomewhat incommoded by the Graſs, which is of a peculiar Kind, conſiſting of a Stalk like that of Wheat, and a Blade,

on which the Oxen and other Cattle feed, till it grows too high for them to reach; then the Inhabitants ſet it on fire, and in three Days it ſprings up again; this they are obliged to do thrice a Year, ſo great is the Fertility of the Soil.

At length, being within view of *Panama*, they left all frequented Roads, for fear of being diſcovered, and poſted themſelves in a Grove, near the Way between *Panama* and *Nombre de Dios*; then they ſent a *Symeron*, in the Habit of a Negro of *Panama*, to enquire on what Night the *Recoes*, or Drivers of Mules, on which the Treaſure is carried, were to ſet forth. The Meſſenger was ſo well qualified for his Undertaking, and ſo induſtrious in the Proſecution of it, that he ſoon returned with an Account, that the Treaſurer of *Lima*, intending to return to *Europe*, would paſs that Night, with eight Mules laden with Gold, and one with Jewels.

Having received this Information, they immediately marched to *Venta Cruz*, the firſt Town on the Way to *Nombre de Dios*, ſending, for Security, two *Symerons* before, who, as they went, perceived, by the Scent of a Match, that ſome *Spaniard* was before them, and, going ſilently forwards, ſurprized a Soldier aſleep upon the Ground. They immediately bound him, and brought him to *Drake*, who, upon Enquiry, found that their Spy had not deceived them in his Intelligence. The Soldier having informed himſelf of the Captain's

tain's Name, conceived ſuch a Confidence in his well-known Clemency, that, after having made an ample Diſcovery of the Treaſure that was now at hand, he petioned not only that he would command the *Symerons* to ſpare his Life, but that when the Treaſure ſhould fall into his Hands, he would allow him as much as might maintain him and his Miſtreſs, ſince they were about to gain more than their whole Company could carry away.

Drake then ordered his Men to lie down in the long Graſs, about fifty Paces from the Road, half on one Side, with himſelf, and half on the other, with *Oxenham* and the Captain of the *Symerons*, ſo much behind, that one Company might ſeize the foremoſt *Recoe*, and the other the hindermoſt; for the Mules of theſe *Recoes*, or Drovers, being tied together, travel in a Line, and are all guided by leading the firſt.

When they had lain about an Hour in this Place, they began to hear the Bells of the Mules on each Hand, upon which Orders were given, that the Droves which came from *Venta Cruz* ſhould paſs unmoleſted, becauſe they carried nothing of great Value, and thoſe only be intercepted which were travelling thither, and that none of the men ſhould riſe up till the Signal ſhould be given. But one *Robert Pike*, heated with ſtrong Liquor, left his Company, and prevailed upon one of the *Symerons* to creep with him to the Way-ſide, that they might ſignalize themſelves

ſelves by ſeizing the firſt Mule; and hearing the Trampling of a Horſe, as he lay, could not be reſtrained by the *Symeron* from riſing up to obſerve who was paſſing by. This he did ſo imprudently, that he was diſcovered by the Paſſenger; for, by *Drake*'s Order, the *Engliſh* had put their Shirts on over their Coats, that the Night and the Tumult might not hinder them from knowing one another.

The Gentleman was immediately obſerved by *Drake* to change his Trot into a Gallop; but the Reaſon of it not appearing, it was imputed to his Fear of the Robbers that uſually infeſt that Road, and the *Engliſh* ſtill continued to expect the Treaſure.

In a ſhort Time, one of the *Recoes* that were paſſing towards *Venta Cruz*, came up, and was eagerly ſeized by the *Engliſh*, who expected nothing leſs than half the Revenue of the *Indies*; nor is it eaſy to imagine their Mortification and Perplexity, when they found only two Mules laden with Silver, the reſt having no other Burthen than Proviſions.

The Driver was brought immediately to the Captain, and informed him, that the Horſeman whom he had obſerved paſs by with ſo much Precipitation, had informed the Treaſurer of what he had obſerved, and adviſed him to ſend back the Mules that carried his Gold and Jewels, and ſuffer only the reſt to proceed, that he might, by

that

that cheap Experiment, diſcover whether there was any Ambuſh on the Way.

That *Drake* was not leſs diſguſted than his Followers, at the Diſappointment, cannot be doubted; but there was now no Time to be ſpent in Complaints. The whole Country was alarmed, and all the Force of the *Spaniards* was ſummoned to overwhelm him. He had no Fortreſs to retire to, every Man was his Enemy, and every Retreat better known to the *Spaniards* than to himſelf.

This was an Occaſion that demanded all the Qualities of an Hero, an Intrepidity never to be ſhaken, and a Judgment never to be perplexed. He immediately conſidered all the Circumſtances of his preſent Situation, and found that it afforded him only the Choice of marching back by the ſame Way through which he came, or of forcing his Paſſage to *Venta Cruz*.

To march back, was to confeſs the Superiority of his Enemies, and to animate them to the Purſuit; the Woods would afford Opportunities of Ambuſh, and his Followers muſt often diſperſe themſelves in ſearch of Proviſions, who would become an eaſy Prey, diſpirited by their Diſappointment, and fatigued by their March. On the Way to *Venta Cruz* he ſhould have nothing to fear but from open Attacks, and expected Enemies.

Determining therefore to paſs forward to *Venta Cruz*, he aſked *Pedro*, the Leader of the *Symerons*, whether he was reſolved to follow him; and

having received from him the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances that nothing ſhould ſeparate them, commanded his Men to refreſh themſelves, and prepare to ſet forward.

When they came within a Mile of the Town, they diſmiſſed the Mules which they had made uſe of for their more eaſy and ſpeedy Paſſage, and continued their March along a Road cut through thick Woods, in which a Company of Soldiers, who were quartered in the Place to defend it againſt the *Symerons*, had poſted themſelves, together with a Convent of Friars headed by one of the Brethren, whoſe Zeal againſt the Northern Hereſy had incited him to hazard his Perſon, and aſſume the Province of a General.

Drake, who was advertiſed by two *Symerons*, whom he ſent before, of the Approach of the *Spaniards*, commanded his Followers to receive the firſt Volley without firing.

In a ſhort Time he heard himſelf ſummoned by the *Spaniſh* Captain to yield, with a Promiſe of Protection and kind Treatment; to which he anſwered with Defiance, Contempt, and the Diſcharge of his Piſtol.

Immediately the *Spaniards* poured in their Shot, by which only one Man was killed, and *Drake*, with ſome others, ſlightly wounded; upon which the Signal was given by *Drake*'s Whiſtle to fall upon them. The *Engliſh*, after diſcharging their Arrows and Shot, preſſed furiouſly forward, and drove

drove the *Spaniards* before them, which the *Symerons*, whom the Terror of the Shot had driven to ſome Diſtance, obſerved, and recalling their Courage, animated each other with Songs in their own Language, and ruſhed forward with ſuch Impetuoſity, that they overtook them near the Town, and, ſupported by the *Engliſh*, diſperſed them, with the Loſs of only one Man, who, after he had received his Wound, had Strength and Reſolution left to kill his Aſſailant.

They purſued the Enemy into the Town, in which they met with ſome Plunder, which was given to the *Symerons*, and treated the Inhabitants with great Clemency, *Drake* himſelf going to the *Spaniſh* Ladies, to aſſure them that no Injuries ſhould be offered them; ſo inſeparable is Humanity with true Courage.

Having thus broken the Spirits, and ſcattered the Forces, of the *Spaniards*, he purſued his March to his Ship, without any Apprehenſion of Danger, yet with great Speed, being very ſolicitous about the State of the Crew; ſo that he allowed his Men, harraſſed as they were, but little Time for Sleep or Refreſhment; but, by kind Exhortations, gentle Authority, and a chearful Participation of all their Hardſhips, prevailed upon them to bear, without Murmurs, not only the Toil of Travelling, but on ſome Days the Pain of Hunger.

In this March, he owed much of his Expedition to the Aſſiſtance of the *Symerons*, who being

accuſtomed to the Climate, and naturally robuſt, not only brought him Intelligence, and ſhewed the Way, but carried Neceſſaries, provided Victuals, and built Lodgings; and when any of the *Engliſh* fainted in the Way, two of them would carry him between them for two Miles together: nor was their Valour leſs than their Induſtry, after they had learned, from their *Engliſh* Companions, to deſpiſe the Fire-arms of the *Spaniards*.

When they were within five Leagues of the Ships, they found a Town built in their Abſence by the *Symerons*, at which *Drake* conſented to bait, ſending a *Symeron* to the Ship with his Gold Tooth-pick as a Token, which, though the Maſter knew it, was not ſufficient to gain the Meſſenger Credit, till, upon Examination, he found that the Captain, having ordered him to regard no Meſſage without his Hand-writing, had engraven his Name upon it with the Point of his Knife. He then ſent the Pinnace up the River, which they met and afterwards ſent to the Town for thoſe whoſe Wearineſs had made them unable to march farther. On *February* 23, the whole Company was re-united; and *Drake*, whoſe good or ill Succeſs never prevailed over his Piety, celebrated their Meeting with Thanks to God.

Drake, not yet diſcouraged, now turned his Thoughts to new Proſpects, and, without languiſhing in Melancholy Reflections upon his paſt Miſcarriages, employed himſelf in forming Schemes

for

for repairing them. Eager of Action, and acquainted with Man's nature, he never ſuffered Idleneſs to infect his Followers with Cowardice, but kept them from ſinking under any Diſappointment, by diverting their Attention to ſome new Enterprize.

Upon Conſultation with his own Men and the *Symerons*, he found them divided in their Opinions: Some declaring, that before they engaged in any new Attempt, it was neceſſary to increaſe their Stores of Proviſions; and others urging, that the Ships in which the Treaſure was conveyed ſhould be immediately attacked. The *Symerons* propoſed a third Plan, and adviſed him to undertake another March over Land to the Houſe of one *Pezora* near *Veragua*, whoſe Slaves brought him every Day more than two hundred Pounds Sterling from the Mines, which he heaped together in a ſtrong Stone Houſe, which might, by the Help of the *Engliſh*, be eaſily forced.

Drake, being unwilling to fatigue his Followers with another Journey, determined to comply with both the other Opinions; and manning his two Pinnaces, the *Bear* and the *Minion*, he ſent *John Oxenham*, in the *Bear*, towards *Tolon*, to ſeize upon Proviſions; and went himſelf, in the *Minion*, to the *Cabezas*, to intercept the Treaſure that was to be tranſported from *Veragua* and that Coaſt, to the Fleet at *Nombre de Dios*; firſt diſmiſſing with Preſents thoſe *Symerons* that deſired

to

to return to their Wives, and ordering thoſe that choſe to remain, to be entertained in the Ship.

Drake took at the *Cabezas* a Frigate of *Nicaragua*, the Pilot of which informed him, that there was in the Harbour of *Veragua* a Ship freighted with more than a Million of Gold, to which he offered to conduct him (being well acquainted with the Soundings) if he might be allowed his Share of the Prize; ſo much was his Avarice ſuperior to his Honeſty.

Drake, after ſome Deliberation, complying with the Pilot's Importunities, ſailed towards the Harbour, but had no ſooner entered the Mouth of it than he heard the Report of Artillery, which was anſwered by others at a greater Diſtance, upon which the Pilot told him that they were diſcovered, this being the Signal appointed by the Governor to alarm the Coaſt.

Drake now thought it convenient to return to the Ship, that he might enquire the Succeſs of the other Pinnace, which he found with a Frigate that ſhe had taken, with twenty-eight fat Hogs, two hundred Hens, and great Store of Maiz, or *Indian* Corn. The Veſſel itſelf was ſo ſtrong, and well built, that he fitted it out for War, determining to attack the Fleet at *Nombre de Dios*.

On *March* the 21ſt he ſet Sail, with the new Frigate and the *Bear*, towards the *Cabezas*, at which he arrived in about two Days, and found there *Tetu*, a *Frenchman*, with a Ship of War, who

who, after having received from him a Supply of Water, and other Neceſſaries, intreated that he might join with him in his Attempt, which *Drake* conſenting to, admitted him to accompany him with twenty of his Men, ſtipulating to allow them an equal Share of whatever Booty they ſhould gain. Yet were they not without ſome Suſpicions of Danger from this new Ally, he having eighty Men, and they being now reduced to thirty-one.

Then, manning the Frigate and two Pinnaces, they ſet ſail for the *Cebezas*, where they left the Frigate, which was too large for the Shallows over which they were to paſs, and proceeded to *Rio Franciſco*. Here they landed; and, having ordered the Pinnaces to return to the ſame Place on the fourth Day following, travelled through the Woods towards *Nombre de Dios*, with ſuch Silence and Regularity as ſurpriſed the *French*, who did not imagine the *Symerons* ſo diſcreet or obedient as they appeared, and were therefore in perpetual Anxiety about the Fidelity of their Guides, and the Probability of their Return. Nor did the *Symerons* treat them with that Submiſſion and Regard which they paid to the *Engliſh*, whoſe Bravery and Conduct they had already tried.

At length, after a laborious March of more than ſeven Leagues, they began to hear the Hammers of the Carpenters in the Bay, it being the Cuſtom in that hot Seaſon to work in the Night; and

and in a ſhort Time they perceived the Approach of the *Recoes*, or Droves of Mules, from *Panama*. They now no longer doubted that their Labours would be rewarded, and every Man imagined himſelf ſecure from Poverty and Labour for the remaining Part of his Life. They, therefore, when the Mules came up, ruſhed out and ſeized them, with an Alacrity proportioned to their Expectations. The three Droves conſiſted of one hundred and nine Mules, each of which carried three hundred Pounds Weight of Silver. It was to little Purpoſe that the Soldiers, ordered to guard the Treaſure, attempted Reſiſtance. After a ſhort Combat, in which the *French* Captain and one of the *Symerons* were wounded, it appeared with how much greater ardour Men are animated by Intereſt than Fidelity.

As it was poſſible for them to carry away but a ſmall Part of this Treaſure, after having wearied themſelves with hiding it in Holes and ſhallow Waters, they determined to return by the ſame Way, and, without being purſued, entered the Woods, where the *French* Captain, being diſabled by his Wound, was obliged to ſtay, two of his Company continuing with him.

When they had gone forward about two Leagues, the *Frenchmen* miſſed another of their Company, who, upon Enquiry, was known to be intoxicated with Wine, and ſuppoſed to have loſt himſelf in the Woods, by neglecting to obſerve the Guides. But

But common Prudence not allowing them to hazard the whole Company, by too much Solicitude for a ſingle Life, they travelled on towards *Rio Franciſco*, at which they arrived *April* the 3d; but looking out for their Pinnaces, were ſurprized with the Sight of ſeven *Spaniſh* Shallops, and immediately concluded, that ſome Intelligence of their Motions had been carried to *Nombre de Dios*, and that theſe Veſſels had been fitted out to purſue them, which might undoubtedly have overpowered the Pinnaces and their feeble Crew: Nor did their Suſpicion ſtop here, but immediately it occurred to them, that their Men had been compelled by Torture to diſcover where their Frigate and Ship were ſtationed, which being weakly manned, and without the Preſence of the chief Commanders, would fall into their Hands, almoſt without Reſiſtance, and all Poſſibility of eſcaping be entirely cut off.

Theſe Reflections ſunk the whole Company into Deſpair; and every one, inſtead of endeavouring to break through the Difficulties that ſurrounded him, reſigned up himſelf to his ill Fortune; when *Drake*, whoſe Intrepidity was never to be ſhaken, and whoſe Reaſon was never to be ſurprized, or embarraſſed, repreſented to them, that though the *Spaniards* ſhould have made themſelves Maſters of their Pinnaces, they might yet be hindered from diſcovering the Ships. He put them in mind, that the Pinnaces could not be taken,

taken, the Men examined, their Examinations compared, their Reſolutions formed, the Veſſels ſent out, and the Ships taken in an Inſtant. Some Time muſt neceſſarily be ſpent before the laſt Blow could be ſtruck, and if that Time were not negligently loſt, it might be poſſible for ſome of them to reach the Ships before the Enemy, and direct them to change their Station.

They were animated with this Diſcourſe, by which they diſcovered that their Leader was not without Hope; but, when they came to look more nearly into their Situation, they were unable to conceive upon what it was founded. To paſs by Land was impoſſible, as the Way lay over high Mountains, through thick Woods, and deep Rivers, and they had not a ſingle Boat in their Power, ſo that a Paſſage by Water ſeemed equally impracticable. But *Drake*, whoſe Penetration immediately diſcovered all the Circumſtances and Inconveniences of every Scheme, ſoon determined upon the only Means of Succour which their Condition afforded them; and ordering his Men to make a Raft out of the Trees that were then floating on the River, offered himſelf to put off to Sea upon it, and chearfully aſked who would accompany him. *John Owen*, *John Smith*, and two *Frenchmen*, who were willing to ſhare his Fortune, embarked with him on the Raft, which was fitted out with a Sail made of a Biſcuit-ſack, and an Oar to direct its Courſe inſtead of a Rudder.

Then

Then having comforted the reſt with Aſſurances of his Regard for them, and Reſolution to leave nothing unattempted for their Deliverance, he put off to Sea, and after having, with much Difficulty, ſailed three Leagues, deſcried two Pinnaces haſting towards him, which, upon a nearer Approach, he diſcovered to be his own, and perceiving that they anchored behind a Point that jutted out into the Sea, he put to Shore, and croſſing the Land on foot, was received by his Company with that Satisfaction which is only known to thoſe that have been acquainted with Dangers and Diſtreſſes.

The ſame Night they rowed to *Rio Franciſco*, where they took in the reſt, with what Treaſure they had been able to carry with them through the Woods; then ſailing back with the utmoſt Expedition, they returned to their Frigate, and ſoon after to their Ship, where *Drake* divided the Gold and Silver equally between the *French* and the *Engliſh*.

Here they ſpent about fourteen Days in fitting out their Frigate more completely; and then diſmiſſing the *Spaniards* with their Ship, lay a few Days among the *Cabezas*, while twelve *Engliſh* and ſixteen *Symerons* travelled once more into the Country, as well to recover the *French* Captain, whom they had left wounded, as to bring away the Treaſure which they had hid in the Sands. *Drake*, whom his Company would not ſuffer to hazard his Perſon in another Land Expedition, went

went with them to *Rio Franciſco*, where he found one of the *Frenchmen* who had ſtayed to attend their Captain, and was informed by him, upon his Enquiries after his Fortune, that half an Hour after their Separation, the *Spaniards* came upon them, and eaſily ſeized upon the wounded Captain; but that his Companion might have eſcaped with him, had he not preferred Money to Life; for ſeeing him throw down a Box of Jewels that retarded him, he could not forbear taking it up, and with that, and the Gold which he had already, was ſo loaded that he could not eſcape. With regard to the Bars of Gold and Silver, which they had concealed in the Ground, he informed them, that two thouſand Men had been employed in digging for them.

The Men, however, either miſtruſting the Informer's Veracity, or confident that what they had hidden, could not be found, purſued their Journey; but upon their Arrival at the Place, found the Ground turned up for two Miles round, and were able to recover no more than thirteen Bars of Silver, and a ſmall Quantity of Gold. They diſcovered afterwards, that the *Frenchman* who was left in the Woods, falling afterwards into the Hands of the *Spaniards*, was tortured by them, till he confeſſed where *Drake* had concealed his Plunder. So fatal to *Drake*'s Expedition was the Drunkenneſs of his Followers.

Then

Then diſmiſſing the *French*, they paſſed by *Carthagena* with their Colours flying, and ſoon after took a Frigate laden with Proviſions and Honey, which they valued, as a great Reſtorative, and then ſailed away to the *Cabezas*.

Here they ſtayed about a Week, to clean their Veſſels, and fit them for a long Voyage, determining to ſet Sail for *England*. And that the faithful *Symerons* might not go away unrewarded, broke up their Pinnaces, and gave them the Iron, the moſt valuable Preſent in the World to a Nation whoſe only Employments were War and Hunting, and amongſt whom Show and Luxury had no Place.

Pedro, their Captain, being deſired by *Drake* to go through the Ship, and to chuſe what he moſt deſired, fixed his Eye upon a Scymeter ſet with Diamonds, which the *French* Captain had preſented to *Drake*; and being unwilling to aſk for ſo valuable a Preſent, offered for it four large Quoits, or thick Plates of Gold, which he had hitherto concealed; but *Drake*, deſirous to ſhow him that Fidelity ſeldom is without a Recompence, gave it him with the higheſt Profeſſions of Satisfaction and Eſteem. *Pedro*, receiving it with the utmoſt Gratitude, informed him, that by beſtowing it, he had conferred Greatneſs and Honour upon him; for by preſenting it to his King, he doubted not of obtaining the higheſt Rank amongſt the *Symerons*. He then perſiſted in his Reſolution

ſolution of leaving the Gold, which was generouſly thrown by *Drake* into the common Stock; for he ſaid, that thoſe at whoſe Expences he had been ſent out, ought to ſhare in all the Gain of the Expedition, whatever Pretence, Cavil, or Chicanery might ſupply for the Appropriation of any Part of it. Thus was *Drake*'s Character conſiſtent with itſelf; he was equally ſuperior to Avarice and Fear; and through whatever Danger he might go in queſt of Gold, he thought it not valuable enough to be obtained by Artifice or Diſhoneſty.

They now forſook the Coaſt of *America*, which for many Months they had kept in perpetual Alarms, having taken more than two hundred Ships of all Sizes, between *Carthagena* and *Nombre de Dios*, of which they never deſtroyed any, unleſs they were fitted out againſt them, nor ever detained the Priſoners longer than was neceſſary for their own Security or Concealment, providing for them in the ſame Manner as for themſelves, and protecting them from the Malice of the *Symerons*: a Behaviour, which Humanity dictates, and which, perhaps, even Policy cannot diſapprove. He muſt certainly meet with obſtinate Oppoſition, who makes it equally dangerous to yield as to reſiſt, and who leaves his Enemies no Hopes but from Victory.

What Riches they acquired, is not particularly related; but it is not to be doubted, that the Plunder of ſo many Veſſels, together with the Silver

Silver which they ſeized at *Nombre de Dios*, muſt amount to a very large Sum, though the Part that was allotted to *Drake* was not ſufficient to lull him into Effeminacy, or to repreſs his natural Inclination to Adventures.

They arrived at *Plymouth* on the 9th of *Auguſt*, 1573, on *Sunday* in the Afternoon; and ſo much were the People delighted with the News of their Arrival, that they left the Preacher, and ran in Crouds to the Key with Shouts and Congratulations.

DRAKE having, in his former Expedition, had a View of the *South Sea*, and formed a Reſolution to ſail upon it, did not ſuffer himſelf to be diverted from his Deſign, by the Proſpect of any Difficulties that might obſtruct the Attempt, nor any Dangers that might attend the Execution; Dangers, which brave Men often find it much more eaſy to overcome, than ſecret Envy, and domeſtic Treachery.

Drake's Reputation was now ſufficiently advanced to incite Detraction and Oppoſition; and it is eaſy to imagine that a Man, by Nature ſuperior to mean Artifices, and bred, from his earlieſt Years, to the Labour and Hardſhips of a Sea-life, was very little acquainted with Policy and Intrigue, very little verſed in the Methods of Application to the Powerful and Great, and unable to obviate the Practices of thoſe whom his Merit had made his Enemies.

Nor

Nor are ſuch the only Opponents of great Enterprizes: There are ſome Men of narrow Views, and grovelling Conceptions, who, without the Inſtigation of perſonal Malice, treat every new Attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every Endeavour to depart from the beaten Track as the raſh Effort of a warm Imagination, or the glittering Speculation of an exalted Mind, that may pleaſe and dazzle for a Time, but can produce no real or laſting Advantage.

Theſe Men value themſelves upon a perpetual Scepticiſm, upon believing nothing but their own Senſes, upon calling for Demonſtration where it cannot poſſibly be obtained, and ſometimes upon holding out againſt it when it is laid before them; upon inventing Arguments againſt the Succeſs of any new Undertaking; and, where Arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with Contempt and Ridicule.

Such have been the moſt formidable Enemies of the great Benefactors to Mankind, and to theſe we can hardly doubt but that much of the Oppoſition which *Drake* met with is to be attributed; for their Notions and Diſcourſe are ſo agreeable to the Lazy, the Envious, and the Timorous, that they ſeldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the Opinions of Mankind.

Whatſoever were his Obſtacles, and whatſoever the Motives that produced them, it was not till the Year 1577, that he was able to aſſemble a Force

Force proportioned to his Deſign, and to obtain a Commiſſion from the Queen, by which he was conſtituted Captain General of a Fleet, conſiſting of five Veſſels, of which the *Pellican*, Admiral, of an hundred Tons, was commanded by himſelf; the *Elizabeth*, Vice-Admiral, of 80 Tons, by *John Winter*; the *Marigold*, of 30 Tons, by *John Thomas*; the *Swan*, of 50 Tons, by *John Cheſter*; the *Chriſtopher*, of 15 Tons, by *Thomas Moche*, the ſame, as it ſeems, who was Carpenter in the former Voyage, and deſtroyed one of the Ships by *Drake*'s Direction.

Theſe Ships, equipped partly by himſelf, and partly by other private Adventurers, he manned with 164 ſtout Sailors, and furniſhed with ſuch Proviſions as he judged neceſſary for the long Voyage in which he was engaged. Nor did he confine his Concern to naval Stores, or military Preparations, but carried with him whatever he thought might contribute to raiſe in thoſe Nations, with which he ſhould have any Intercourſe, the higheſt Ideas of the Politeneſs and Magnificence of his native Country. He therefore not only procured a complete Service of Silver for his own Table, and furniſhed the Cook-room with many Veſſels of the ſame Metal, but engaged ſeveral Muſicians to accompany him; rightly judging, that nothing would more excite the Admiration of any Savage and unciviliſed People.

Having been driven back by a Tempeſt in their

firſt Attempt, and obliged to return to *Plymouth*, to repair the Damages which they had ſuffered, they ſet ſail again from thence on the 13th of *December*, 1577, and on the 25th had Sight of Cape *Cantire*, in *Barbary*, from whence they coaſted on ſouthward to the Iſland of *Magadore*, which *Drake* had appointed for the firſt Place of Rendezvous, and on the 27th brought the whole Fleet to anchor in a Harbour on the main Land.

They were, ſoon after their Arrival, diſcovered by the *Moors* that inhabited thoſe Coaſts, who ſent two of the principal Men amongſt them on board *Drake*'s Ship, receiving at the ſame Time two of his Company as Hoſtages. Theſe Men he not only treated in the moſt ſplendid Manner, but preſented them with ſuch things as they appeared moſt to admire; it being with him an eſtabliſhed Maxim, to endeavour to ſecure in every Country a kind Reception to ſuch *Engliſhmen* as might come after him, by treating the Inhabitants with Kindneſs and Generoſity; a Conduct at once juſt and politick, to the Neglect of which may be attributed many of the Injuries ſuffered by our Sailors in diſtant Countries, which are generally aſcribed, rather to the Effects of Wickedneſs and Folly of our own Commanders, than the Barbarity of the Natives, who ſeldom fall upon any unleſs they have been firſt plundered or inſulted; and, in revenging the Ravages of one Crew upon another of the ſame Nation, are guilty of nothing

thing but what is countenanced by the Example of the *Europeans* themſelves.

But this friendly Intercourſe was in Appearance ſoon broken; for on the next Day, obſerving the *Moors* making Signals from the Land, they ſent out their Boat, as before, to fetch them to the Ship, and one *John Fry* leaped aſhore, intending to become a Hoſtage, as on the former Day, when immediately he was ſeized by the *Moors*, and the Crew, obſerving great Numbers to ſtart up from behind the Rock with Weapons in their Hands, found it Madneſs to attempt his Reſcue, and therefore provided for their own Security by returning to the Ship.

Fry was immediately carried to the King, who being then in continual Expectation of an Invaſion from *Portugal*, ſuſpected that theſe Ships were ſent only to obſerve the Coaſt, and diſcover a proper Harbour for the main Fleet; but being informed who they were, and whither they were bound, not only diſmiſſed his Captive, but made large Offers of Friendſhip and Aſſiſtance, which *Drake*, however, did not ſtay to receive; but being diſguſted at this Breach of the Laws of Commerce, and afraid of farther Violence, after having ſpent ſome Days in ſearching for his Man, in which he met with no Reſiſtance, left the Coaſt on *December* 31, ſome time before *Fry*'s Return, who being obliged by this Accident to ſomewhat

a longer Reſidence among the *Moors*, was afterwards ſent home in a Merchant's Ship.

On *January* 16, they arrived at *Cape Blanc*; having, in their Paſſage, taken ſeveral *Spaniſh* Veſſels. Here, while *Drake* was employing his Men in catching Fiſh, of which this Coaſt affords great Plenty, and various Kinds, the Inhabitants came down to the Sea-ſide with their *Aliſorges*, or Leather Bottles, to traffic for Water, which they were willing to purchaſe with Ambergriſe, and other Gums. But *Drake*, compaſſionating the Miſery of their Condition, gave them Water whenever they aſked for it, and left them their Commodities to traffic with, when they ſhould be again reduced to the ſame Diſtreſs, without finding the ſame Generoſity to relieve them.

Here having diſcharged ſome *Spaniſh* Ships, which they had taken, they ſet ſail towards the Iſles of *Cape Verd*, and on *January* 28, came to anchor before *Mayo*, hoping to furniſh themſelves with freſh Water; but having landed, they found the Town by the Water's-ſide entirely deſerted, and marching farther up the Country, ſaw the Vallies extremely fruitful, and abounding with ripe Figs, Cocoes, and Plantains, but could by no Means prevail upon the Inhabitants to converſe or traffic with them: However, they were ſuffered by them to range the Country without Moleſtation, but found no Water, except at ſuch a Diſtance from the Sea, that the Labour of conveying

it

it to their Ships was greater than it was at that time neceſſary for them to undergo. Salt, had they wanted it, might have been obtained with leſs Trouble, being left by the Sea upon the Sand, and hardened by the Sun, during the Ebb, in ſuch Quantities, that the chief Traffic of their Iſland is carried on with it.

January 31, they paſſed by *St. Jago*, an Iſland at that Time divided between the Natives and the *Portugueſe*, who, firſt entering theſe Iſlands under the Show of Traffic, by Degrees eſtabliſhed themſelves, and claimed a Superiority over the original Inhabitants, and harraſſed them with ſuch Cruelty, that they obliged them either to fly to the Woods and Mountains, and periſh with Hunger, or to take Arms againſt their Oppreſſors, and under the inſuperable Diſadvantages with which they contended, to die almoſt without a Battle in Defence of their natural Rights, and ancient Poſſeſſions.

Such Treatment had the Natives of *St. Jago* received, which had driven them into the rocky Parts of the Iſland, from whence they made Incurſions into the Plantations of the *Portugueſe*, ſometimes with Loſs, but generally with that Succeſs which Deſperation naturally procures: ſo that the *Portugueſe* were in continual Alarms, and lived with the natural Conſequences of Guilt, Terror, and Anxiety. They were wealthy, but not happy, and poſſeſſed the Iſland, but not enjoyed it.

They then ſailed on within Sight of *Fogo*, an Iſland ſo called from a Mountain, about the Middle of it, continually burning, and like the reſt inhabited by the *Portugueſe*, two Leagues to the South of which lies *Brava*, which has received its Name from its Fertility, abounding, though uninhabited, with all Kinds of Fruits, and watered with great Numbers of Springs and Brooks, which would eaſily invite the Poſſeſſors of the adjacent Iſlands to ſettle in it, but that it affords neither Harbour nor Anchorage. *Drake*, after having ſent out his Boats with Plummets, was not able to find any Ground about it, and it is reported that many Experiments have been made with the ſame Succeſs; however, he took in Water ſufficient, and on the 2d of *February* ſet ſail for the Straits of *Magellan*.

On *February* 17, they paſſed the Equator, and continued their Voyage, with ſometimes Calms, and ſometimes contrary Winds, but without any memorable Accident till *March* 28, when one of their Veſſels, with 28 Men, and the greateſt Part of their freſh Water on board, was, to their great Diſcouragement, ſeparated from them; but their Perplexity laſted not long, for on the next Day they diſcovered and rejoined their Aſſociates.

In their long Courſe, which gave them Opportunities of obſerving ſeveral Animals, both in the Air and Water, at that Time very little known, nothing entertained, or ſurpriſed them more, than the

the *Flying Fiſh*, which is near of the ſame Size with a Herring, and has Fins of the Length of his whole Body, by the Help of which, when he is purſued by the *Bonito*, or Great Mackerel, as ſoon as he finds himſelf upon the Point of being taken, he ſprings up into the Air, and flies forward as long as his Wings continue wet, moiſture being, as it ſeems, neceſſary to make them pliant and moveable; and when they become dry and ſtiff, he falls down into the Water, unleſs ſome Bark or Ship intercept him, and dips them again for a ſecond Flight. This unhappy Animal is not only purſued by Fiſhes in his natural Element, but attacked in the Air, where he hopes for Security, by the *Don*, or *Spar-kite*, a great Bird that preys upon Fiſh; and their Species muſt ſurely be deſtroyed, were not their Increaſe ſo great, that the young Fry, in one Part of the Year, covers the Sea.

There is another Fiſh, named the *Cuttil*, of which whole Shoals will ſometimes riſe at once out of the Water, and of which a great Multitude fell into their Ship.

At length, having ſailed without Sight of Land for ſixty-three Days, they arrived, *April* 5, at the Coaſts of *Braſil*, where, on the 7th, the *Chriſtopher* was ſeparated again from them by a Storm, after which they ſailed near the Land to the ſouthward, and on the 14th anchored under a Cape, which they afterwards called *Cape Joy*, becauſe

in two Days, the Veſſel which they had loſt returned to them.

Having ſpent a Fortnight in the River of *Plate*, to refreſh his Men after their long Voyage, and then ſtanding out to Sea, he was again ſurprized by a ſudden Storm, in which they loſt Sight of the *Swan*. This Accident determined *Drake* to contract the Number of his Fleet, that he might not only avoid the Inconvenience of ſuch frequent Separations, but eaſe the Labour of his Men, by having more Hands in each Veſſel.

For this Purpoſe he ſailed along the Coaſt in queſt of a commodious Harbour, and, on *May* 13, diſcovered a Bay, which ſeemed not improper for their Purpoſe, but which they durſt not enter till it was examined, an employment in which *Drake* never truſted any, whatever might be his Confidence in his Followers on other Occaſions. He well knew how fatal one Moment's Inattention might be, and how eaſily almoſt every Man ſuffers himſelf to be ſurprized by Indolence and Security. He knew that the ſame Credulity that might prevail upon him to truſt another, might induce another to commit the ſame Office to a third; and it muſt be, at length, that ſome of them would be deceived. He therefore, as at other Times, ordered the Boat to be hoiſted out, and taking the Line into his Hand, went on ſounding the Paſſage till he was three Leagues from his Ship; when, on a ſudden, the Weather changed,

changed, the Skies blackened, the Winds whiſtled, and all the uſual Forerunners of a Storm began to threaten them; Nothing was now deſired but to return to the Ship; but the Thickneſs of the Fog intercepting it from their Sight, made the Attempt little other than deſperate. By ſo many unforeſeen Accidents is Prudence itſelf liable to be embarraſſed! So difficult it is ſometimes for the quickeſt Sagacity, and moſt enlightened Experience, to judge what Meaſures ought to be taken! To truſt another to ſound an unknown Coaſt, appeared to *Drake* Folly and Preſumption; to be abſent from his Fleet, though but for an Hour, proved nothing leſs than to hazard the Succeſs of all their Labours, Hardſhips and Dangers.

In this Perplexity, which *Drake* was not more ſenſible of than thoſe whom he had left in the Ships, nothing was to be omitted, however dangerous, that might contribute to extricate them from it, as they could venture nothing of equal Value with the Life of their General. Captain *Thomas*, therefore, having the lighteſt Veſſel, ſteered boldly into the Bay, and taking the General aboard, dropped Anchor, and lay out of Danger, while the reſt, that were in the open Sea, ſuffered much from the Tempeſt; and the *Mary*, a *Portugueſe* Prize, was driven away before the Wind; the others, as ſoon as the Tempeſt was over, diſcovering by the Fires which were made on Shore, where *Drake* was, repaired to him.

Here, going on Shore, they met with no Inhabitants, though there were ſeveral Houſes or Huts ſtanding, in which they found a good Quantity of dried Fowls, and among them a great Number of Oſtriches, of which the Thighs were as large as thoſe of a Sheep. Theſe Birds are too heavy and unweildy to riſe from the Ground, but, with the Help of their Wings, run ſo ſwiftly, that the *Engliſh* could never come near enough to ſhoot at them. The *Indians*, commonly, by holding a large Plume of Feathers before them, and walking gently forward, drive the Oſtriches into ſome narrow Neck, or Point of Land, then ſpreading a ſtrong Net from one Side to the other, to hinder them from returning back to the open Fields, ſet their Dogs upon them; thus they are confined between the Net and the Water, and when thrown on their backs, they ruſh in and take them.

Not finding this Harbour convenient, or well ſtored with Wood and Water, they left it on the 15th of *May*, and on the 18th entered another much ſafer, and more commodious, which they no ſooner arrived at, than *Drake*, whoſe reſtleſs Application never remitted, ſent *Winter* to the Southward, in queſt of thoſe Ships which were abſent, and immediately after ſailed himſelf to the Northward, and happily meeting with the *Swan*, conducted it to the reſt of the Fleet; after which, in purſuance of his former Reſolution, he ordered it to be broken up, reſerving the Iron

Work

Work for a future Supply. The other Veſſel which they loſt in the late Storm could not be diſcovered.

While they were thus employed upon an Iſland about a Mile from the main Land, to which, at low Water, there was a Paſſage on Foot, they were diſcovered by the Natives, who appeared upon a Hill at a Diſtance, dancing, and holding up their Hands, as beckoning the *Engliſh* to them; which *Drake* obſerving, ſent out a Boat with Knives, Bells, and Bugles, and ſuch Things, as, by their Uſefulneſs or Novelty, he imagined would be agreeable. As ſoon as the *Engliſh* landed, they obſerving two Men running towards them, as deputed by the Company, who came within a little Diſtance, and then ſtanding ſtill, could not be prevailed upon to come nearer. The *Engliſh* therefore tied their Preſents to a Pole, which they fixed in the Ground, and then retiring, ſaw the *Indians* advance, who taking what they found upon the Pole, left, in return, ſuch feathers as they wear upon their Heads, with a ſmall Bone about ſix Inches in Length, carved round the Top, and burniſhed.

Drake, obſerving their Inclination to Friendſhip and Traffic, advanced with ſome of his Company towards the Hill, upon Sight of whom the *Indians* ranged themſelves in a Line from Eaſt to Weſt, and one of them running from one End of the Rank to the other, backwards and forwards,

bowed himſelf towards the Riſing and Setting of the Sun, holding his Hands over his Head, and frequently ſtopping in the Middle of the Rank, leaped up towards the Moon, which then ſhone directly over their Heads; thus calling the Sun and Moon, the Deities they worſhip, to witneſs the Sincerity of their Profeſſions of Peace and Friendſhip. While this Ceremony was performed, *Drake* and his Company aſcended the Hill, to the apparent Terror of the *Indians*, whoſe Apprehenſions when the *Engliſh* perceived, they peaceably retired; which gave the Natives ſo much Encouragement, that they came forward immediately, and exchanged their Arrows, Feathers, and Bones, for ſuch Trifles as were offered them.

Thus they traded for ſome Time; but, by frequent Intercourſe, finding that no Violence was intended, they became familiar, and mingled with the *Engliſh* without the leaſt Diſtruſt.

They go quite naked, except a Skin of ſome Animal, which they throw over their Shoulders when they lie in the open Air. They knit up their Hair, which is very long, with a Roll of Oſtrich Feathers, and uſually carry their Arrows wrapped up in it, that they may not encumber them, they being made with Reeds, headed with Flint, and therefore not heavy. Their Bows are about an Ell long.

Their chief Ornament is Paint, which they

uſe of ſeveral Kinds, delineating generally upon their Bodies the Figures of the Sun and Moon, in Honour of their Deities.

It is obſervable, that moſt Nations, amongſt whom the Uſe of Cloathes is unknown, paint their Bodies. Such was the Practice of the firſt Inhabitants of our own Country. From this Cuſtom did our earlieſt Enemies, the *Picts*, owe their Denomination. As it is not probable that Caprice or Fancy ſhould be uniform, there muſt be, doubtleſs, ſome Reaſon for a Practice ſo general and prevailing in diſtant Parts of the World, which have no Communication with each other. The original End of painting their Bodies was, probably, to exclude the Cold; an End which, if we believe ſome Relations, is ſo effectually produced by it, that the Men thus painted never ſhiver at the moſt piercing blaſts. But, doubtleſs, any People ſo hardened by continual Severities would, even without Paint, be leſs ſenſible of the Cold than the civiliſed Inhabitants of the ſame Climate. However this Practice may contribute, in ſome Degree, to defend them from the Injuries of Winter, and in thoſe Climates where little evaporates by the Pores, may be uſed with no great Inconvenience; but in hot Countries, where Perſpiration in a greater Degree is neceſſary, the Natives only uſe Unction to preſerve them from the other Extreme of Weather: So well do either Reaſon or Experience ſupply the Place of Science in Savage Countries! They

They had no Canoes like the other *Indians*, nor any Method of croſſing the Water, which was probably the Reaſon why the Birds in the adjacent Iſlands were ſo tame, that they might be taken with the Hand, having never been before frighted or moleſted. The great Plenty of Fowls and Seals, which crowded the Shallows in ſuch Numbers, that they killed at their firſt Arrival two Hundred of them in an Hour, contributed much to the Refreſhment of the *Engliſh*, who named the Place *Seal Bay* from that Animal.

Theſe Seals ſeem to be the chief Food of the Natives; for the *Engliſh* often found raw Pieces of their Fleſh half-eaten, and left, as they ſuppoſed, after a full Meal by the *Indians*, whom they never knew to make uſe of Fire, or any Art, in dreſſing or preparing their Victuals.

Nor were their other Cuſtoms leſs wild or uncouth, than their Way of feeding; one of them having received a Cap off the General's Head, and being extremely pleaſed as well with the Honour as the Gift, to expreſs his Gratitude, and confirm the Alliance between them, retired to a little Diſtance, and thruſting an Arrow into his Leg, let the Blood run upon the Ground, teſtifying, as it is probable, that he valued *Drake*'s Friendſhip above Life.

Having ſtayed fifteen Days among theſe friendly Savages, in 47 Deg. 30 Min. S. Latitude, on *June* 3, they ſet ſail towards the *South Sea*, and

ſix

ſix Days afterwards ſtopped at another little Bay to break up the *Chriſtopher*. Then paſſing on, they caſt Anchor in another Bay, not more than 20 Leagues diſtant from the Straits of *Magellan*.

It was now Time ſeriouſly to deliberate in what Manner they ſhould act with regard to the *Portugueſe* Prize, which having been ſeparated from them by the Storm, had not yet rejoined them. To return in ſearch of it was ſufficiently mortifying; to proceed without it, was not only to deprive themſelves of a conſiderable Part of their Force, but to expoſe their Friends and Companions, whom common Hardſhips and Dangers had endeared to them, to certain Death or Captivity. This Conſideration prevailed, and therefore on the 18th, after Prayers to God, with which *Drake* never forgot to begin an Enterprize, he put to Sea, and the next Day, near *Port Julian*, diſcovered their Aſſociates, whoſe Ship was now grown leaky, having ſuffered much, both in the firſt Storm by which they were diſperſed, and afterwards in fruitleſs Attempts to regain the Fleet.

Drake, therefore, being deſirous to relieve their Fatigues, entered *Port Julian*; and as it was his Cuſtom always to attend in Perſon, when any important Buſineſs was in Hand, went aſhore with ſome of the chief of his Company, to ſeek for Water, where he was immediately accoſted by two Natives, of whom *Magellan* left a very terrible Account, having deſcribed them as a Nation

tion of Giants and Monſters; nor is his Narrative entirely without Foundation, for they are of the largeſt Size, though not taller than ſome *Engliſhmen*; their Strength is proportioned to their Bulk, and their Voice loud, boiſterous, and terrible. What were their Manners before the Arrival of the *Spaniards*, it is not poſſible to diſcover; but the Slaughter made of their Countrymen, perhaps without any Provocation, by theſe cruel Intruders, and the general Maſſacre with which that Part of the World is depopulated, have raiſed in them a Suſpicion of all Strangers, and by Conſequence made them inhoſpitable, treacherous, and bloody.

The two who aſſociated themſelves with the *Engliſh*, appeared much pleaſed with their new Gueſts, received willingly what was given them, and very exactly obſerved every thing that paſſed, ſeeming more particularly delighted with ſeeing *Oliver*, the Maſter Gunner, ſhoot an *Engliſh* Arrow, they ſhot themſelves likewiſe, in Emulation, but their Arrows always fell to the Ground far ſhort of his.

Soon after this friendly Conteſt came another, who obſerving the Familiarity of his Countrymen with the Strangers, appeared much diſpleaſed, and, as the *Engliſhmen* perceived, endeavoured to diſſuade them from ſuch an Intercourſe. What Effect his Arguments had, was ſoon after apparent; for another of *Drake*'s Companions, being deſirous

ſirous to ſhow the third *Indian* a Specimen of the *Engliſh* Valour and Dexterity, attempted likewiſe to ſhoot an Arrow, but drawing it with his full Force, burſt the Bow-ſtring; upon which the *Indians*, who were unacquainted with their other Weapons, imagining him diſarmed, followed the Company, as they were walking negligently down towards their Boat, and let fly their Arrows, aiming particularly at *Winter*, who had the Bow in his Hand. He, finding himſelf wounded in the Shoulder, endeavoured to refit his Bow, and turning about, was pierced with a ſecond Arrow in the Breaſt; *Oliver*, the Gunner, immediately preſented his Piece at the inſidious Aſſailants, which failing to take Fire, gave them Time to level another Flight of Arrows, by which he was killed; nor, perhaps, had any of them eſcaped, ſurprized and perplexed as they were, had not *Drake*, with his uſual Preſence of Mind, animated their Courage, and directed their Motions, ordering them, by perpetually changing their Places, to elude, as much as they could, the Aim of their Enemies, and to defend their Bodies with their Targets: and inſtructing them, by his own Example, to pick up, and break the Arrows as they fell; which they did with ſo much Diligence, that the *Indians* were ſoon in Danger of being diſarmed. Then *Drake* himſelf taking the Gun, which *Oliver* had ſo unſucceſsfully attempted to make uſe of, diſcharged it at the *Indian* that firſt began the Fray,

and

and had killed the Gunner, aiming it ſo happily, that the Hail Shot, with which it was loaded, tore open his Belly, and forced him to ſuch terrible Outcries, that the *Indians*, though their Numbers increaſed, and many of their Countrymen ſhowed themſelves from different Parts of the adjoining Wood, were too much terrified to renew the Aſſault, and ſuffered *Drake*, without Moleſtation, to withdraw his wounded Friend, who being hurt in his Lungs, languiſhed two Days, and then dying, was interred with his Companion, with the uſual Ceremony of a military Funeral.

They ſtayed here two Months afterwards, without receiving any other Injuries from the Natives, who, finding the Danger to which they expoſed themſelves by open Hoſtilities, and not being able any more to ſurprize the Vigilance of *Drake*, preferred their Safety to Revenge.

But *Drake* had other Enemies to conquer or eſcape, far more formidable than thoſe Barbarians; and inſidious Practices to obviate, more artful and dangerous than the Ambuſhes of the *Indians*; for in this Place was laid open a Deſign, formed by one of the Gentlemen of the Fleet, not only to defeat the Voyage, but to murder the General.

This Tranſaction is related in ſo obſcure and confuſed a Manner, that it is difficult to form any Judgment upon it. The Writer who gives the largeſt Account of it has ſuppreſſed the Name of the

the Criminal, which we learn from a more ſuccinct Narrative publiſhed in a Collection of Travels, near that Time, to have been *Thomas Doughtie*. What were his Inducements to attempt the Deſtruction of his Leader, and the Ruin of the Expedition; or what were his Views, if his Deſigns had ſucceeded; what Meaſures he had hitherto taken, whom he had endeavoured to corrupt, with what Arts, or what Succeſs, we are no where told.

The Plot, as the Narrative aſſures us, was laid before their Departure from *England*, and diſcovered, in its whole Extent, to *Drake* himſelf, in his Garden at *Plymouth*, who nevertheleſs not only entertained the Perſon ſo accuſed as one of his Company, but, as this Writer very particularly relates, treated him with remarkable Kindneſs and Regard, ſetting him always at his own Table, and lodging him in the ſame Cabbin with himſelf. Nor did he ever diſcover the leaſt Suſpicion of his Intentions, till they arrived at this Place, but appeared, by the Authority with which he inveſted him, to conſider him as one to whom, in his Abſence, he could moſt ſecurely intruſt the Direction of his Affairs. At length, in this remote Corner of the World, he found out a Deſign formed againſt his Life, called together all his Officers, laid before them the Evidence on which he grounded the Accuſation, and ſummoned the Criminal, who, full of all the Horrors

of

of Guilt, and confounded at ſo clear a Detection of his whole Scheme, immediately confeſſed his Crimes, and acknowledged himſelf unworthy of longer Life; upon which the whole Aſſembly, conſiſting of thirty Perſons, after having conſidered the Affair with the Attention which it required, and heard all that could be urged in Extenuation of his Offence, unanimouſly ſigned the Sentence by which he was condemned to ſuffer Death. *Drake*, however, unwilling, as it ſeemed, to proceed to extreme Severities, offered him his Choice, either of being executed on the Iſland, or ſet aſhore on the Main Land, or being ſent to *England* to be tried before the Council; of which, after a Day's Conſideration, he choſe the firſt, alledging the Improbability of perſuading any to leave the Expedition for the Sake of tranſporting a Criminal to *England*, and the Danger of his future State among Savages and Infidels. His Choice, I believe, few will approve: To be ſet aſhore on the Main Land, was indeed only to be executed in a different Manner; for what Mercy could be expected from the Natives, ſo incenſed, but the moſt cruel and lingering Death? But why he ſhould not rather have requeſted to be ſent to *England*, it is not ſo eaſy to conceive. In ſo long a Voyage, he might have found a thouſand Opportunities of eſcaping, perhaps with the Connivance of his Keepers, whoſe Reſentment muſt probably in Time have given way to Compaſſion,

or

or at leaſt by their Negligence, as it is eaſy to believe, they would, in Times of Eaſe and Refreſhment, have remitted their Vigilance, at leaſt he would have gained longer Life; and to make Death deſirable ſeems not one of the Effects of Guilt. However, he was as it is related, obſtinately deaf to all Perſuaſions, and adhering to his firſt Choice, after having received the Communion, and dined chearfully with the General, was executed in the Afternoon, with many Proofs of Remorſe, but none of Fear.

How far it is probable that *Drake*, after having been acquainted with this Man's Deſigns, ſhould admit him into his Fleet, and afterwards careſs, reſpect, and truſt him, or that *Doughtie*, who is repreſented as a Man of eminent Abilities, ſhould engage in ſo long and hazardous a Voyage, with no other View than that of defeating it, is left to the Determination of the Reader. What Deſigns he could have formed with any Hope of Succeſs, or to what Actions worthy of Death he could have proceeded without Accomplices (for none are mentioned) is equally difficult to imagine. Nor, on the other Hand, though the Obſcurity of the Account, and the remote Place choſen for the Diſcovery of this wicked Project, ſeem to give ſome Reaſon for Suſpicion, does there appear any Temptation, from either Hope, Fear, or Intereſt, that might induce *Drake*, or any Commander in his State, to put to Death an innocent Man upon falſe Pretences. After

taken, the Men examined, their Examinations compared, their Reſolutions formed, the Veſſels ſent out, and the Ships taken in an Inſtant. Some Time muſt neceſſarily be ſpent before the laſt Blow could be ſtruck, and if that Time were not negligently loſt, it might be poſſible for ſome of them to reach the Ships before the Enemy, and direct them to change their Station.

They were animated with this Diſcourſe, by which they diſcovered that their Leader was not without Hope; but, when they came to look more nearly into their Situation, they were unable to conceive upon what it was founded. To paſs by Land was impoſſible, as the Way lay over high Mountains, through thick Woods, and deep Rivers, and they had not a ſingle Boat in their Power, ſo that a Paſſage by Water ſeemed equally impracticable. But *Drake*, whoſe Penetration immediately diſcovered all the Circumſtances and Inconveniences of every Scheme, ſoon determined upon the only Means of Succour which their Condition afforded them; and ordering his Men to make a Raft out of the Trees that were then floating on the River, offered himſelf to put off to Sea upon it, and chearfully aſked who would accompany him. *John Owen*, *John Smith*, and two *Frenchmen*, who were willing to ſhare his Fortune, embarked with him on the Raft, which was fitted out with a Sail made of a Biſcuit-ſack, and an Oar to direct its Courſe inſtead of a Rudder.

Then

Then having comforted the reſt with Aſſurances of his Regard for them, and Reſolution to leave nothing unattempted for their Deliverance, he put off to Sea, and after having, with much Difficulty, ſailed three Leagues, deſcried two Pinnaces haſting towards him, which, upon a nearer Approach, he diſcovered to be his own, and perceiving that they anchored behind a Point that jutted out into the Sea, he put to Shore, and croſſing the Land on foot, was received by his Company with that Satisfaction which is only known to thoſe that have been acquainted with Dangers and Diſtreſſes.

The ſame Night they rowed to *Rio Franciſco*, where they took in the reſt, with what Treaſure they had been able to carry with them through the Woods; then ſailing back with the utmoſt Expedition, they returned to their Frigate, and ſoon after to their Ship, where *Drake* divided the Gold and Silver equally between the *French* and the *Engliſh*.

Here they ſpent about fourteen Days in fitting out their Frigate more completely; and then diſmiſſing the *Spaniards* with their Ship, lay a few Days among the *Cabezas*, while twelve *Engliſh* and ſixteen *Symerons* travelled once more into the Country, as well to recover the *French* Captain, whom they had left wounded, as to bring away the Treaſure which they had hid in the Sands. *Drake*, whom his Company would not ſuffer to hazard his Perſon in another Land Expedition, went

went with them to *Rio Franciſco*, where he found one of the *Frenchmen* who had ſtayed to attend their Captain, and was informed by him, upon his Enquiries after his Fortune, that half an Hour after their Separation, the *Spaniards* came upon them, and eaſily ſeized upon the wounded Captain; but that his Companion might have eſcaped with him, had he not preferred Money to Life; for ſeeing him throw down a Box of Jewels that retarded him, he could not forbear taking it up, and with that, and the Gold which he had already, was ſo loaded that he could not eſcape. With regard to the Bars of Gold and Silver, which they had concealed in the Ground, he informed them, that two thouſand Men had been employed in digging for them.

The Men, however, either miſtruſting the Informer's Veracity, or confident that what they had hidden, could not be found, purſued their Journey; but upon their Arrival at the Place, found the Ground turned up for two Miles round, and were able to recover no more than thirteen Bars of Silver, and a ſmall Quantity of Gold. They diſcovered afterwards, that the *Frenchman* who was left in the Woods, falling afterwards into the Hands of the *Spaniards*, was tortured by them, till he confeſſed where *Drake* had concealed his Plunder. So fatal to *Drake*'s Expedition was the Drunkenneſs of his Followers.

Then

Then diſmiſſing the *French*, they paſſed by *Carthagena* with their Colours flying, and ſoon after took a Frigate laden with Proviſions and Honey, which they valued, as a great Reſtorative, and then ſailed away to the *Cabezas*.

Here they ſtayed about a Week, to clean their Veſſels, and fit them for a long Voyage, determining to ſet Sail for *England*. And that the faithful *Symerons* might not go away unrewarded, broke up their Pinnaces, and gave them the Iron, the moſt valuable Preſent in the World to a Nation whoſe only Employments were War and Hunting, and amongſt whom Show and Luxury had no Place.

Pedro, their Captain, being deſired by *Drake* to go through the Ship, and to chuſe what he moſt deſired, fixed his Eye upon a Scymeter ſet with Diamonds, which the *French* Captain had preſented to *Drake*; and being unwilling to aſk for ſo valuable a Preſent, offered for it four large Quoits, or thick Plates of Gold, which he had hitherto concealed; but *Drake*, deſirous to ſhow him that Fidelity ſeldom is without a Recompence, gave it him with the higheſt Profeſſions of Satisfaction and Eſteem. *Pedro*, receiving it with the utmoſt Gratitude, informed him, that by beſtowing it, he had conferred Greatneſs and Honour upon him; for by preſenting it to his King, he doubted not of obtaining the higheſt Rank amongſt the *Symerons*. He then perſiſted in his Reſolution

ſolution of leaving the Gold, which was generouſly thrown by *Drake* into the common Stock; for he ſaid, that thoſe at whoſe Expences he had been ſent out, ought to ſhare in all the Gain of the Expedition, whatever Pretence, Cavil, or Chicanery might ſupply for the Appropriation of any Part of it. Thus was *Drake*'s Character conſiſtent with itſelf; he was equally ſuperior to Avarice and Fear; and through whatever Danger he might go in queſt of Gold, he thought it not valuable enough to be obtained by Artifice or Diſhoneſty.

They now forſook the Coaſt of *America*, which for many Months they had kept in perpetual Alarms, having taken more than two hundred Ships of all Sizes, between *Carthagena* and *Nombre de Dios*, of which they never deſtroyed any, unleſs they were fitted out againſt them, nor ever detained the Priſoners longer than was neceſſary for their own Security or Concealment, providing for them in the ſame Manner as for themſelves, and protecting them from the Malice of the *Symerons*: a Behaviour, which Humanity dictates, and which, perhaps, even Policy cannot diſapprove. He muſt certainly meet with obſtinate Oppoſition, who makes it equally dangerous to yield as to reſiſt, and who leaves his Enemies no Hopes but from Victory.

What Riches they acquired, is not particularly related; but it is not to be doubted, that the Plunder of ſo many Veſſels, together with the Silver

Silver which they ſeized at *Nombre de Dios*, muſt amount to a very large Sum, though the Part that was allotted to *Drake* was not ſufficient to lull him into Effeminacy, or to repreſs his natural Inclination to Adventures.

They arrived at *Plymouth* on the 9th of *Auguſt*, 1573, on *Sunday* in the Afternoon; and ſo much were the People delighted with the News of their Arrival, that they left the Preacher, and ran in Crouds to the Key with Shouts and Congratulations.

DRAKE having, in his former Expedition, had a View of the *South Sea*, and formed a Reſolution to ſail upon it, did not ſuffer himſelf to be diverted from his Deſign, by the Proſpect of any Difficulties that might obſtruct the Attempt, nor any Dangers that might attend the Execution; Dangers, which brave Men often find it much more eaſy to overcome, than ſecret Envy, and domeſtic Treachery.

Drake's Reputation was now ſufficiently advanced to incite Detraction and Oppoſition; and it is eaſy to imagine that a Man, by Nature ſuperior to mean Artifices, and bred, from his earlieſt Years, to the Labour and Hardſhips of a Sea-life, was very little acquainted with Policy and Intrigue, very little verſed in the Methods of Application to the Powerful and Great, and unable to obviate the Practices of thoſe whom his Merit had made his Enemies.

Nor

Nor are ſuch the only Opponents of great Enterprizes: There are ſome Men of narrow Views, and grovelling Conceptions, who, without the Inſtigation of perſonal Malice, treat every new Attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every Endeavour to depart from the beaten Track as the raſh Effort of a warm Imagination, or the glittering Speculation of an exalted Mind, that may pleaſe and dazzle for a Time, but can produce no real or laſting Advantage.

Theſe Men value themſelves upon a perpetual Scepticiſm, upon believing nothing but their own Senſes, upon calling for Demonſtration where it cannot poſſibly be obtained, and ſometimes upon holding out againſt it when it is laid before them; upon inventing Arguments againſt the Succeſs of any new Undertaking; and, where Arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with Contempt and Ridicule.

Such have been the moſt formidable Enemies of the great Benefactors to Mankind, and to theſe we can hardly doubt but that much of the Oppoſition which *Drake* met with is to be attributed; for their Notions and Diſcourſe are ſo agreeable to the Lazy, the Envious, and the Timorous, that they ſeldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the Opinions of Mankind.

Whatſoever were his Obſtacles, and whatſoever the Motives that produced them, it was not till the Year 1577, that he was able to aſſemble a Force

Force proportioned to his Deſign, and to obtain a Commiſſion from the Queen, by which he was conſtituted Captain General of a Fleet, conſiſting of five Veſſels, of which the *Pellican*, Admiral, of an hundred Tons, was commanded by himſelf; the *Elizabeth*, Vice-Admiral, of 80 Tons, by *John Winter*; the *Marigold*, of 30 Tons, by *John Thomas*; the *Swan*, of 50 Tons, by *John Cheſter*; the *Chriſtopher*, of 15 Tons, by *Thomas Moche*, the ſame, as it ſeems, who was Carpenter in the former Voyage, and deſtroyed one of the Ships by *Drake*'s Direction.

Theſe Ships, equipped partly by himſelf, and partly by other private Adventurers, he manned with 164 ſtout Sailors, and furniſhed with ſuch Proviſions as he judged neceſſary for the long Voyage in which he was engaged. Nor did he confine his Concern to naval Stores, or military Preparations, but carried with him whatever he thought might contribute to raiſe in thoſe Nations, with which he ſhould have any Intercourſe, the higheſt Ideas of the Politeneſs and Magnificence of his native Country. He therefore not only procured a complete Service of Silver for his own Table, and furniſhed the Cook-room with many Veſſels of the ſame Metal, but engaged ſeveral Muſicians to accompany him; rightly judging, that nothing would more excite the Admiration of any Savage and unciviliſed People.

Having been driven back by a Tempeſt in their

firſt Attempt, and obliged to return to *Plymouth*, to repair the Damages which they had ſuffered, they ſet ſail again from thence on the 13th of *December*, 1577, and on the 25th had Sight of Cape *Cantire*, in *Barbary*, from whence they coaſted on ſouthward to the Iſland of *Magadore*, which *Drake* had appointed for the firſt Place of Rendezvous, and on the 27th brought the whole Fleet to anchor in a Harbour on the main Land.

They were, ſoon after their Arrival, diſcovered by the *Moors* that inhabited thoſe Coaſts, who ſent two of the principal Men amongſt them on board *Drake*'s Ship, receiving at the ſame Time two of his Company as Hoſtages. Theſe Men he not only treated in the moſt ſplendid Manner, but preſented them with ſuch things as they appeared moſt to admire; it being with him an eſtabliſhed Maxim, to endeavour to ſecure in every Country a kind Reception to ſuch *Engliſhmen* as might come after him, by treating the Inhabitants with Kindneſs and Generoſity; a Conduct at once juſt and politick, to the Neglect of which may be attributed many of the Injuries ſuffered by our Sailors in diſtant Countries, which are generally aſcribed, rather to the Effects of Wickedneſs and Folly of our own Commanders, than the Barbarity of the Natives, who ſeldom fall upon any unleſs they have been firſt plundered or inſulted; and, in revenging the Ravages of one Crew upon another of the ſame Nation, are guilty of nothing

thing but what is countenanced by the Example of the *Europeans* themſelves.

But this friendly Intercourſe was in Appearance ſoon broken; for on the next Day, obſerving the *Moors* making Signals from the Land, they ſent out their Boat, as before, to fetch them to the Ship, and one *John Fry* leaped aſhore, intending to become a Hoſtage, as on the former Day, when immediately he was ſeized by the *Moors*, and the Crew, obſerving great Numbers to ſtart up from behind the Rock with Weapons in their Hands, found it Madneſs to attempt his Reſcue, and therefore provided for their own Security by returning to the Ship.

Fry was immediately carried to the King, who being then in continual Expectation of an Invaſion from *Portugal*, ſuſpected that theſe Ships were ſent only to obſerve the Coaſt, and diſcover a proper Harbour for the main Fleet; but being informed who they were, and whither they were bound, not only diſmiſſed his Captive, but made large Offers of Friendſhip and Aſſiſtance, which *Drake*, however, did not ſtay to receive; but being diſguſted at this Breach of the Laws of Commerce, and afraid of farther Violence, after having ſpent ſome Days in ſearching for his Man, in which he met with no Reſiſtance, left the Coaſt on *December* 31, ſome time before *Fry*'s Return, who being obliged by this Accident to ſomewhat

a longer Reſidence among the *Moors*, was afterwards ſent home in a Merchant's Ship.

On *January* 16, they arrived at *Cape Blanc*; having, in their Paſſage, taken ſeveral *Spaniſh* Veſſels. Here, while *Drake* was employing his Men in catching Fiſh, of which this Coaſt affords great Plenty, and various Kinds, the Inhabitants came down to the Sea-ſide with their *Aliſorges*, or Leather Bottles, to traffic for Water, which they were willing to purchaſe with Ambergriſe, and other Gums. But *Drake*, compaſſionating the Miſery of their Condition, gave them Water whenever they aſked for it, and left them their Commodities to traffic with, when they ſhould be again reduced to the ſame Diſtreſs, without finding the ſame Generoſity to relieve them.

Here having diſcharged ſome *Spaniſh* Ships, which they had taken, they ſet ſail towards the Iſles of *Cape Verd*, and on *January* 28, came to anchor before *Mayo*, hoping to furniſh themſelves with freſh Water; but having landed, they found the Town by the Water's-ſide entirely deſerted, and marching farther up the Country, ſaw the Vallies extremely fruitful, and abounding with ripe Figs, Cocoes, and Plantains, but could by no Means prevail upon the Inhabitants to converſe or traffic with them: However, they were ſuffered by them to range the Country without Moleſtation, but found no Water, except at ſuch a Diſtance from the Sea, that the Labour of conveying

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it to their Ships was greater than it was at that time neceſſary for them to undergo. Salt, had they wanted it, might have been obtained with leſs Trouble, being left by the Sea upon the Sand, and hardened by the Sun, during the Ebb, in ſuch Quantities, that the chief Traffic of their Iſland is carried on with it.

January 31, they paſſed by *St. Jago*, an Iſland at that Time divided between the Natives and the *Portugueſe*, who, firſt entering theſe Iſlands under the Show of Traffic, by Degrees eſtabliſhed themſelves, and claimed a Superiority over the original Inhabitants, and harraſſed them with ſuch Cruelty, that they obliged them either to fly to the Woods and Mountains, and periſh with Hunger, or to take Arms againſt their Oppreſſors, and under the inſuperable Diſadvantages with which they contended, to die almoſt without a Battle in Defence of their natural Rights, and ancient Poſſeſſions.

Such Treatment had the Natives of *St. Jago* received, which had driven them into the rocky Parts of the Iſland, from whence they made Incurſions into the Plantations of the *Portugueſe*, ſometimes with Loſs, but generally with that Succeſs which Deſperation naturally procures: ſo that the *Portugueſe* were in continual Alarms, and lived with the natural Conſequences of Guilt, Terror, and Anxiety. They were wealthy, but not happy, and poſſeſſed the Iſland, but not enjoyed it.

They then ſailed on within Sight of *Fogo*, an Iſland ſo called from a Mountain, about the Middle of it, continually burning, and like the reſt inhabited by the *Portugueſe*, two Leagues to the South of which lies *Brava*, which has received its Name from its Fertility, abounding, though uninhabited, with all Kinds of Fruits, and watered with great Numbers of Springs and Brooks, which would eaſily invite the Poſſeſſors of the adjacent Iſlands to ſettle in it, but that it affords neither Harbour nor Anchorage. *Drake*, after having ſent out his Boats with Plummets, was not able to find any Ground about it, and it is reported that many Experiments have been made with the ſame Succeſs; however, he took in Water ſufficient, and on the 2d of *February* ſet ſail for the Straits of *Magellan*.

On *February* 17, they paſſed the Equator, and continued their Voyage, with ſometimes Calms, and ſometimes contrary Winds, but without any memorable Accident till *March* 28, when one of their Veſſels, with 28 Men, and the greateſt Part of their freſh Water on board, was, to their great Diſcouragement, ſeparated from them; but their Perplexity laſted not long, for on the next Day they diſcovered and rejoined their Aſſociates.

In their long Courſe, which gave them Opportunities of obſerving ſeveral Animals, both in the Air and Water, at that Time very little known, nothing entertained, or ſurpriſed them more, than the

the *Flying Fiſh*, which is near of the ſame Size with a Herring, and has Fins of the Length of his whole Body, by the Help of which, when he is purſued by the *Bonito*, or Great Mackerel, as ſoon as he finds himſelf upon the Point of being taken, he ſprings up into the Air, and flies forward as long as his Wings continue wet, moiſture being, as it ſeems, neceſſary to make them pliant and moveable; and when they become dry and ſtiff, he falls down into the Water, unleſs ſome Bark or Ship intercept him, and dips them again for a ſecond Flight. This unhappy Animal is not only purſued by Fiſhes in his natural Element, but attacked in the Air, where he hopes for Security, by the *Don*, or *Spar-kite*, a great Bird that preys upon Fiſh; and their Species muſt ſurely be deſtroyed, were not their Increaſe ſo great, that the young Fry, in one Part of the Year, covers the Sea.

There is another Fiſh, named the *Cuttil*, of which whole Shoals will ſometimes riſe at once out of the Water, and of which a great Multitude fell into their Ship.

At length, having ſailed without Sight of Land for ſixty-three Days, they arrived, *April* 5, at the Coaſts of *Braſil*, where, on the 7th, the *Chriſtopher* was ſeparated again from them by a Storm, after which they ſailed near the Land to the ſouthward, and on the 14th anchored under a Cape, which they afterwards called *Cape Joy*, becauſe

in two Days, the Veſſel which they had loſt returned to them.

Having ſpent a Fortnight in the River of *Plate*, to refreſh his Men after their long Voyage, and then ſtanding out to Sea, he was again ſurprized by a ſudden Storm, in which they loſt Sight of the *Swan*. This Accident determined *Drake* to contract the Number of his Fleet, that he might not only avoid the Inconvenience of ſuch frequent Separations, but eaſe the Labour of his Men, by having more Hands in each Veſſel.

For this Purpoſe he ſailed along the Coaſt in queſt of a commodious Harbour, and, on *May* 13, diſcovered a Bay, which ſeemed not improper for their Purpoſe, but which they durſt not enter till it was examined, an employment in which *Drake* never truſted any, whatever might be his Confidence in his Followers on other Occaſions. He well knew how fatal one Moment's Inattention might be, and how eaſily almoſt every Man ſuffers himſelf to be ſurprized by Indolence and Security. He knew that the ſame Credulity that might prevail upon him to truſt another, might induce another to commit the ſame Office to a third; and it muſt be, at length, that ſome of them would be deceived. He therefore, as at other Times, ordered the Boat to be hoiſted out, and taking the Line into his Hand, went on ſounding the Paſſage till he was three Leagues from his Ship; when, on a ſudden, the Weather changed,

changed, the Skies blackened, the Winds whiſtled, and all the uſual Forerunners of a Storm began to threaten them: Nothing was now deſired but to return to the Ship; but the Thickneſs of the Fog intercepting it from their Sight, made the Attempt little other than deſperate. By ſo many unforeſeen Accidents is Prudence itſelf liable to be embarraſſed! So difficult it is ſometimes for the quickeſt Sagacity, and moſt enlightened Experience, to judge what Meaſures ought to be taken! To truſt another to ſound an unknown Coaſt, appeared to *Drake* Folly and Preſumption; to be abſent from his Fleet, though but for an Hour, proved nothing leſs than to hazard the Succeſs of all their Labours, Hardſhips and Dangers.

In this Perplexity, which *Drake* was not more ſenſible of than thoſe whom he had left in the Ships, nothing was to be omitted, however dangerous, that might contribute to extricate them from it, as they could venture nothing of equal Value with the Life of their General. Captain *Thomas*, therefore, having the lighteſt Veſſel, ſteered boldly into the Bay, and taking the General aboard, dropped Anchor, and lay out of Danger, while the reſt, that were in the open Sea, ſuffered much from the Tempeſt; and the *Mary*, a *Portugueſe* Prize, was driven away before the Wind; the others, as ſoon as the Tempeſt was over, diſcovering by the Fires which were made on Shore, where *Drake* was, repaired to him.

Here, going on Shore, they met with no Inhabitants, though there were ſeveral Houſes or Huts ſtanding, in which they found a good Quantity of dried Fowls, and among them a great Number of Oſtriches, of which the Thighs were as large as thoſe of a Sheep. Theſe Birds are too heavy and unweildy to riſe from the Ground, but, with the Help of their Wings, run ſo ſwiftly, that the *Engliſh* could never come near enough to ſhoot at them. The *Indians*, commonly, by holding a large Plume of Feathers before them, and walking gently forward, drive the Oſtriches into ſome narrow Neck, or Point of Land, then ſpreading a ſtrong Net from one Side to the other, to hinder them from returning back to the open Fields, ſet their Dogs upon them; thus they are confined between the Net and the Water, and when thrown on their backs, they ruſh in and take them.

Not finding this Harbour convenient, or well ſtored with Wood and Water, they left it on the 15th of *May*, and on the 18th entered another much ſafer, and more commodious, which they no ſooner arrived at, than *Drake*, whoſe reſtleſs Application never remitted, ſent *Winter* to the Southward, in queſt of thoſe Ships which were abſent, and immediately after ſailed himſelf to the Northward, and happily meeting with the *Swan*, conducted it to the reſt of the Fleet; after which, in purſuance of his former Reſolution, he ordered it to be broken up, reſerving the Iron

Work

Work for a future Supply. The other Veſſel which they loſt in the late Storm could not be diſcovered.

While they were thus employed upon an Iſland about a Mile from the main Land, to which, at low Water, there was a Paſſage on Foot, they were diſcovered by the Natives, who appeared upon a Hill at a Diſtance, dancing, and holding up their Hands, as beckoning the *Engliſh* to them; which *Drake* obſerving, ſent out a Boat with Knives, Bells, and Bugles, and ſuch Things, as, by their Uſefulneſs or Novelty, he imagined would be agreeable. As ſoon as the *Engliſh* landed, they obſerving two Men running towards them, as deputed by the Company, who came within a little Diſtance, and then ſtanding ſtill, could not be prevailed upon to come nearer. The *Engliſh* therefore tied their Preſents to a Pole, which they fixed in the Ground, and then retiring, ſaw the *Indians* advance, who taking what they found upon the Pole, left, in return, ſuch feathers as they wear upon their Heads, with a ſmall Bone about ſix Inches in Length, carved round the Top, and burniſhed.

Drake, obſerving their Inclination to Friendſhip and Traffic, advanced with ſome of his Company towards the Hill, upon Sight of whom the *Indians* ranged themſelves in a Line from Eaſt to Weſt, and one of them running from one End of the Rank to the other, backwards and forwards,

bowed himſelf towards the Riſing and Setting of the Sun, holding his Hands over his Head, and frequently ſtopping in the Middle of the Rank, leaped up towards the Moon, which then ſhone directly over their Heads; thus calling the Sun and Moon, the Deities they worſhip, to witneſs the Sincerity of their Profeſſions of Peace and Friendſhip. While this Ceremony was performed, *Drake* and his Company aſcended the Hill, to the apparent Terror of the *Indians*, whoſe Apprehenſions when the *Engliſh* perceived, they peaceably retired; which gave the Natives ſo much Encouragement, that they came forward immediately, and exchanged their Arrows, Feathers, and Bones, for ſuch Trifles as were offered them.

Thus they traded for ſome Time; but, by frequent Intercourſe, finding that no Violence was intended, they became familiar, and mingled with the *Engliſh* without the leaſt Diſtruſt.

They go quite naked, except a Skin of ſome Animal, which they throw over their Shoulders when they lie in the open Air. They knit up their Hair, which is very long, with a Roll of Oſtrich Feathers, and uſually carry their Arrows wrapped up in it, that they may not encumber them, they being made with Reeds, headed with Flint, and therefore not heavy. Their Bows are about an Ell long.

Their chief Ornament is Paint, which they

uſe of ſeveral Kinds, delineating generally upon their Bodies the Figures of the Sun and Moon, in Honour of their Deities.

It is obſervable, that moſt Nations, amongſt whom the Uſe of Cloathes is unknown, paint their Bodies. Such was the Practice of the firſt Inhabitants of our own Country. From this Cuſtom did our earlieſt Enemies, the *Picts*, owe their Denomination. As it is not probable that Caprice or Fancy ſhould be uniform, there muſt be, doubtleſs, ſome Reaſon for a Practice ſo general and prevailing in diſtant Parts of the World, which have no Communication with each other. The original End of painting their Bodies was, probably, to exclude the Cold; an End which, if we believe ſome Relations, is ſo effectually produced by it, that the Men thus painted never ſhiver at the moſt piercing blaſts. But, doubtleſs, any People ſo hardened by continual Severities would, even without Paint, be leſs ſenſible of the Cold than the civiliſed Inhabitants of the ſame Climate. However this Practice may contribute, in ſome Degree, to defend them from the Injuries of Winter, and in thoſe Climates where little evaporates by the Pores, may be uſed with no great Inconvenience; but in hot Countries, where Perſpiration in a greater Degree is neceſſary, the Natives only uſe Unction to preſerve them from the other Extreme of Weather: So well do either Reaſon or Experience ſupply the Place of Science in Savage Countries! They

They had no Canoes like the other *Indians*, nor any Method of croſſing the Water, which was probably the Reaſon why the Birds in the adjacent Iſlands were ſo tame, that they might be taken with the Hand, having never been before frighted or moleſted. The great Plenty of Fowls and Seals, which crowded the Shallows in ſuch Numbers, that they killed at their firſt Arrival two Hundred of them in an Hour, contributed much to the Refreſhment of the *Engliſh*, who named the Place *Seal Bay* from that Animal.

Theſe Seals ſeem to be the chief Food of the Natives; for the *Engliſh* often found raw Pieces of their Fleſh half-eaten, and left, as they ſuppoſed, after a full Meal by the *Indians*, whom they never knew to make uſe of Fire, or any Art, in dreſſing or preparing their Victuals.

Nor were their other Cuſtoms leſs wild or uncouth, than their Way of feeding; one of them having received a Cap off the General's Head, and being extremely pleaſed as well with the Honour as the Gift, to expreſs his Gratitude, and confirm the Alliance between them, retired to a little Diſtance, and thruſting an Arrow into his Leg, let the Blood run upon the Ground, teſtifying, as it is probable, that he valued *Drake*'s Friendſhip above Life.

Having ſtayed fifteen Days among theſe friendly Savages, in 47 Deg 30 Min. S. Latitude, on *June* 3, they ſet ſail towards the *South Sea*, and

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ſix Days afterwards ſtopped at another little Bay to break up the *Chriſtopher*. Then paſſing on, they caſt Anchor in another Bay, not more than 20 Leagues diſtant from the Straits of *Magellan*.

It was now Time ſeriouſly to deliberate in what Manner they ſhould act with regard to the *Portugueſe* Prize, which having been ſeparated from them by the Storm, had not yet rejoined them. To return in ſearch of it was ſufficiently mortifying; to proceed without it, was not only to deprive themſelves of a conſiderable Part of their Force, but to expoſe their Friends and Companions, whom common Hardſhips and Dangers had endeared to them, to certain Death or Captivity. This Conſideration prevailed, and therefore on the 18th, after Prayers to God, with which *Drake* never forgot to begin an Enterprize, he put to Sea, and the next Day, near *Port Julian*, diſcovered their Aſſociates, whoſe Ship was now grown leaky, having ſuffered much, both in the firſt Storm by which they were diſperſed, and afterwards in fruitleſs Attempts to regain the Fleet.

Drake, therefore, being deſirous to relieve their Fatigues, entered *Port Julian*; and as it was his Cuſtom always to attend in Perſon, when any important Buſineſs was in Hand, went aſhore with ſome of the chief of his Company, to ſeek for Water, where he was immediately accoſted by two Natives, of whom *Magellan* left a very terrible Account, having deſcribed them as a Nation

tion of Giants and Monſters; nor is his Narrative entirely without Foundation, for they are of the largeſt Size, though not taller than ſome *Engliſhmen*; their Strength is proportioned to their Bulk, and their Voice loud, boiſterous, and terrible. What were their Manners before the Arrival of the *Spaniards*, it is not poſſible to diſcover; but the Slaughter made of their Countrymen, perhaps without any Provocation, by theſe cruel Intruders, and the general Maſſacre with which that Part of the World is depopulated, have raiſed in them a Suſpicion of all Strangers, and by Conſequence made them inhoſpitable, treacherous, and bloody.

The two who aſſociated themſelves with the *Engliſh*, appeared much pleaſed with their new Gueſts, received willingly what was given them, and very exactly obſerved every thing that paſſed, ſeeming more particularly delighted with ſeeing *Oliver*, the Maſter Gunner, ſhoot an *Engliſh* Arrow, they ſhot themſelves likewiſe, in Emulation, but their Arrows always fell to the Ground far ſhort of his.

Soon after this friendly Conteſt came another, who obſerving the Familiarity of his Countrymen with the Strangers, appeared much diſpleaſed, and, as the *Engliſhmen* perceived, endeavoured to diſſuade them from ſuch an Intercourſe. What Effect his Arguments had, was ſoon after apparent; for another of *Drake*'s Companions, being deſirous

ſirous to ſhow the third *Indian* a Specimen of the *Engliſh* Valour and Dexterity, attempted likewiſe to ſhoot an Arrow, but drawing it with his full Force, burſt the Bow-ſtring; upon which the *Indians*, who were unacquainted with their other Weapons, imagining him diſarmed, followed the Company, as they were walking negligently down towards their Boat, and let fly their Arrows, aiming particularly at *Winter*, who had the Bow in his Hand. He, finding himſelf wounded in the Shoulder, endeavoured to refit his Bow, and turning about, was pierced with a ſecond Arrow in the Breaſt; *Oliver*, the Gunner, immediately preſented his Piece at the inſidious Aſſailants, which failing to take Fire, gave them Time to level another Flight of Arrows, by which he was killed; nor, perhaps, had any of them eſcaped, ſurprized and perplexed as they were, had not *Drake*, with his uſual Preſence of Mind, animated their Courage, and directed their Motions, ordering them, by perpetually changing their Places, to elude, as much as they could, the Aim of their Enemies, and to defend their Bodies with their Targets: and inſtructing them, by his own Example, to pick up, and break the Arrows as they fell; which they did with ſo much Diligence, that the *Indians* were ſoon in Danger of being diſarmed. Then *Drake* himſelf taking the Gun, which *Oliver* had ſo unſucceſsfully attempted to make uſe of, diſcharged it at the *Indian* that firſt began the Fray, and

and had killed the Gunner, aiming it ſo happily, that the Hail Shot, with which it was loaded, tore open his Belly, and forced him to ſuch terrible Outcries, that the *Indians*, though their Numbers increaſed, and many of their Countrymen ſhowed themſelves from different Parts of the adjoining Wood, were too much terrified to renew the Aſſault, and ſuffered *Drake*, without Moleſtation, to withdraw his wounded Friend, who being hurt in his Lungs, languiſhed two Days, and then dying, was interred with his Companion, with the uſual Ceremony of a military Funeral.

They ſtayed here two Months afterwards, without receiving any other Injuries from the Natives, who, finding the Danger to which they expoſed themſelves by open Hoſtilities, and not being able any more to ſurprize the Vigilance of *Drake*, preferred their Safety to Revenge.

But *Drake* had other Enemies to conquer or eſcape, far more formidable than thoſe Barbarians; and inſidious Practices to obviate, more artful and dangerous than the Ambuſhes of the *Indians*; for in this Place was laid open a Deſign, formed by one of the Gentlemen of the Fleet, not only to defeat the Voyage, but to murder the General.

This Tranſaction is related in ſo obſcure and confuſed a Manner, that it is difficult to form any Judgment upon it. The Writer who gives the largeſt Account of it has ſuppreſſed the Name of the

the Criminal, which we learn from a more ſuccinct Narrative publiſhed in a Collection of Travels, near that Time, to have been *Thomas Doughtie*. What were his Inducements to attempt the Deſtruction of his Leader, and the Ruin of the Expedition; or what were his Views, if his Deſigns had ſucceeded; what Meaſures he had hitherto taken, whom he had endeavoured to corrupt, with what Arts, or what Succeſs, we are no where told.

The Plot, as the Narrative aſſures us, was laid before their Departure from *England*, and diſcovered, in its whole Extent, to *Drake* himſelf, in his Garden at *Plymouth*, who nevertheleſs not only entertained the Perſon ſo accuſed as one of his Company, but, as this Writer very particularly relates, treated him with remarkable Kindneſs and Regard, ſetting him always at his own Table, and lodging him in the ſame Cabbin with himſelf. Nor did he ever diſcover the leaſt Suſpicion of his Intentions, till they arrived at this Place, but appeared, by the Authority with which he inveſted him, to conſider him as one to whom, in his Abſence, he could moſt ſecurely intruſt the Direction of his Affairs. At length, in this remote Corner of the World, he found out a Deſign formed againſt his Life, called together all his Officers, laid before them the Evidence on which he grounded the Accuſation, and ſummoned the Criminal, who, full of all the Horrors

of

of Guilt, and confounded at ſo clear a Detection of his whole Scheme, immediately confeſſed his Crimes, and acknowledged himſelf unworthy of longer Life; upon which the whole Aſſembly, conſiſting of thirty Perſons, after having conſidered the Affair with the Attention which it required, and heard all that could be urged in Extenuation of his Offence, unanimouſly ſigned the Sentence by which he was condemned to ſuffer Death. *Drake*, however, unwilling, as it ſeemed, to proceed to extreme Severities, offered him his Choice, either of being executed on the Iſland, or ſet aſhore on the Main Land, or being ſent to *England* to be tried before the Council; of which, after a Day's Conſideration, he choſe the firſt, alledging the Improbability of perſuading any to leave the Expedition for the Sake of tranſporting a Criminal to *England*, and the Danger of his future State among Savages and Infidels. His Choice, I believe, few will approve: To be ſet aſhore on the Main Land, was indeed only to be executed in a different Manner; for what Mercy could be expected from the Natives, ſo incenſed, but the moſt cruel and lingering Death? But why he ſhould not rather have requeſted to be ſent to *England*, it is not ſo eaſy to conceive. In ſo long a Voyage, he might have found a thouſand Opportunities of eſcaping, perhaps with the Connivance of his Keepers, whoſe Reſentment muſt probably in Time have given way to Compaſſion,

or

or at leaſt by their Negligence, as it is eaſy to believe, they would, in Times of Eaſe and Refreſhment, have remitted their Vigilance, at leaſt he would have gained longer Life; and to make Death deſirable ſeems not one of the Effects of Guilt. However, he was as it is related, obſtinately deaf to all Perſuaſions, and adhering to his firſt Choice, after having received the Communion, and dined chearfully with the General, was executed in the Afternoon, with many Proofs of Remorſe, but none of Fear.

How far it is probable that *Drake*, after having been acquainted with this Man's Deſigns, ſhould admit him into his Fleet, and afterwards careſs, reſpect, and truſt him, or that *Doughtie*, who is repreſented as a Man of eminent Abilities, ſhould engage in ſo long and hazardous a Voyage, with no other View than that of defeating it, is left to the Determination of the Reader. What Deſigns he could have formed with any Hope of Succeſs, or to what Actions worthy of Death he could have proceeded without Accomplices (for none are mentioned) is equally difficult to imagine. Nor, on the other Hand, though the Obſcurity of the Account, and the remote Place choſen for the Diſcovery of this wicked Project, ſeem to give ſome Reaſon for Suſpicion, does there appear any Temptation, from either Hope, Fear, or Intereſt, that might induce *Drake*, or any Commander in his State, to put to Death an innocent Man upon falſe Pretences. After

After the Execution of this Man, the whole Company, either convinced of the Juſtice of the Proceeding, or awed by the Severity, applied themſelves, without any Murmurs or Appearance of Diſcontent, to the Proſecution of the Voyage, and having broken up another Veſſel, and reduced the Number of their Ships to three, they left the Port, and on *Auguſt* the 20th entered the Straits of *Magellan*, in which they ſtruggled with contrary Winds, and the various Dangers to which the Intricacy of that winding Paſſage expoſed them, till Night, and then entered a more open Sea, in which they diſcovered an Iſland with a burning Mountain. On the 24th, they fell in with three more Iſlands, to which *Drake* gave Names, and, landing to take Poſſeſſion of them in the Name of his Sovereign, found in the largeſt ſo prodigious a Number of Birds, that they killed three thouſand of them in one Day. This Bird, of which they knew not the Name, was ſomewhat leſs than a Wild-gooſe, without Feathers, and covered with a kind of Down, unable to fly or riſe from the Ground, but capable of running and ſwimming with amazing celerity; they feed on the Sea, and come to Land only to reſt at Night, or lay their Eggs, which they depoſit in Holes like thoſe of Conies.

From theſe Iſlands to the *South Sea*, the Strait becomes very crooked and narrow, ſo that ſometimes, by the Interpoſition of Headlands, the Paſſage

Paſſage ſeems ſhut up, and the Voyage entirely ſtopped. To double theſe Capes is very difficult, on Account of the frequent Alterations to be made in the Courſe. There are, indeed, as *Magellan* obſerves, many Harbours, but in moſt of them no Bottom is to be found.

The Land on both Sides riſes into innumerable Mountains; the Tops of them are encircled with Clouds and Vapours, which being congealed fall down in Snow, and increaſe their Height by hardening into Ice, which is never diſſolved; but the Valleys are, nevertheleſs, green, fruitful, and pleaſant.

Here *Drake*, finding the Strait in Appearance ſhut up, went in his Boat to make farther Diſcoveries, and having found a Paſſage towards the North, was returning to his Ships, but Curioſity ſoon prevailed upon him to ſtop, for the ſake of obſerving a Canoe or Boat, with ſeveral Natives of the Country in it. He could not at a Diſtance forbear admiring the Form of this little Veſſel, which ſeemed inclining to a Semicircle, the Stern and Prow ſtanding up, and the Body ſinking inward; but much greater was his Wonder, when, upon a nearer Inſpection, he found it made only of the Barks of Trees, ſewed together with Thongs of Seal-ſkin, ſo artificially, that ſcarcely any Water entered the Seams. The People were well ſhaped, and painted like thoſe which have been already deſcribed. On the Land

they had a Hut built with Poles and covered with Skins, in which they had Water Veſſels and other Utenſils, made likewiſe of the Barks of Trees.

Among theſe People they had an Opportunity of remarking, what is frequently obſervable in ſavage Countries, how natural Sagacity and unwearied Induſtry may ſupply the Want of ſuch Manufactures, or natural Productions, as appear to us abſolutely neceſſary for the Support of Life. The Inhabitants of theſe Iſlands are wholly Strangers to Iron and its Uſe, but, inſtead of it, make uſe of the Shell of a Muſcle of prodigious Size, found upon their Coaſts; this they grind upon a Stone to an Edge, which is ſo firm and ſolid, that neither Wood nor Stone is able to reſiſt it.

September 6, they entered the *Great South Sea*, on which no *Engliſh* Veſſel had ever been navigated before, and propoſed to have directed their Courſe towards the Line, that their Men, who had ſuffered by the Severity of the Climate, might recover their Strength in a warmer Latitude. But their Deſigns were ſcarce formed before they were fruſtrated; for on *September* 7, after an Eclipſe of the Moon, a Storm aroſe, ſo violent, that it left them little Hopes of ſurviving it; nor was its Fury ſo dreadful as its Continuance, for it laſted, with little Intermiſſion, till *October* 28, fifty-two Days, during which Time they were toſſed inceſſantly from one Part of the Ocean to another, without any Power of ſpreading their Sails, or

lying

lying upon their Anchors, amidſt ſhelving Shores, ſcattered Rocks, and unknown Iſlands, the Tempeſt continually roaring, and the Waves daſhing over them.

In this Storm, on the 30th of *September*, the *Marigold*, commanded by Captain *Thomas*, was ſeparated from them. On the 7th of *October*, having entered a Harbour, where they hoped for ſome Intermiſſion of their Fatigues, they were in a few Hours forced out to Sea by a violent Guſt, which broke the Cable, at which Time they loſt Sight of the *Elizabeth*, the Vice-Admiral, whoſe Crew, as was afterwards diſcovered, wearied with Labour, and diſcouraged by the Proſpect of future Dangers, recovered the Straits on the next Day, and, returning by the ſame Paſſage through which they came, ſailed along the Coaſt of *Braſil*, and on the 2d of *June*, in the Year following, arrived in *England*.

From this Bay they were driven ſouthward to 55 Degrees, where, among ſome Iſlands, they ſtayed two Days, to the great Refreſhment of the Crew; but being again forced into the main Sea, they were toſſed about with perpetual Expectations of periſhing, till ſoon after they came again to anchor near the ſame Place, where they found the Natives, whom the Continuance of the Storm had probably reduced to equal Diſtreſs, rowing from one Iſland to another, and providing the Neceſſaries of Life.

It is, perhaps, a juſt Obſervation, that, with regard to outward Circumſtances, Happineſs and Miſery are very equally diffuſed through all States of human Life. In civilized Countries, where regular Policies have ſecured the Neceſſaries of Life, Ambition, Avarice, and Luxury, find the Mind at Leiſure for their Reception, and ſoon engage it in new Purſuits; Purſuits that are to be carried on by inceſſant Labour, and, whether vain or ſucceſsful, produce Anxiety and Contention. Among Savage Nations, imaginary Wants find, indeed, no Place, but their Strength is exhauſted by neceſſary Toils, and their Paſſions agitated, not by Conteſts about Superiority, Affluence, or Precedence, but by perpetual Care for the preſent Day, and by Fear of periſhing for Want of Food.

But for ſuch Reflections as theſe they had no Time, for having ſpent three Days in ſupplying themſelves with Wood and Water, they were, by a new Storm, driven to the Latitude of 56 Deg. where they beheld the Extremities of the *American* Coaſt, and the Confluence of the Atlantic and Southern Ocean.

Here they arrived on the 28th of *October*, and at laſt were bleſſed with the Sight of a calm Sea, having for almoſt two Months endured ſuch a Storm as no Traveller has given an Account of; and ſuch as in that Part of the World, though accuſtomed to Hurricanes, they were before unacquainted with.

On

On the 30th of *October* they ſteered away towards the Place appointed for the Rendezvous of the Fleet, which was in 30 Degrees, and on the next Day diſcovered two Iſlands, ſo well ſtocked with Fowls, that they victualled their Ships with them, and then ſailed forwards along the Coaſt of *Peru*, till they came to 37 Degrees, where finding neither their Ships, nor any convenient Port, they came to Anchor, *November* the 25th, at *Mucho*, an Iſland inhabited by ſuch *Indians* as the Cruelty of their *Spaniſh* Conquerors had driven from the Continent, to whom they applied for Water and Proviſions, offering them in return ſuch Things as they imagined moſt likely to pleaſe them. The *Indians* ſeemed willing to traffic, and having preſented them with Fruits, and two fat Sheep, they ſhewed them a Place whither they ſhould come for Water.

The next Morning, according to Agreement, the *Engliſh* landed with their Water-Veſſels, and ſent two Men forward towards the Place appointed, who, about the Middle of the Way, were ſuddenly attacked by the *Indians*, and immediately ſlain. Nor were the reſt of the Company out of Danger; for behind the Rocks was lodged an Ambuſh of five hundred Men, who, ſtarting up from their Retreat, diſcharged their Arrows into the Boat, with ſuch Dexterity, that every one of the Crew was wounded by them, the Sea being then high, and hindering them from either re-

tiring, or making Uſe of their Weapons. *Drake* himſelf received an Arrow under his Eye, which pierced him almoſt to the Brain, and another in his Head. The Danger of theſe Wounds was much increaſed by the Abſence of their Surgeon, who was in the Vice-Admiral, ſo that they had none to aſſiſt them but a Boy, whoſe Age did not admit of much Experience or Skill; yet ſo much were they favoured by Providence, that they all recovered.

No Reaſon could be aſſigned for which the *Indians* ſhould attack them with ſo furious a Spirit of Malignity, but that they miſtook them for *Spaniards*, whoſe Cruelties might very reaſonably incite them to Revenge, whom they had driven, by inceſſant Perſecution, from their Country, waſting immenſe Tracks of Land, by Maſſacre and Devaſtation.

On the Afternoon of the ſame Day they ſet ſail, and on the 30th of *November* dropped Anchor in *Philips Bay*, where their Boat, having been ſent out to diſcover the Country, returned with an *Indian* in his Canoe, whom they had intercepted. He was of a graceful Stature, dreſſed in a white Coat or Gown, reaching almoſt to his Knees, very mild, humble, and docile, ſuch as perhaps were all the *Indians*, till the *Spaniards* taught them Revenge, Treachery, and Cruelty.

This *Indian*, having been kindly treated, was diſmiſſed with Preſents, and informed, as far as the

the *Engliſh* could make him underſtand, what they chiefly wanted, and what they were willing to give in return, *Drake* ordering his Boat to attend him to his Canoe, and to ſet him ſafe on the Land.

When he was aſhore, he directed them to wait till his Return, and meeting ſome of his Countrymen, gave them ſuch an Account of his Reception, that, within a few Hours, ſeveral of them repaired with him to the Boat with Fowls, Eggs, and a Hog, and with them one of their Captains, who willingly came into the Boat, and deſired to be conveyed by the *Engliſh* to their Ship.

By this Man, *Drake* was informed, that no Supplies were to be expected here, but that ſouthward, in a Place to which he offered to be his Pilot, there was great Plenty. This Propoſal was accepted, and on the 5th of *December*, under the Direction of the good-natured *Indian*, they came to Anchor in the Harbour called by the *Spaniards Valperizo*, near the Town of *St. James* of *Chiuti*, where they met not only with ſufficient Stores of Proviſions, and with Store-houſes full of the Wines of *Chili*, but with a Ship called the *Captain of Morial*, richly laden, having, together with large Quantities of the ſame Wines, ſome of the fine Gold of *Baldivia*, and a great Croſs of Gold, ſet with Emeralds.

Having ſpent three Days in ſtoring their Ships with all Kinds of Proviſion in the utmoſt Plenty, they departed, and landed their *Indian* Pilot where

they firſt received him, after having rewarded him much above his Expectations or Deſires.

They had now little other Anxiety than for their Friends who had been ſeparated from them, and whom they now determined to ſeek; but conſidering that by entering every Creek and Harbour with their Ship, they expoſed themſelves to unneceſſary Dangers, and that their Boat would not contain ſuch a Number as might defend themſelves againſt the *Spaniards*, they determined to ſtation their Ship at ſome Place, where they might commodiouſly build a Pinnace, which being of light Burthen, might eaſily ſail where the Ship was in Danger of being ſtranded, and at the ſame Time might carry a ſufficient Force to reſiſt the Enemy, and afford better Accommodation than could be expected in the Boat.

To this End, on the 19th of *December* they entered a Bay near *Cippo*, a Town inhabited by *Spaniards*, who diſcovering them, immediately iſſued out, to the Number of an hundred Horſemen, with about two hundred naked *Indians* running by their Sides. The *Engliſh* obſerving their Approach, retired to their Boat, without any Loſs except of one Man, whom no Perſuaſions or Entreaties could move to retire with the reſt, and who, therefore, was ſhot by the *Spaniards*, who, exulting at the Victory, commanded the *Indians* to draw the dead Carcaſe from the Rock on which he fell, and, in the Sight of the *Engliſh*, beheaded it,

it, then cut off the Right Hand, and tore out the Heart, which they carried away, having firſt commanded the *Indians* to ſhoot their Arrows all over the Body. The Arrows of the *Indians* were made of green Wood, for the immediate Service of the Day; the *Spaniards*, with the Fear that always harraſſes Oppreſſors, forbidding them to have any Weapons, when they do not want their preſent aſſiſtance.

Leaving this Place, they ſoon found a Harbour more ſecure and convenient, where they built their Pinnace, in which *Drake* went to ſeek his Companions, but finding the Wind contrary, he was obliged to return in two Days.

Leaving this Place ſoon after, they ſailed along the Coaſt in ſearch of freſh Water, and landing at *Turapaca*, they found a *Spaniard* aſleep, with Silver Bars lying by him to the Value of three thouſand Ducats; not all the Inſults which they had received from his Countrymen could provoke them to offer any Violence to his Perſon, and therefore they carried away his Treaſure, without doing him any farther Harm.

Landing in another Place, they found a *Spaniard* driving eight *Peruvian* Sheep, which are the Beaſts of Burthen in that Country, each laden with an hundred Pounds Weight of Silver, which they ſeized likewiſe, and drove to their Boats.

Further along the Coaſt lay ſome *Indian* Towns, from which the Inhabitants repaired to the Ship,

on Floats made of Seal-ſkins, blown full of Wind, two of which they faſten together, and ſitting between them, row with great Swiftneſs, and carry conſiderable Burthens. They very readily traded for Glaſs, and ſuch Trifles, with which the Old and the Young ſeemed equally delighted.

Arriving at *Mormorena* on the 26th of *January*, *Drake* invited the *Spaniards* to traffic with him, which they agreed to, and ſupplied him with Neceſſaries, ſelling to him, among other Proviſions, ſome of thoſe Sheep which have been mentioned, whoſe Bulk is equal to that of a Cow, and whoſe Strength is ſuch, that one of them can carry three tall Men upon his Back; their Necks are like a Camel's, and their Heads like thoſe of our Sheep. They are the moſt uſeful Animals of this Country, not only affording excellent Fleeces, and wholeſome Fleſh, but ſerving as Carriages over Rocks and Mountains where no other Beaſt can travel; for their Foot is of a peculiar Form, which enables them to tread firm in the moſt ſteep and ſlippery Places.

On all this Coaſt, the whole Soil is ſo impregnated with Silver, that five Ounces may be ſeparated from an hundred Pounds Weight of common Earth.

Still coaſting, in Hopes of meeting their Friends, they anchored on the 7th of *February* before *Aria*, where they took two Barks with about eight hundred Pounds weight of Silver, and purſuing

purſuing their Courſe, ſeized another Veſſel laden with Linens.

On the 15th of *February*, 1578, they arrived at *Lima*, and entered the Harbour without Reſiſtance, though thirty Ships were ſtationed there, of which ſeventeen were equipped for their Voyage, and many of them were repreſented in the Narrative as Veſſels of conſiderable Force; ſo that their Security ſeems to have conſiſted not in their Strength, but in their Reputation, which had ſo intimidated the *Spaniards*, that the Sight of their own Superiority could not rouſe them to Oppoſition. Inſtances of ſuch panic Terrors are to be met with in other Relations; but as they are, for the moſt Part, quickly diſſipated by Reaſon and Reflection, a wiſe Commander will rarely found his Hopes of Succeſs on them; and, perhaps, on this Occaſion, the *Spaniards* ſcarcely deſerve a ſeverer Cenſure for their Cowardice, than *Drake* for his Temerity.

In one of theſe Ships they found fifteen hundred Bars of Silver, in another a Cheſt of Money, and very rich Lading in many of the reſt, of which the *Spaniards* tamely ſuffered them to carry the moſt valuable Part away, and would have permitted them no leſs peaceably to burn their Ships; but *Drake* never made War with a Spirit of Cruelty or Revenge, or carried Hoſtilities further than was neceſſary for his own Advantage or Defence.

They ſet ſail the next Morning towards *Panama*, in queſt of the *Caca Fuego*, a very rich Ship, which had ſailed fourteen Days before, bound thither from *Lima*, which they overtook on the firſt of *March*, near *Cape Franciſco*, and, boarding it, found not only a Quantity of Jewels, and twelve Cheſts of Ryals of Plate, but 80 Pounds Weight of Gold, and twenty-ſix Tons of uncoined Silver, with Pieces of wrought Plate, to a great Value. In unlading this Prize they ſpent ſix Days, and then diſmiſſing the *Spaniards*, ſtood off to Sea.

Being now ſufficiently enriched, and having loſt all Hopes of finding their Aſſociates, and perhaps beginning to be infected with that Deſire of Eaſe and Pleaſure, which is the natural Conſequence of Wealth obtained by Dangers and Fatigues, they began to conſult about their Return home; and, in purſuance of *Drake*'s Advice, reſolved firſt to find out ſome convenient Harbour, where they might ſupply themſelves with Wood and Water, and then endeavour to diſcover a Paſſage from the *South Sea* into the *Atlantic Ocean*; a Diſcovery which would not only enable them to return home with leſs Danger, and in a ſhorter Time, but would much facilitate the Navigation in thoſe Parts of the World.

For this Purpoſe they had Recourſe to a Port in the Iſland of *Caines*, where they met with Fiſh, Wood, and freſh Water, and in their Courſe

Courſe took a Ship laden with Silk and Linen, which was the laſt that they met with on this Coaſt.

But being deſirous of ſtoring themſelves for a long Courſe, they touched, *April* the 15th, at *Guatulco*, a *Spaniſh* Iſland, where they ſupplied themſelves with Proviſions, and ſeized a Buſhel of Ryals of Silver.

From *Guatulco*, which lies in 15 Deg. 40 Min. they ſtood out to Sea, and, without approaching any Land, ſailed forward, till on the Night following, the 3d of *June*, being then in the Lat. of 38 Deg. they were ſuddenly benumbed with ſuch cold Blaſts, that they were ſcarcely able to handle the Ropes. This Cold increaſed upon them, as they proceeded, to ſuch a Degree, that the Sailors were diſcouraged from mounting upon the Deck; nor were the Effects of the Climate to be imputed to the Warmth of the Regions to which they had been lately accuſtomed, for the Ropes were ſtiff with Froſt, and the Meat could ſcarcely be conveyed warm to the Table.

On *June* 17, they came to Anchor in 38 Deg. 30. Min. where they ſaw the Land naked, and the Trees without Leaves, and in a ſhort Time had Opportunities of obſerving, that the Natives of that Country were not leſs ſenſible of the Cold than themſelves; for the next Day came a Man rowing in his Canoe towards the Ship, and at a Diſtance from it made a long Oration, with very

extraordinary Geſticulations, and great Appearance of Vehemence, and a little Time afterwards made a ſecond Viſit in the ſame Manner; and then returning a third Time, he preſented them, after his Harangue was finiſhed, with a Kind of Crown of black Feathers, ſuch as their Kings wear upon their Heads, and a Baſket of Ruſhes filled with a particular Herb, both which he faſtened to a ſhort Stick, and threw into the Boat; nor could he be prevailed upon to receive any thing in return, though puſhed towards him upon a Board; only he took up a Hat which was flung into the Water.

Three Days afterwards, their Ship having received ſome Damage at Sea, was brought nearer to Land that the Lading might be taken out. In order to which the *Engliſh*, who had now learned not too negligently to commit their Lives to the Mercy of Savage Nations, raiſed a Kind of Fortification with Stones, and built their Tents within it. All this was not beheld by the Inhabitants without the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment, which incited them to come down in Crouds to the Coaſt, with no other View, as it appeared, than to worſhip the new Divinities that had condeſcended to touch upon their Country.

Drake was far from countenancing their Errors, or taking Advantage of their Weakneſs, to injure or moleſt them; and therefore, having directed them to lay aſide their Bows and Arrows, he preſented

ſented them with Linen, and other Neceſſaries, of which he ſhewed them the Uſe. They then returned to their Habitations, about three Quarters of a Mile from the *Engliſh* Camp, where they made ſuch loud and violent Outcries, that they were heard by the *Engliſh*, who found that they ſtill perſiſted in their firſt Notions, and were paying them their kind of melancholy Adoration.

Two Days afterwards they perceived the Approach of a far more numerous Company, who ſtopped at the Top of a Hill which overlooked the *Engliſh* Settlement, while one of them made a long Oration, at the End of which all the Aſſembly bowed their Bodies, and pronounced the Syllable *Oh*, with a ſolemn Tone, as by Way of Confirmation of what had been ſaid by the Orator. Then the Men, laying down their Bows, and leaving the Women and Children on the Top of the Hill, came down towards the Tents, and ſeemed tranſported in the higheſt Degree at the Kindneſs of the General, who received their Gifts, and admitted them to his Preſence. The Women, at a Diſtance, appeared ſeized with a Kind of Frenzy, ſuch as that of Old among the *Pagans* in ſome of their religious Ceremonies, and in Honour, as it ſeemed, of their Gueſts tore their Cheeks and Boſoms with their Nails, and threw themſelves upon the Stones with their naked Bodies, till they were covered with Blood.

Theſe cruel Rites, and miſtaken Honours,

were by no Means agreeable to *Drake*, whoſe predominant Sentiments were Notions of Piety; and, therefore, not to make that criminal in himſelf by his Concurrence, which, perhaps, Ignorance might make guiltleſs in them, he ordered his whole Company to fall upon their Knees, and with their Eyes lifted up to Heaven, that the Savages might obſerve that their Worſhip was addreſſed to a Being reſiding there. They all joined in praying, that this harmleſs and deluded People might be brought to the Knowledge of the true Religion, and the Doctrines of our bleſſed Saviour; after which they ſung Pſalms, a Performance ſo pleaſing to their wild Audience, that in all their Viſits they generally firſt accoſted them with a Requeſt that they would ſing. They then returned all the Preſents which they had received, and retired.

Three Days after this, on *June* 25, 1579, our General received two Embaſſadors from the *Hioh*, or King of the Country, who, intending to viſit the Camp, required that ſome Token might be ſent him of Friendſhip and Peace: This Requeſt was readily complied with, and ſoon after came the King, attended by a Guard of about an hundred tall Men, and preceded by an Officer of State, who carried a Scepter made of black Wood, adorned with Chains of a kind of Bone or Horn, which are Marks of the higheſt Honour among them, and having two Crowns, made as before, with

with Feathers faſtened to it, with a Bag of the ſame Herb which was preſented to *Drake* at his firſt Arrival.

Behind him was the King himſelf, dreſſed in a Coat of Coney-ſkins, with a Cawl woven with Feathers upon his Head, an Ornament ſo much in Eſtimation there, that none but the Domeſtics of the King are allowed to wear it; his Attendants followed him, adorned nearly in the ſame Manner; and after them came the common People, with Baſkets plaited ſo artificially, that they held Water, in which, by way of Sacrifice, they brought Roots and Fiſh.

Drake, not lulled into Security, ranged his Men in Order of Battle, and waited their Approach, who coming nearer, ſtood ſtill while the Scepter-bearer made an Oration, at the Concluſion of which they again came forward to the Foot of the Hill, and then the Scepter-bearer began a Song, which he accompanied with a Dance, in both which the Men joined, but the Women danced without ſinging.

Drake, now diſtruſting them no longer, admitted them into his Fortification, where they continued their Song and Dance a ſhort Time, and then both the King, and ſome others of the Company, made long Harangues, in which it appeared, by the reſt of their Behaviour, that they entreated him to accept of their Country, and to take the Government of it into his own Hands; for

for the King, with the apparent Concurrence of the reſt, placed the Crown upon his Head, graced him with the Chains, and other Signs of Authority, and ſaluted him by the Title of *Hioh*.

The Kingdom thus offered, though of no farther Value to him than as it furniſhed him with preſent Neceſſaries, *Drake* thought it not prudent to refuſe, and therefore took Poſſeſſion of it in the Name of Queen *Elizabeth*, not without ardent Wiſhes that this Acquiſition might be of Uſe to his native Country, and that ſo mild and innocent a People might be united to the Church of *Chriſt*.

The Kingdom being thus conſigned, and the grand Affair at an End, the common People left their King and his Domeſticks with *Drake*, and diſperſed themſelves over the Camp, and when they ſaw any one that pleaſed them by his Appearance more than the reſt, they tore their Fleſh, and vented their Outcries as before, in Token of Reverence and Admiration.

They then proceeded to ſhew them their Wounds and Diſeaſes, in hopes of a miraculous and inſtantaneous Cure, to which the *Engliſh*, to benefit and undeceive them at the ſame Time, applied ſuch Remedies as they uſed on the like Occaſions.

They were now grown confident and familiar, and came down to the Camp every Day, repeating their Ceremonies and Sacrifices, till they were more

more fully informed how diſagreeable they were to thoſe whoſe Favour they were ſo ſtudious of obtaining: They then viſited them without Adoration, indeed, but with a Curioſity ſo ardent, that it left them no Leiſure to provide the Neceſſaries of Life, with which the *Engliſh* were therefore obliged to ſupply them.

They had then ſufficient Opportunity to remark the Cuſtoms and Diſpoſitions of theſe new Allies, whom they found tractable and benevolent, ſtrong of Body far beyond the *Engliſh*, yet unfurniſhed with Weapons, either for Aſſault or Defence, their Bows being too weak for any thing but Sport. Their Dexterity in taken Fiſh was ſuch, that if they ſaw them ſo near the Shore that they could come to them without ſwimming, they never miſſed them.

The ſame Curioſity that had brought them in ſuch Crouds to the Shore, now induced *Drake*, and ſome of his Company, to travel up into the Country, which they found, at ſome Diſtance from the Coaſt, very fruitful, filled with large Deer, and abounding with a peculiar Kind of Conies, ſmaller than ours, with Tails like that of a Rat, and Paws ſuch as thoſe of a Mole; they have Bags under their Chin, in which they carry Proviſions to their Young.

The Houſes of the Inhabitants are round Holes dug in the Ground, from the Brink of which they raiſe Rafters, or Piles, ſhelving towards the Middle,

Middle, where they all meet, and are cramped together; they lie upon Ruſhes, with the Fire in the midſt, and let the Smoak fly out at the Door.

The Men are generally naked, but the Women make a Kind of a Petticoat of Bul-ruſhes, which they comb like Hemp, and throw the Skin of a Deer over their Shoulders. They are very modeſt, tractable, and obedient to their Huſbands.

Such is the Condition of this People; and not very different is, perhaps, the State of the greateſt Part of Mankind. Whether more enlightened Nations ought to look upon them with Pity, as leſs happy than themſelves, ſome Sceptics have made, very unneceſſarily, a Difficulty of determining. More, they ſay, is loſt by the Perplexities than gained by the Inſtructions of Science; we enlarge our Vices with our Knowledge, and multiply our Wants with our Attainments; and the Happineſs of Life is better ſecured by the Ignorance of Vice than by the Knowledge of Virtue.

The Fallacy by which ſuch Reaſoners have impoſed upon themſelves, ſeems to ariſe from the Compariſon which they make, not between two Men equally inclined to apply the Means of Happineſs in their Power, to the End for which Providence conferred them, but furniſhed in unequal Proportions with the Means of Happineſs, which is the true State of ſavage and poliſhed Nations; but between two Men, of which he to whom

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Providence has been moſt bountiful, deſtroys the Bleſſings by Negligence, or obſtinate Miſuſe; while the other, ſteady, diligent, and virtuous, employs his Abilities and Conveniencies to their proper End. The Queſtion is not, whether a good *Indian*, or bad *Engliſhman*, be moſt happy, but which State is moſt deſirable, ſuppoſing Virtue and Reaſon the ſame in both.

Nor is this the only Miſtake which is generally admitted in this Controverſy; for theſe Reaſoners frequently confound Innocence with the mere Incapacity of Guilt. He that never ſaw, or heard, or thought of ſtrong Liquors, cannot be propoſed as a Pattern of Sobriety.

This Land was named, by *Drake*, *Albion*, from its white Cliffs, in which it bore ſome Reſemblance to his native Country; and the whole Hiſtory of the Reſignation of it to the *Engliſh*, was engraven on a Piece of Braſs, then nailed on a Poſt, and fixed up before their Departure, which being now diſcovered by the People to be near at Hand, they could not forbear perpetual Lamentations. When the *Engliſh*, on the 23d of *July*, weighed Anchor, they ſaw them climbing to the Tops of Hills, that they might keep them in Sight, and obſerved Fires lighted up in many Parts of the Country, on which, as they ſuppoſed, Sacrifices were offered.

Near this Harbour they touched at ſome Iſlands, where they found great Numbers of Seals, and de-

deſpairing now to find any Paſſage through the northern Parts, he, after a general Conſultation, determined to ſteer away to the *Moluccas*, and ſetting ſail *July* 25th, he ſailed ſixty-eight Days without Sight of Land; and on *September* 30th, arrived within View of ſome Iſlands, ſituate about eight Degrees northward from the Line, from whence the Inhabitants reſorted to them in Canoes, hollowed out of the ſolid Trunk of a Tree, and raiſed at both Ends ſo high above the Water, that they ſeemed almoſt a Semicircle; they were burniſhed in ſuch a Manner, that they ſhone like Ebony, and were kept ſteady by a Piece of Timber fixed on each Side of them, with ſtrong Canes, that were faſtened at one End to the Boat, and at the other to the End of the Timber.

The firſt Company that came brought Fruits, Potatoes, and other Things of no great Value, with an Appearance of Traffic, and exchanged their Lading for other Commodities, with great Show of Honeſty and Friendſhip; but having, as they imagined, laid all Suſpicion aſleep, they ſoon ſent another Fleet of Canoes, of which the Crews behaved with all the Inſolence of Tyrants, and all the Rapacity of Thieves; for whatever was ſuffered to come into their Hands, they ſeemed to conſider as their own, and would neither pay for it nor reſtore it; and at length, finding the *Engliſh* reſolved to admit them no longer, they diſcharged a Shower of Stones from their Boats; which

which Inſult, *Drake* prudently and generouſly returned, by ordering a Piece of Ordnance to be fired without hurting them; at which they were ſo terrified, that they leaped into the Water, and hid themſelves under the Canoes.

Having for ſome Time but little Wind, they did not arrive at the *Moluccas* till the 3d of *November*, and then deſigning to touch at *Tidore*, they were viſited, as they ſailed by a little Iſland, belonging to the King of *Ternate*, by the Viceroy of the Place, who informed them, that it would be more advantageous for them to have recourſe to his Maſter for Supplies and Aſſiſtance, than to the King of *Ternate*, who was in ſome Degree dependent on the *Portugueſe*, and that he would himſelf carry the News of their Arrival, and prepare their Reception.

Drake was, by the Arguments of the Viceroy, prevailed upon to alter his Reſolution, and on *November* 5, caſt Anchor before *Ternate*. Scarce was he arrived, before the Viceroy, with others of the chief Nobles, came out in three large Boats, rowed by forty Men on each Side, to conduct the Ship into a ſafe Harbour; and ſoon after the King himſelf, having received a Velvet Cloak, by a Meſſenger from *Drake*, as a Token of Peace, came with ſuch a Retinue, and Dignity of Appearance, as was not expected in thoſe remote Parts of the World. He was received with Diſcharges of Cannon, and every kind of Muſick, with

with which he was ſo much delighted, that deſiring the Muſicians to come down into the Boat, he was towed along in it to the Stern of the Ship.

The King was of a graceful Stature, and regal Carriage; of a mild Aſpect, and low Voice; his Attendants were dreſſed in white Cotton or Calicoe, of whom ſome, whoſe Age gave them a venerable Appearance, ſeemed his Counſellors, and the reſt Officers or Nobles; his Guards were not ignorant of Fire-Arms, but had not many among them, being equipped for the moſt Part with Bows and Darts.

The King, having ſpent ſome Time in admiring the Multitude of new Objects that preſented themſelves, retired as ſoon as the Ship was brought to Anchor, and promiſed to return on the Day following; and, in the mean Time, the Inhabitants having leave to traffic, brought down Proviſions in great Abundance.

At the Time when the King was expected, his Brother came aboard, to requeſt of *Drake* that he would come to the Caſtle, propoſing to ſtay himſelf as a Hoſtage for his Return; *Drake* refuſed to go, but ſent ſome Gentlemen, detaining the King's Brother in the mean Time.

Theſe Gentlemen were received by another of the King's Brothers, who conducted them to the Council-houſe near the Caſtle, in which they were directed to walk: there they found threeſcore old Men, Privy Counſellors to the King, and

and on each Side of the Door without ſtood four old Men of foreign Countries, who ſerved as Interpreters in Commerce.

In a ſhort Time the King came from the Caſtle, dreſſed in Cloth of Gold, with his Hair woven into Gold Rings, a Chain of Gold upon his Neck, and on his Hands Rings very artificially ſet with Diamonds and Jewels of great Value; over his Head was borne a rich Canopy, and by his Chair of State, on which he ſat down when he had entered the Houſe, ſtood a Page with a Fan ſet with Sapphires, to moderate the Exceſs of the Heat. Here he received the Compliments of the *Engliſh*, and then honourably diſmiſſed them.

The Caſtle, which they had ſome Opportunity of obſerving, ſeemed of no great Force; it was built by the *Portugueſe*, who, attempting to reduce this Kingdom into abſolute Subjection, murdered the King, and intended to purſue their Scheme, by the Deſtruction of all his Sons; but the general Abhorrence, which Cruelty and Perfidy naturally excites, armed all the Nation againſt them; and procured their total Expulſion from all the Dominions of *Ternate*, which from that Time increaſing in Power, continued to make new Conqueſts, and to deprive them of other Acquiſitions.

While they lay before *Ternate*, a Gentleman came on board, attended by his Interpreter. He was dreſſed ſomewhat in the *European* Manner, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf from the Natives of

of *Ternate*, or any Country that they had ſeen, by his Civility and Apprehenſion. Such a Viſitant may eaſily be imagined to excite their Curioſity, which he gratified, by informing them that he was a Native of *China*, of the Family of the King then reigning; and that, being accuſed of a capital Crime, of which, though he was innocent, he had not Evidence to clear himſelf, he had petioned the King, that he might not be expoſed to a Trial, but that his Cauſe might be referred to Divine Providence, and that he might be allowed to leave his Country, with a Prohibition againſt returning, unleſs Heaven, in Atteſtation of his Innocence, ſhould enable him to bring back to the King ſome Intelligence, that might be to the Honour and Advantage of the Empire of *China*. In ſearch of ſuch Information, he had now ſpent three Years, and had left *Tidore* for the Sake of converſing with the *Engliſh* General, from whom he hoped to receive ſuch Accounts as would enable him to return with Honour and Safety.

Drake willingly recounted all his Adventures and Obſervations, to which the *Chineſe* Exile liſtened with the utmoſt Attention and Delight, and having fixed them in his Mind, thanked God for the Knowledge he had gained. He then propoſed to the *Engliſh* General to conduct him to *China*, recounting, by way of Invitation, the Wealth, Extent, and Felicity of that Empire; but *Drake* could not be induced to prolong his Voyage.

He

He therefore ſet ſail, on the 9th of *November*, in queſt of ſome convenient Harbour, in a deſert Iſland, to refit his Ship; not being willing, as it ſeems, to truſt the Generoſity of the King of *Ternate*. Five Days afterwards, he found a very commodious Harbour in an Iſland overgrown with Wood, where he repaired his Veſſel, and refreſhed his Men, without Danger or Interruption.

Leaving this Place the 12th of *December*, they ſailed towards the *Celebes*; but having a Wind not very favourable, they were detained among a Multitude of Iſlands, mingled with dangerous Shallows, till *January* 9, 1580. When they thought themſelves clear, and were ſailing forwards with a ſtrong Gale, they were, at the Beginning of the Night, ſurpriſed in their Courſe by a ſudden Shock, of which the Cauſe was eaſily diſcovered, for they were thrown upon a Shoal, and, by the Speed of their Courſe, fixed too faſt for any Hope of eſcaping. Here even the Intrepidity of *Drake* was ſhaken, and his Dexterity baffled; but his Piety, however, remained ſtill the ſame; and what he could not now promiſe himſelf from his own Ability, he hoped from the Aſſiſtance of Providence. The Pump was plied, and the Ship found free from new Leakes.

The next Attempt was to diſcover, towards the Sea, ſome Place where they might fix their Boat, and from thence drag the Ship into deep Water; but, upon Examination it appeared, that

the Rock on which they had ſtruck roſe perpendicularly from the Water, and that there was no Anchorage, nor any Bottom to be found a Boat's Length from the Ship. But this Diſcovery, with its Conſequences, was by *Drake* wiſely concealed from the common Sailors, leſt they ſhould abandon themſelves to Deſpair, for which there was indeed Cauſe, there being no Proſpect left, but that they muſt there ſink with the Ship, which muſt undoubtedly be ſoon daſhed to Pieces; or periſh in attempting to reach the Shore in their Boat; or be cut to Pieces by *Barbarians*, if they ſhould arrive at Land.

In the Midſt of this Perplexity and Diſtreſs, *Drake* directed that the Sacrament ſhould be adminiſtered, and his Men, fortified with all the Conſolation which Religion affords, then perſuaded them to lighten the Veſſel, by throwing into the Sea Part of their Lading, which was chearfully complied with, but without Effect. At length, when their Hopes had forſaken them, and no new Struggles could be made, they were on a ſudden relieved, by a Remiſſion of the Wind, which having hitherto blown ſtrongly againſt the Side of the Ship which lay towards the Sea, held it upright againſt the Rock; but when the Blaſt ſlackened, (being then low Water) the Ship lying nigher with that Part which reſted on the Rock than with the other, and being borne up no longer with the

the Wind, reeled into the deep Water, to the Surprize and Joy of *Drake* and his Companions.

This was the greateſt, and moſt inextricable Diſtreſs which they had ever ſuffered, and made ſuch an Impreſſion upon their Minds, that for ſome Time afterwards they durſt not adventure to ſpread their Sails, but went ſlowly forward with the utmoſt Circumſpection.

They thus contidued their Courſe without any obſervable Occurrence, till on the 11th of *March* they came to Anchor before the Iſland *Java*, and ſending to the King a Preſent of Cloth and Silks, received from him, in Return, a large Quantity of Proviſions, and the Day following *Drake* went himſelf on Shore, and entertained the King with his Muſic, and obtained Leave to ſtore his Ship with Proviſions.

The Iſland is governed by a great Number of petty Kings, or *Raias*, ſubordinate to one Chief; of theſe Princes, three came on board together a few Days after their Arrival; and having upon their Return recounted the Wonders which they had ſeen, and the Civility with which they had been treated, incited others to ſatisfy their Curioſity in the ſame Manner, and *Raia Donan*, the Chief King, came himſelf to view the Ship, with the warlike Armaments and Inſtruments, of Navigation.

This Intercourſe of Civilities ſomewhat retarded the Buſineſs for which they came; but at

length they not only victualled their Ship, but cleanſed the Bottom, which, in the long Courſe, was overgrown with a Kind of Shell-fiſh that impeded her Paſſage.

Leaving *Java* on *March* the 26th, they ſailed homewards by the *Cape of Good Hope*, which they ſaw on *June* the 5th. On the 15th of *Auguſt* they paſſed the Tropic, and on the 26th of *September* arrived at *Plymouth*, where they found that by paſſing through ſo many different Climates, they had loſt a Day in their Account of Time, it being *Sunday* by their Journals, but *Monday* by the general Computation.

In this hazardous Voyage they had ſpent two Years, ten Months, and ſome odd Days; but were recompenſed for their Toils by great Riches, and the univerſal Applauſe of their Countrymen.—*Drake* afterwards brought his Ship up to *Deptford*, where Queen Elizabeth viſited him on Board his Ship, and conferred the Honour of Knighthood upon him; an Honour, in that illuſtrious Reign, not made cheap by Proſtitution, nor even beſtowed without uncommon Merit.

It is not neceſſary to give an Account equally particular of the remaining Part of his Life, as he was no longer a private Man, but engaged in public Affairs, and aſſociated in his Expeditions with other Generals, whoſe Attempts, and the Succeſs of them, are related in the Hiſtories of thoſe Times.

In

In 1585, on the 12th of *September*, Sir *Francis Drake* ſet ſail from *Plymouth*, with a Fleet of five and twenty Ships and Pinnaces, of which himſelf was Admiral; Captain *Martin Forbiſher* Vice-Admiral, and Captain *Francis Knollis* Rear-Admiral: They were fitted out to cruize upon the *Spaniards*, and having touched at the Iſle of *Bayonne*, and plundered *Vigo*, put to Sea again, and on the 16th of *November* arrived before *St. Jago*, which they entered without Reſiſtance, and reſted there fourteen Days, viſiting in the mean Time *San Domingo*, a Town within the Land, which they found likewiſe deſerted; and carrying off what they pleaſed of the Produce of the Iſland, they at their Departure deſtroyed the Town and Villages, in Revenge of the Murder of one of their Boys, whoſe Body they found mangled in a moſt inhuman Manner.

From this Iſland they purſued their Voyage to the *Weſt-Indies*, determining to attack *St. Domingo* in *Hiſpaniola*, as the richeſt Place in that Part of the World; they therefore landed a thouſand Men, and with ſmall Loſs entered the Town, of which they kept Poſſeſſion for a Month, without Interruption or Alarm; during which Time a remarkable Accident happened, which deſerves to be related.

Drake having ſome Intention of treating with the *Spaniards*, ſent to them a Negro Boy with a Flag of Truce, which one of the *Spaniards* ſo

little regarded, that he ſtabbed him through the Body with a Lance. The Boy, notwithſtanding his Wound, came back to the General, related the Treatment which he had found, and died in his Sight. *Drake* was ſo incenſed at this Outrage, that he ordered two Friars, then his Priſoners, to be conveyed with a Guard to the Place where the Crime was committed, and hanged up in the Sight of the *Spaniards*, declaring that two *Spaniſh* Priſoners ſhould undergo the ſame Death every Day, till the Offender ſhould be delivered up by them: They were too well acquainted with the Character of *Drake* not to bring him on the Day following, when, to impreſs the Shame of ſuch Actions more effectually upon them, he compelled them to execute him with their own Hands. Of this Town, at their Departure, they demoliſhed Part, and admitted the reſt to be ranſomed for five and twenty thouſand Ducats.

From thence they ſailed to *Carthagena*, where the Enemy, having received Intelligence of the Fate of *St. Domingo*, had ſtrengthened their Fortifications, and prepared to defend themſelves with great Obſtinacy. But the *Engliſh* landing in the Night, came upon them by a Way which they did not ſuſpect; and being better armed, partly by ſurprize, and partly by Superiority of Order and Valour, became Maſters of the Place, where they ſtayed without Fear or Danger ſix Weeks, and at their Departure received an hundred

dred and ten thouſand Ducats for the Ranſom of the Town.

They afterwards took *St. Auguſtine*; and touching at *Virginia*, took on board the Governor, Mr. *Lane*, with the *Engliſh* that had been left there the Year before by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and arrived at *Portſmouth* on the 28th of *July*, 1586, having loſt in the Voyage 750 Men. The Gain of this Expedition amounted to ſixty thouſand Pounds, of which forty were the Share of the Adventurers, who fitted out the Ships, and the reſt, diſtributed among the ſeveral Crews, amounted to ſix Pounds each Man. So cheap is Life ſometimes hazarded.

The Tranſactions againſt the ARMADA, 1588, are in themſelves far more memorable, but leſs neceſſary to be recited in this ſuccinct Narrative; only let it be remembered, that the Poſt of Vice-Admiral of *England*, to which Sir *Francis Drake* was then raiſed, is a ſufficient Proof, that no Obſcurity of Birth, or Meanneſs of Fortune, is unſurmountable to Bravery and Diligence.

In the Year 1595, Sir *Francis Drake*, and Sir *John Hawkins*, were ſent with a Fleet to the *Weſt Indies*; which Expedition was only memorable for the Deſtruction of *Nombre de Dios*, and the Death of the two Commanders, of whom Sir *Francis Drake* died the 9th of *January*, 1597, and was thrown into the Sea in a Leaden Coffin,

with all the Pomp of Naval Obſequies. It is reported by ſome, that the ill Succeſs of this Voyage haſtened his Death. Upon what this Conjecture is grounded, does not appear; and we may be allowed to hope, for the Honour of ſo great a Man, that it is without Foundation; and that he, whom no Series of Succeſs could ever betray to Vanity, or Negligence, could have ſupported a Change of Fortune, without Impatience or Dejection.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

ROBERT BLAKE was born at *Bridgewater*, in *Somerſetſhire*, in *Auguſt* 1598, his Father being a Merchant of that Place, who had acquired a conſiderable Fortune by the *Spaniſh* Trade. Of his earlieſt Years we have no Account, and therefore can amuſe the Reader with none of thoſe Prognoſticks of his future Actions, ſo often met with in Memoirs.

In 1615, he entered into the Univerſity of *Oxford*, where he continued till 1623, though without being much countenanced or careſſed by his Superiors, for he was more than once diſappointed in his Endeavours after Academical Preferments. It is obſervable that Mr. *Wood*, (in his *Athenæ Oxonienſis*) aſcribes the Repulſe he met with at *Wadham* College, where he was Competitor for a Fellowſhip, either to Want of Learning, or of Stature. With regard to the firſt Ob-

jection, the ſame Writer had before informed us, that he was *an early Riſer*, and *ſtudious*, though he ſometimes relieved his Attention by the Amuſements of Fowling and Fiſhing. As it is highly probable that he did not want Capacity, we may therefore conclude, upon this Confeſſion of his Diligence, that he could not fail of being learned, at leaſt in the Degree requiſite to the Enjoyment of a Fellowſhip, and may ſafely aſcribe his Diſappointment to his Want of Stature, it being the Cuſtom of Sir *Henry Savil*, then Warden of that College, to pay much Regard to the outward Appearance of thoſe who ſolicited Preferment in that Society. So much do the greateſt Events owe ſometimes to Accident or Folly.

He afterwards retired to his native Place, where "he lived (ſays *Clarendon*) without any Appear-"ance of Ambition to be a greater Man than he "was; but inveighed with great Freedom againſt "the Licence of the Times, and Power of the "Court."

In 1640, he was choſen Burgeſs for *Bridgewater* by the Puritan Party, to whom he had recommended himſelf by his Diſapprobation of Biſhop *Laud*'s Violence and Severity, and his Noncompliance with thoſe new Ceremonies which he was then endeavouring to introduce.

When the Civil War broke out, *Blake*, in Conformity with his avowed Principles, declared for the Parliament; and, thinking a bare Declaration

ration for Right not all the Duty of a good Man, raiſed a Troop of Dragoons for his Party, and appeared in the Field with ſo much Bravery, that he was in a ſhort Time advanced, without meeting any of thoſe Obſtructions which he had encountered in the Univerſity.

In 1645, he was Governor of *Taunton*, when the Lord *Goring* came before it with an Army of 10,000 Men. The Town was ill fortified, and unſupplied with almoſt every thing neceſſary for ſupporting a Siege. The State of this Garriſon encouraged Col. *Windham*, who was acquainted with *Blake*, to propoſe a Capitulation; which was rejected by *Blake* with Indignation and Contempt: Nor were either Menaces or Perſuaſions of any Effect; for he maintained the Place, under all its Diſadvantages, till the Siege was raiſed by the Parliament's Army.

He continued, on many other Occaſions, to give Proofs of an inſuperable Courage, and a Steadineſs of Reſolution not to be ſhaken: and, as a Proof of his firm Adherence to the Parliament, joined with the Borough of *Taunton* in returning Thanks for their Reſolution to make no more Addreſſes to the King. Yet he was ſo far from approving the Death of *Charles* I. that he made no Scruple of declaring, that he would venture his Life to ſave him, as willingly as he had done to ſerve the Parliament.

In *February* 1648-9, he was made a Com-

miſſioner of the Navy, and appointed to ſerve on that Element, for which he ſeems by Nature to have been deſigned. He was ſoon afterwards ſent in purſuit of Prince *Rupert*, whom he ſhut up in the Harbour of *Kingſale* in *Ireland* for ſeveral Months, till Want of Proviſions, and Deſpair of Relief, excited the Prince to make a daring Effort for his Eſcape, by forcing through the Parliament's Fleet: This Deſign he executed with his uſual Intrepidity, and ſucceeded in it, though with the Loſs of three Ships. He was purſued by *Blake* to the Coaſt of *Portugal*, where he was received into the *Tagus*, and treated with great Diſtinction by the *Portugueſe*.

Blake coming to the Mouth of that River, ſent to the King a Meſſenger, to inform him, that the Fleet in his Port belonging to the public Enemies of the Commonwealth of *England*, he demanded Leave to fall upon it. This being refuſed, though the Refuſal was in very ſoft Terms, and accompanied with Declarations of Eſteem, and a Preſent of Proviſions, ſo exaſperated the Admiral, that, without any Heſitation, he fell upon the *Portugueſe* Fleet, then returning from *Braſil*, of which he took ſeventeen Ships, and burnt three. It was to no Purpoſe that the King of *Portugal*, alarmed at ſo unexpected a Deſtruction, ordered Prince *Rupert* to attack them, and retake the *Braſil* Ships. *Blake* carried home his Prizes without Moleſtation, the Prince not having

Force

Force enough to purſue him, and well pleaſed with the Opportunity of quitting a Port where he could no longer be protected.

Blake ſoon ſupplied his Fleet with Proviſions, and received Orders to make Repriſals upon the *French*, who had ſuffered their Privateers to moleſt the *Engliſh* Trade; an Injury which, in thoſe Days, was always immediately reſented, and, if not repaired, certainly puniſhed.

Sailing with this Commiſſion, he took in his Way a *French* Man of War, valued at a Million. How this Ship happened to be ſo rich we are not informed; but as it was a Cruiſer, it is probable the rich Lading was the accumulated Plunder of many Prizes. Then following the unfortunate *Rupert*, whoſe Fleet by Storms and Battles was now reduced to five Ships, into *Carthagena*, he demanded Leave of the *Spaniſh* Governor to attack him in the Harbour; but received the ſame Anſwer which had been returned by the *Portugueſe*, that they had a Right to protect all Ships that came into their Dominions; that if the Admiral were forced in thither, he ſhould find the ſame Security; and that he required him not to violate the Peace of a neutral Port. *Blake* withdrew upon this Anſwer into the *Mediterranean*; and *Rupert* then leaving *Carthagena*, entered the Port of *Malaga*, where he burnt and ſunk ſeveral *Engliſh* Merchant Ships. *Blake* judging this to be an Infringement of the Neutrality profeſſed by the

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Spaniards, now made no Scruple to fall upon *Rupert*'s Fleet in the Harbour of *Malaga*, and having deſtroyed three of his Ships, obliged him to quit the Sea, and take Sanctuary at the *Spaniſh* Court.

In *February*, 1650-1, *Blake*, ſtill continuing to cruiſe in the *Mediterranean*, met with a *French* Ship of conſiderable Force, and commanded the Captain to come on board, there being no War declared between the two Nations. The Captain, when he came, was aſked by him, *whether he was willing to lay down his Sword, and yield*; which he gallantly refuſed, though in his Enemy's Power: *Blake*, ſcorning to take Advantage of an Artifice, and deteſting the Appearance of Treachery, told him that *he was at Liberty to go back to his Ship, and defend it as long as he could.* The Captain willingly accepted his Offer, and after a Fight of two Hours, confeſſed himſelf conquered, kiſſed his Sword, and ſurrendered it.

In 1652, broke out the memorable War between the two Commonwealths of *England* and *Holland*; a War, in which the greateſt Admirals that perhaps any Age has produced, were engaged on each Side; in which nothing leſs was conteſted than the Dominion of the Sea, and which was carried on with Vigour, Animoſity, and Reſolution, proportioned to the Importance of the Diſpute. The chief Commanders of the *Dutch* Fleets were *Van Trump*, *de Ruyter*, and *de Witt*, the moſt celebrated Names of their own Nation,

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and who had been perhaps more renowned, had they been oppoſed by any other Enemies. The States of *Holland* having carried on their Trade without Oppoſition, and almoſt without Competition, not only during the unactive Reign of King *James* I. but during the Commotions of *England*, had arrived to that Height of Naval Power, and that Affluence of Wealth, that, with the Arrogance which a long-continued Proſperity naturally produces, they began to invent new Claims, and to treat other Nations with Inſolence, which nothing can defend but Superiority of Force. They had for ſome Time made uncommon Preparations at a vaſt Expence, and had equipped a large Fleet, without any apparent Danger threatening them, or any avowed Deſign of attacking their Neighbours. This unuſual Armament was not beheld by the *Engliſh* without ſome Jealouſy; and Care was taken to fit out ſuch a Fleet as might ſecure the Trade from Interruption, and the Coaſts from Inſults: Of this, *Blake* was conſtituted Admiral for nine Months. In this Situation the two Nations remained, keeping a watchful Eye upon each other, without actual Hoſtilitities on either Side, till the 18th of *May*, 1652, when *Van Trump* appeared in the *Downs* with a Fleet of Forty-five Men of War. *Blake*, who had then but twenty Ships, upon the Approach of the *Dutch* Admiral, ſaluted him with three ſingle Shots, to require that he ſhould, by ſtriking

ſtriking his Flag, ſhew that Reſpect to the *Engliſh*, which is due to every Nation in their own Dominions: To which the *Dutchman* anſwered with a Broadſide; and *Blake*, perceiving that he intended to diſpute the Point of Honour, advanced with his own Ship before the reſt of his Fleet, that, if it were poſſible, a general Battle might be prevented. But the *Dutch*, inſtead of admitting him to treat, fired upon him from their whole Fleet, without any Regard to the Cuſtoms of War, or the Law of Nations. *Blake* for ſome Time ſtood alone againſt their whole Force, till the reſt of his Squadron coming up, the Fight was continued from between 4 and 5 in the Afternoon till 9 at Night, when the *Dutch* retired with the Loſs of two Ships, having not deſtroyed a ſingle Veſſel, nor more than 15 Men, moſt of which were on board the Admiral, who, as he wrote to the Parliament, was himſelf engaged for four Hours with the main Body of the *Dutch* Fleet, being the Mark at which they aimed; and, as *Whitlock* relates, received above a thouſand Shot. *Blake*, in his Letter, acknowledges the particular Bleſſing and Preſervation of God, and aſcribes his Succeſs to the Juſtice of his Cauſe, the *Dutch* having firſt attacked him upon the *Engliſh* Coaſt. It is indeed little leſs than miraculous that a thouſand great Shot ſhould not do more Execution; and thoſe who will not admit the Interpoſition of Providence, may draw at leaſt this

this Inference from it, that *the braveſt Man is not always in the moſt Danger.*

In *July* he met the *Dutch* Fiſhery Fleet, with a Convoy of twelve Men of War, all which he took with 100 of their Herring Buſſes. And in *September*, being ſtationed in the *Downs* with about ſixty Sail, he diſcovered the *Dutch* Admirals *de Witt* and *de Ruyter*, with near the ſame Number, and advanced towards them; but the *Dutch* being obliged, by the Nature of their Coaſt, and Shallowneſs of their Rivers, to build their Ships in ſuch a Manner that they require leſs Depth of Water than the *Engliſh* Veſſels, took Advantage of the Form of their Shipping, and ſheltered themſelves behind a Flat, called *Kentiſh-knock*; ſo that the *Engliſh*, finding ſome of their Ships a-ground, were obliged to alter their Courſe; but perceiving early the next Morning, that the *Hollanders* had forſaken their Station, they purſued them with all the Speed that the Wind, which was weak and uncertain, allowed; but found themſelves unable to reach them with the Bulk of their Fleet, and therefore detached ſome of the lighteſt Frigates to chaſe them. Theſe came ſo near as to fire upon them about three in the Afternoon; but the *Dutch*, inſtead of tacking about, hoiſted their Sails, ſteered towards their own Coaſt, and finding themſelves the next Day followed by the whole *Engliſh* Fleet, retired into *Goree*. The Sailors were eager to attack them in their own Har-

Harbours, but a Council of War being convened, it was judged imprudent to hazard the Fleet upon the Shoals, or to engage in any important Enterprize, without a freſh Supply of Proviſions.

That in this Engagement the Victory belonged to the *Engliſh*, is beyond Diſpute; ſince, without the Loſs of one Ship, and with no more than forty Men killed, they drove the Enemy into his own Ports, took the Rear-Admiral and another Veſſel, and ſo diſcouraged the *Dutch* Admirals, who had not agreed in their Meaſures, that *de Ruyter*, who had declared againſt hazarding a Battle, deſired to reſign his Commiſſion; and *de Witt*, who had inſiſted upon fighting, fell ſick, as it was ſuppoſed, with Vexation. But how great the Loſs of the *Dutch* was is not certainly known; that two were taken they are too wiſe to deny; but affirm that thoſe two were all that were deſtroyed. The *Engliſh*, on the other Side, affirm that three of their Veſſels were diſabled at the firſt Encounter, that their Numbers on the ſecond Day were viſibly diminiſhed, and that on the laſt Day they ſaw three or four Ships ſink in their Flight.

De Witt being now diſcharged by the *Hollanders*, as unfortunate, and the chief Command reſtored to *Van Trump*, great Preparations were made for retrieving their Reputation, and repairing their Loſſes. Their Endeavours were aſſiſted by the *Engliſh* themſelves, now made factious by Succeſs; the Men who were intruſted with the civil

civil Adminiſtration, being jealous of thoſe whoſe military Commands had procured ſo much Honour, leſt they who raiſed them ſhould be eclipſed by them. Such is generally the Revolution of Affairs in every State: Danger and Diſtreſs produce Unanimity and Bravery, Virtues which are ſeldom unattended with Succeſs; but Succeſs is the Parent of Pride, and Pride of Jealouſy and Faction: Faction makes way for Calamity; and happy is that Nation whoſe Calamities renew their Unanimity. Such is the Rotation of Intereſts, that equally tend to hinder the total Deſtruction of a People, and to obſtruct an exorbitant Increaſe of Power.

Blake had weakened his Fleet by many Detachments, and lay with no more than 40 Sail in the *Downs*, very ill provided both with Men and Ammunition, and expecting new Supplies from thoſe whoſe Animoſity hindered them from providing them, and who choſe rather to ſee the Trade of their Country diſtreſſed, than the Sea Officers exalted by a new Acquiſition of Honour and Influence.

Van Trump, deſirous of diſtinguiſhing himſelf at the Reſumption of his Command, by ſome remarkable Action, had aſſembled 80 Ships of War, and 10 Fireſhips, and ſteered towards the *Downs*, where *Blake*, with whoſe Condition and Strength he was probably acquainted, was then ſtationed. *Blake*, not able to reſtrain his natural Ardour, or perhaps

perhaps not fully informed of the Superiority of his Enemies, put out to encounter them, though his Fleet was ſo weakly manned, that half his Ships were obliged to lie idle, without engaging, for want of Sailors. The Force of the whole *Dutch* Fleet was therefore ſuſtained by about 22 Ships. Two of the *Engliſh* Frigates, named the *Vanguard* and the *Victory*, after having for a long Time ſtood engaged amidſt the whole *Dutch* Fleet, broke through without much Injury, nor did the *Engliſh* loſe any Ships till the Evening, when the *Garland*, carrying 40 Guns, was boarded at once by two great Ships, which were oppoſed by the *Engliſh*, till they had ſcarcely any Men left to defend the Decks; then retiring into the lower Part of the Veſſel, they blew up their Decks, which were now poſſeſſed by the Enemy, and at length were overpowered and taken. The *Bonaventure*, a ſtout well-built Merchant-ſhip, going to relieve the *Garland*, was attacked by a Man of War, and after a ſtout Reſiſtance, in which the Captain, who defended her with the utmoſt Bravery, was killed, was likewiſe carried off by the *Dutch*. *Blake*, in the *Triumph*, ſeeing the *Garland* in Diſtreſs, preſſed forward to relieve her, but in his Way had his Foremaſt ſhattered, and was himſelf boarded, but beating off the Enemies, he diſengaged himſelf, and retired into the *Thames*, with the Loſs only of two Ships of Force, and four ſmall Frigates, but with his whole Fleet much

much ſhattered. Nor was the Victory gained at a cheap Rate, notwithſtanding the unuſual Diſproportion of Strength; for of the *Dutch* Flagſhips, one was blown up, and the other two diſabled. A Proof of the *Engliſh* Bravery, which ſhould have induced *Van Trump* to have ſpared the Inſolence of carrying a Broom at his Topmaſt, in his triumphant Paſſage through the Channel, which he intended as a Declaration that he would ſweep the Seas of the *Engliſh* Shipping: This, which he had little Reaſon to think of accompliſhing, he ſoon after periſhed in attempting.

There are ſometimes Obſervations and Enquiries, which all Hiſtorians ſeem to decline, by Agreement, of which this Action may afford us an Example: Nothing appears at the firſt View more to demand our Curioſity, or afford Matter for Examination, than this wild Encounter of 22 Ships with a Force, according to their Accounts who favour the *Dutch*, three Times ſuperior. Nothing can juſtify a Commander in fighting under ſuch Diſadvantages, but the Impoſſibility of retreating. But what hindered *Blake* from retiring as well before the Fight as after it? To ſay he was ignorant of the Strength of the *Dutch* Fleet, is to impute to him a very criminal Degree of Negligence; and, at leaſt, it muſt be confeſſed, that, from the Time he ſaw them, he could not but know, that they were too powerful to be oppoſed by him, and even then there was Time for Retreat.

Retreat. To urge the Ardour of his Sailors, is to diveſt him of the Authority of a Commander, and to charge him with the moſt reproachful Weakneſs that can enter into the Character of a General. To mention the Impetuoſity of his own Courage, is to make the Blame of his Temerity equal to the Praiſe of his Valour; which ſeems indeed to be the moſt gentle Cenſure that the Truth of Hiſtory will allow. We muſt then admit, amidſt our Eulogies and Applauſes, that the great, the wiſe, and the valiant *Blake*, was once betrayed to an inconſiderate and deſperate Enterprize, by the reſiſtleſs Ardour of his own Spirit, and a noble Jealouſy of the Honour of his Country.

It was not long before he had an Opportunity of revenging his Loſs, and reſtraining the Inſolence of the *Dutch*. On the 18th of *February*, 1652-3, *Blake* being at the Head of 80 Sail, and aſſiſted, at his own Requeſt, by the Colonels *Monk* and *Dean*, eſpied *Van Trump* with a Fleet of above 100 Men of War, as *Clarendon* relates; of 70, by their own public Accounts, and 300 Merchant-ſhips under his Convoy. The *Engliſh*, with their uſual Intrepidity, advanced towards them, and *Blake* in the *Triumph*, in which he always led his Fleet, with 12 Ships more, came to an Engagement with the main Body of the *Dutch* Fleet, and by the Deſparity of their Force, was reduced to the laſt Extremity, having received in his

his Hull no fewer than 700 Shots, when *Lawſon*, in the *Fairfax*, came to his Aſſiſtance. The reſt of the *Engliſh* Fleet now came in, and the Fight was continued with the utmoſt Degree of Vigour and Reſolution, till the Night gave the *Dutch* an Opportunity of retiring, with the Loſs of one Flag-ſhip, and ſix other Men of War. The *Engliſh* had many Veſſels damaged, but none loſt. On board *Lawſon*'s Ship were killed 100 Men, and as many on board *Blake*'s, who loſt his Captain and Secretary, and himſelf received a Wound in the Thigh.

Blake, having ſet aſhore his wounded Men, ſailed in purſuit of *Van Trump*, who ſent his Convoy before, and himſelf retired fighting towards *Bulloign*. *Blake*, ordering his light Frigates to follow the Merchantmen, ſtill continued to harraſs *Van Trump*, and on the third Day, the 20th of *February*, the two Fleets came to another Battle, in which *Van Trump* once more retired before the *Engliſh*; and making uſe of the peculiar Form of his Shipping, ſecured himſelf in the Shoals. The Accounts of this Flight, as of all the others, are various; but the *Dutch* Writers themſelves confeſs that they loſt eight Men of War, and more than twenty Merchant-ſhips; and it is probable that they ſuffered much more than they are willing to allow; for thoſe repeated Defeats provoked the common People to Riots

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and Inſurrections, and obliged the States to aſk, though ineffectually, for Peace.

In *April* following, the Form of Government in *England* was changed, and the Supreme Authority aſſumed by *Cromwell*; upon which Occaſion, *Blake*, with his Aſſociates, declared, that, notwithſtanding the Change in the Adminiſtration, they ſhould ſtill be ready to diſcharge their Truſt, and to defend the Nation from Inſults, Injuries and Encroachments. "It is not, ſays *Blake*, the Buſineſs of a Seaman to mind State-Affairs, but to hinder Foreigners from fooling us." This was the Principle from which he never deviated, and which he always endeavoured to inculcate in the Fleet, as the ſureſt Foundation of Unanimity and Steadineſs. "Diſturb not one another with domeſtic Diſputes, but remember that we are *Engliſh*, and our Enemies are Foreigners. Enemies! which let what Party ſoever prevail, it is equally the Intereſt of our Country to humble and reſtrain."

After the 30th of *April*, 1653, *Blake*, *Monk*, and *Dean* ſailed out of the *Engliſh* Harbours with 100 Men of War, and finding the *Dutch* with 70 Sail on their own Coaſts, drove them to the *Texel*, and took 50 Doggers. Then they ſailed northward in purſuit of *Van Trump*, who having a Fleet of Merchants under his Convoy, durſt not enter the Channel, but ſteered towards the *Sound*, and by great Dexterity and Addreſs eſcaped

the three *Engliſh* Admirals, and brought all his Ships into their Harbour; then knowing that *Blake* was ſtill in the North, came before *Dover*, and fired upon the Town, but was driven off by the Caſtle.

Monk and *Dean* ſtationed themſelves again at the Mouth of the *Texel*, and blocked up the *Dutch* in their own Ports with 80 Sail; but hearing that *Van Trump* was at *Goree*, with 120 Men of War, they ordered all Ships of Force in the River and Ports to repair to them.

On *June* the 3d, the two Fleets came to an Engagement, in the Beginning of which *Dean* was carried off by a Cannon Ball; yet the Fight continued from about 12 to 6 in the Afternoon, when the *Dutch* gave Way, and retreated fighting.

On the 4th in the Afternoon, *Blake* came up with 18 freſh Ships, and procured the *Engliſh* a complete Victory; nor could the *Dutch* any otherwiſe preſerve their Ships than by retiring once more into the Flats and Shallows, where the largeſt of the *Engliſh* Veſſels could not approach.

In this Battle *Van Trump* boarded Vice-Admiral *Penn*, but was beaten off, and himſelf boarded, and reduced to blow up his Decks, of which the *Engliſh* had gotten Poſſeſſion. He was then entered at once by *Penn* and another, nor could poſſibly have eſcaped, had not *de Ruyter* and *de Witt* arrived at that Inſtant and reſcued him.

However the *Dutch* may endeavour to extenu-

ate their Loſs in this Battle, by admitting no more than eight Ships to have been taken or deſtroyed, it is evident that they muſt have received much greater Damages, not only by the Accounts of more impartial Hiſtorians, but by the Remonſtrances and Exclamations of their Admirals themſelves: *Van Trump* declaring, before the States, that, *without a numerous Reinforcement of large Men of War, he could ſerve them no more*; and *de Witt* crying out before them, with the natural Warmth of his Character, *Why ſhould I be ſilent before my Lords and Maſters? The* Engliſh *are our Maſters and by Conſequence Maſters of the Sea.*

In *November*, 1654, *Blake* was ſent by *Cromwell* into the *Mediterranean*, with a powerful Fleet, and may be ſaid to have received the Homage of all that Part of the World; being equally courted by the haughty *Spaniards*, the ſurly *Dutch*, and the lawleſs *Algerines*.

In *March*, 1666, having forced *Algiers* to Submiſſion, he entered the Harbour of *Tunis*, and demanded Reparation for the Robberies practiſed upon the *Engliſh* by the Pirates of that Place, and inſiſted that the Captives of his Nation ſhould be ſet at Liberty. The Governor having planted Batteries along the Shore, and drawn up his Ships under the Caſtles, ſent *Blake* an haughty and inſolent Anſwer, *There are our Caſtles of* Goletta *and* Porto Ferino, ſaid he, *upon which you may do your*

your worſt; adding other Menaces and Inſults, and mentioning, in Terms of Ridicule, the Inequality of a Fight between Ships and Caſtles. *Blake* had likewiſe demanded Leave to take in Water, which was refuſed him. Fired with this inhuman and inſolent Treatment, he curled his Whiſkers, as was his Cuſtom when he was angry, and entering *Porto Ferino* with his great Ships, diſcharged his Shot ſo faſt upon the Batteries and Caſtles, that in two Hours the Guns were diſmounted, and the Works forſaken, though he was at firſt expoſed to the Fire of 60 Cannon. He then ordered his Officers to ſend out their Long-boats, well manned, to ſeize nine of the Piratical Ships lying in the Road, himſelf continuing to fire upon the Caſtle. This was ſo bravely executed, that with the Loſs of only 25 Men killed, and 48 wounded, all the Ships were fired in the Sight of *Tunis*. Thence ſailing to *Tripoli*, he concluded a Peace with that Nation; then returning to *Tunis*, he found nothing but Submiſſion: And ſuch, indeed, was his Reputation, that he met with no farther Oppoſition, but collected a kind of Tribute from the Princes of thoſe Countries; his Buſineſs being to demand Reparation for all the Injuries offered to the *Engliſh* during the Civil Wars. He exacted from the Duke of *Tuſcany* 60,000*l.* and, as it is ſaid, ſent home 16 Ships, laden with the Effects which he had received from ſeveral States.

The Reſpect with which he obliged all Foreigners to treat his Countrymen, appears from a Story related by Biſhop *Burnet*. When he lay before *Malaga*, in a Time of Peace with *Spain*, ſome of his Sailors went aſhore, and, meeting a Proceſſion of the Hoſt, not only refuſed to pay any Reſpect to it, but laughed at thoſe that did. The People, being put by one of the Prieſts upon reſenting this Indignity, fell upon them, and beat them ſeverely. When they returned to their Ship, they complained of their ill Treatment; upon which *Blake* ſent to demand the Prieſt who had procured it. The Viceroy anſwered, that having no Authority over the Prieſts, he could not ſend him: To which *Blake* replied, *That he did not enquire into the Extent of the Viceroy's Authority; but that if the Prieſt was not ſent within three Hours, he would burn the Town.* The Viceroy then ſent the Prieſt to him, who pleaded the Provocation given by the Seamen. *Blake* bravely and rationally anſwered, *That if he had complained to him, he would have puniſhed them ſeverely; for he would not have his Men affront the eſtabliſhed Religion of any Place; but that he was angry that the Spaniards ſhould aſſume that Power; for he would have all the World know, than an* Engliſhman *was only to be puniſhed by an* Engliſhman. So having uſed the Prieſt civilly, he ſent him back, being ſatisfied that he was in his Power. This Conduct ſo much pleaſed *Cromwell*,

well, that he read the Letter in Council with great Satisfaction, and ſaid, *he hoped to make the Name of an* Engliſhman *as great as ever that of a* Roman *had been.*

In 1656, the Protector having declared War againſt *Spain*, diſpatched *Blake* with 25 Men of War to infeſt their Coaſts, and intercept their Shipping. In Purſuance of theſe Orders, he cruiſed all Winter about the *Streights*, and then lay at the Mouth of the Harbour of *Cales*, where he received Intelligence that the *Spaniſh* Plate-Fleet lay at Anchor in the Bay of *Santa Cruz* in the Iſle of *Teneriffe*. On the 13th of *April*, 1657, he departed from *Cales*, and on the 20th arrived at *Santa Cruz*, where he found 16 *Spaniſh* Veſſels. The Bay was defended on the North Side by a Caſtle, well mounted with Cannon, and in other Parts with ſeven Forts, with Cannon proportioned to their Bigneſs, all united by a Line of Communication manned with Muſqueteers. The *Spaniſh* Admiral drew up his ſmall Ships under the Cannon of the Caſtle, and ſtationed ſix great Galleons with their Broadſides to the Sea: an advantageous and prudent Diſpoſition, but of little Effect againſt the *Engliſh* Commander; who, determining to attack them, ordered *Stayner* to enter the Bay with his Squadron; then poſting ſome of his largeſt Ships to play upon the Fortifications, himſelf attacked the Galleons, which, after a gallant Reſiſtance, were at length aban-

doned by the *Spaniards*, though the leaſt of them was bigger than the biggeſt of *Blake*'s Ships. The Forts and ſmaller Veſſels being now ſhattered and forſaken, the whole Fleet was ſet on fire, the Galleons by *Blake*, and the ſmalleſt Veſſels by *Stayner*, the *Engliſh* Veſſels being too much ſhattered in the Fight to bring them away. Thus was the whole Plate-Fleet deſtroyed, *and the* Spaniards, according to *Rapin*'s Remark, *ſuſtained a great Loſs of Ships, Money, Men, and Merchandize, while the* Engliſh *gained nothing but Glory.* As if he that increaſes the military Reputation of a People did not increaſe their Power, and he that weakens his Enemy, in effect ſtrengthens himſelf.

" The whole Action, ſays *Clarendon*, was ſo " incredible, that all Men, who knew the Place, " wondered that any ſober Man, with what Cou- " rage ſoever endued, would ever have under- " taken it; and they could hardly perſuaded them- " ſelves to believe what they had done: While " the *Spaniards* comforted themſelves with the " Belief, that they were Devils, and not Men, " who had deſtroyed them in ſuch a Manner. So " much a ſtrong Reſolution of bold and cou- " rageous Men can bring to paſs, that no Reſiſt- " ance or Advantage of Ground can diſappoint " them; and it can hardly be imagined how ſmall " a Loſs the *Engliſh* ſuſtained in this unparal- " leled Action, not one Ship being left behind,

" and the Killed and Wounded not exceeding " 200 Men; when the Slaughter on board the " *Spaniſh* Ships and on Shore was incredible."— The General cruiſed for ſome Time afterwards with his victorious Fleet at the Mouth of *Cales*, to intercept the *Spaniſh* Shipping; but finding his Conſtitution broken by the Fatigue of the laſt three Years, determined to return home, and died before he came to Land.

His Body was embalmed, and having lain ſome Time in State at *Greenwich* Houſe, was buried in *Henry* the Seventh's Chapel, with all the Funeral Solemnity due to the Remains of a Man ſo famed for his Bravery, and ſo ſpotleſs in his Integrity; nor is it without Regret that I am obliged to relate the Treatment his Body met a Year after the *Reſtoration*, when it was taken up by expreſs Command, and buried in a Pit in St. *Margaret*'s Church-yard. Had he been guilty of the Murder of *Charles* the Firſt, to inſult his Body had been a mean Revenge; but as he was innocent, it was at leaſt Inhumanity, and, perhaps, Ingratitude. *Let no Man*, ſays the Oriental Proverb, *pull a dead Lion by the Beard.*

But that Regard which was denied his Body, has been paid to his better Remains,—his Name and his Memory. Nor has any Writer dared to deny him the Praiſe of Intrepidity, Honeſty, Contempt of Wealth, and Love of his Country.—

" He

" He was the firſt Man, ſays *Clarendon*, that de-
" clined the old Track, and made it apparent
" that the Sciences might be attained in leſs
" Time than was imagined.——He was the firſt
" Man that brought Ships to contemn Caſtles
" on Shore, which had ever been thought very
" formidable, but were diſcovered by him to
" make a Noiſe only, and to fright thoſe who
" could rarely be hurt by them. He was the
" firſt that infuſed that Proportion of Courage
" into Seamen, by making them ſee, by Expe-
" rience, what mighty Things they could do, if
" they were reſolved, and taught them to fight
" in Fire as well as upon the Water; and, tho'
" he has been very well imitated and followed,
" was the firſt that gave the Example of that
" Kind of naval Courage, and bold and reſolute
" Atchievements."

To this Atteſtation of his military Excellence, it may be proper to ſubjoin an Account of his moral Character, from the Author of *Lives Engliſh and Foreign.*

" He was jealous, *ſays that Writer*, of the Li-
" berty of the Subject, and the Glory of his
" Nation; and as he made Uſe of no mean Arti-
" fices to raiſe himſelf to the higheſt Command
" at Sea, ſo he needed no Intereſt but his Merit
" to ſupport him in it. He ſcorned nothing
" more than Money, which, as faſt as it came

" in

" in, was laid out by him in the Service of the " State, and to ſhew that he was animated by " that brave, publick Spirit, which has ſince been " reckoned rather romantick than heroick. And " he was ſo diſintereſted, that though no Man " had more Opportunities to enrich himſelf than " he, who had taken ſo many Millions from " the Enemies of *England*, yet he threw it all " into the publick Treaſury, and did not die " five hundred Pounds richer than his Father " left him; which the Author avers from his " perſonal Knowledge of his Family and their " Circumſtances, having been bred up in it, and " often heard his Brother give this Account of " him. He was religious, according to the pre- " tended Purity of thoſe Times, but would fre- " quently allow himſelf to be merry with his " Officers; and, by his Tenderneſs and Genero- " ſity to the Seamen, had ſo endeared himſelf " to them, that when he died, they lamented his " Loſs as that of a common Father."

Inſtead of more Teſtimonies, his Character may be properly concluded with one Incident of his Life, by which it appears how much the Spirit of *Blake* was ſuperior to all private Views. His Brother, in the laſt Action with the *Spaniards*, having not done his Duty, was, at *Blake*'s Deſire, diſcarded, and the Ship was given to another; yet he was not leſs regardful of him as a Bro-

a Brother, for when he died, he left him his Eſtate, knowing him well qualified to adorn or enjoy a private Fortune, though he had found him unfit to ſerve his Country in a publick Character, and had therefore not ſuffered him to rob it.

FINIS.

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